



The Daily Colonist.

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VICTORIA, B. C., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1907

FURNACE COAL
HALL & WALKER
100 Government St. Phone 83.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGES

Gifts That Will Be Handed Down for Generations

A Cabinet of Sterling Silver and a Tea or Coffee Service perhaps lead in appreciation all other Christmas Gifts because they will last the recipient's lifetime and indeed be handed down as "family plate." In Cabinets of flatware, complete Cabinets of Sterling Silver, this Christmas we can offer surprisingly low prices. In Tea and Coffee Services, "Queen Anne," "Plain Fluted," "King John" and other equally handsome patterns, very richly chased designs, we can offer unrivaled values. The same designs may be had in same quality plate on Britannia metal, handsome 4-piece sets at very moderate figures.

For inexpensive Presents see our Christmas Trays, containing specially suitable articles ranging in price from 25c to \$2.00.

*Challoner and Mitchell.
Govt St. VICTORIA, B.C.*

For Your Christmas Table

Staffed Figs and Dates, per jar, 50c and \$1.00.

Fine Pulled Figs, per jar, 25c and 35c.

Figs, in Marischino, per bottle, 50c.

Fine Layer Figs, per lb., 25c.

Real Smyrna Figs, per box, 25c.

Fine Table Fruits, per jar, 35c.

Fine Table Fruits, per tin, 35c.

Olives, both ripe and green, per jar, 25c to \$1.00.

Marrons, in syrup, per bottle, \$1.00.

Malaga Table Raisins, per lb., 35c and 65c.

Jordan Almonds, per lb., 75c.

Fresh Mixed Nuts, per lb., 25c.

Hallowee Dates, per package, 10c.

Plum Puddings, each, 75c and \$1.00.

Rich Fruit Cakes, each, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

See Windows for other Tasty Things.

DON'T FORGET THE "GOBBLER."
The Finest Turkeys you ever saw are here awaiting your order.

DIXI H. ROSS & CO.

Up-to-the-Minute Grocers, 1316 Government Street.

Papa and mamma don't care for nick-nacks and baby is sure to lick the paint off the monkey on the stick and make himself sick, so what could be better than

Christmas Shoes?

The whole family can be shod here, well and fashionably for little money. This is the Christmas Shoe Store. Come in and see if not as we say.

McCandless Bros. & Cathcart

555 Johnson St., Victoria

Your shoes will be right if you get them here

Christmas comes but once a year,
When it comes it brings good cheer.

Good Wines Make Good Cheer—Therefore Excellent Xmas Gifts

We would suggest if not MUMM'S "Extra Dry," the prime Clarets, Sauternes and Burgundies of G. Preller & Co., or Deinhard's Celebrated Rhine Wines, including the sparkling Moselle, all famous the world over.

If your dealer cannot supply you satisfactorily, telephone No. 148.

PITHER & LEISER,

Direct Importers,

Corner Fort and Wharf Streets.

NEWS SUMMARY

- Page
1—Christmas messages from prominent men. Druse mystery takes new turn. Search for bodies in Darr mine.
2—Goldfield situation. Young man's fearful death. General news.
3—Business for the council meeting tomorrow night. Local news.
4—Editorial.
5—Note and comment. Forty years ago. About people. British press opinion. Hotel arrivals.
6—General local news.
7—Christmas trade best in the history of Victoria. John G. Williams, waiter on board Princess Victoria, arrested for theft. List of Canadian fruits in "being prepared." General local news.
8—In woman's realm.
9—Sport.
10—Marine.
11—Judgment in case of Bridgeman vs. Powell. Letters to the editor.
12—Real estate advertisements.
13—Real estate advertisements.
14—News of the mainland.
15—Court of revision refuses to sit owing to lack of proper advertisement.
16—Music and drama.
17—Good opportunity for developing trade with Mexico. Gossip of the hotels.
18—Social and personal news.
19—Result of Victoria day school examinations. General local news.
20—Sporting news, continued.
21—Financial and commercial.
22—Classified want ads and real estate advertisements.
23—Today's services in Victoria churches.
24—David Spencer Limited's ad.

MAGAZINE SECTION

- 25—Victoria city and the island of Vancouver.
26—Feminine fancies and home circle chat.
27—Weiler Bros. advertisement.
28—An hour with the editor.
29—Bishop Cridge recalls memories of the past.
30—The simple life.
31—The simple life, continued.
32—Walter H. Anderson writes of the north end of Vancouver Island. Hon. Dr. J. S. Helmcken on Hudson's Bay company's days in Victoria.
33—B. C. Hardware Co.'s ad.
34—Children's page.
35—Page for little folks.
36—Drawings executed by little readers of the Colonist.
37—In the labor world. General reading.
38—H. H. Asquith on the socialist peril. An Irish Tolstoy. Surgical tuberculosis.
39—A plea for Christmas. A new vacation.
40—Prospectus of the Chartered Bank of British Columbia, advertisement.

CHRISTMAS SECTION

- 41—Former editors of the Colonist.
42—W. A. Robertson's reminiscences of early days in Victoria.
43—"A Christmas Carol in Prose."
44—"A Christmas Carol in Prose," continued.
45—"Lena's Christmas Hermit," a story.
46—"My First Christmas Dinner in Victoria," by D. W. Higgins.
47—"What Christmas Is," by Charles Dickens.
48—"Ring in the Christ That is to Be."
49—"The Christmas Dinner," by Washington Irving.
50—Edgar Fawcett writes of Christmas in pioneer days.
51—How former Christmases have been spent in Victoria.
52—"Christian Humility," by Rev. H. Scott Holland.
53—"Anne O'Hagan's story," fiction.
54—"At the Sheepfold," "Christmas Without the Christmas Tree."
55—"The Memorable Christmas of 'Nigger Jim,'" by N. de Bertrand Lurquin.
56—An old-timer's musings.
57—"The Will of Frederica," fiction.
58—"Christmas for Three," fiction.
59—The growth of English industry and commerce.
60—Modern Mexico.
61—Three new books of poems.
62—"A Marriage of Convenience," fiction. Spenser's personal copy of "The Faerie Queen."
63—What the Kaiser's genius has created. General reading.
64—Wireless Telephony.

BLOODSHED IN CHILE

Men Killed in Encounters Between Troops and Striking Nitrate Workers

Valparaiso, Chile, Dec. 21.—The strike of the nitrate workers has resulted already in bloodshed and death, and is daily growing worse.

In Laguna yesterday there was an encounter between troops and strikers, in the course of which seven men were killed and sixteen wounded.

At Iquique, one man was killed and several wounded in an encounter with the authorities. A censorship has been established at Iquique.

The strikers now number not less than 20,000 men, and no work is being done anywhere in the Antofagasta, Mejillones or Caleta Buena districts.

President Mitchell Improves

Indians, Dec. 21.—The condition of John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, had improved so much today that his physicians say he is out of danger and will recover.

THIRTEEN BODIES FROM DARR MINE

Work of Explorers Made Extremely Dangerous by Black Damp

SEVERAL MEN OVERCOME

Relations of Dead Miners Congregate About Mine in Greater Numbers

Jacobs Creek, Dec. 21.—But thirteen bodies had been recovered from the Darr mine when darkness came, and all hope of reaching others before tomorrow was abandoned.

The rescue work progressed steadily and systematically all day, but was slow on account of a great accumulation of gas, which necessitated more caution in the work of exploration of the mine. The mine has been penetrated about one thousand feet, but the slope is an old one, and the workings are nearly three miles from the surface.

In their endeavor to reach the victims several members of the rescuing party were seriously overcome late today by black damp. Their condition became so grave that physicians were rushed into the mine to render medical aid. Later the sick rescuers were brought to the surface and taken to their homes.

The scenes about the mines were of a more pathetic nature today. Apparently a full realization of the calamity had finally come to the relatives and the residents of the surrounding vicinity. Greater numbers congregated about the ill-fated mine and gave way to their feelings.

The thirteen bodies thus far recovered have been identified and will be buried tomorrow. All are badly mutilated, and identification was had only from clothing. The legs of another victim are at the temporary morgue, but up to late tonight the rest of the man's body had not been found.

Thousands of people are expected to visit the scene of the disaster tomorrow. The squad of Pennsylvania state police will be reinforced by coroner's deputies, and it is not believed there will be any disorder.

Clarence Hall, the government geological expert of Washington, and S. M. Fowler of Chicago, arrived here today to investigate the accident for the government. Mine inspectors from surrounding states are also present and whenever conditions will permit a thorough investigation of the explosion will be made in the hope of reaching some method whereby the frequency of such horrible occurrences can be remedied.

Relief has been secured in various towns surrounding this place, and within a few days a permanent organization will be perfected to take care of the widows and children of the unfortunate miners.

House broke into a storm of applause that lasted several minutes.

Speaker William H. Murray added emphasis to the prayer by putting it as a question to the body. Every Democrat present answered with a rousing "aye."

Later the House met with the Senate to listen to an address by Mr. Bryan. Previous to addressing the

LATEST IN U. S. POLITICS

Chaplain of Oklahoma House Prays for Mr. Bryan's Election to the Presidency

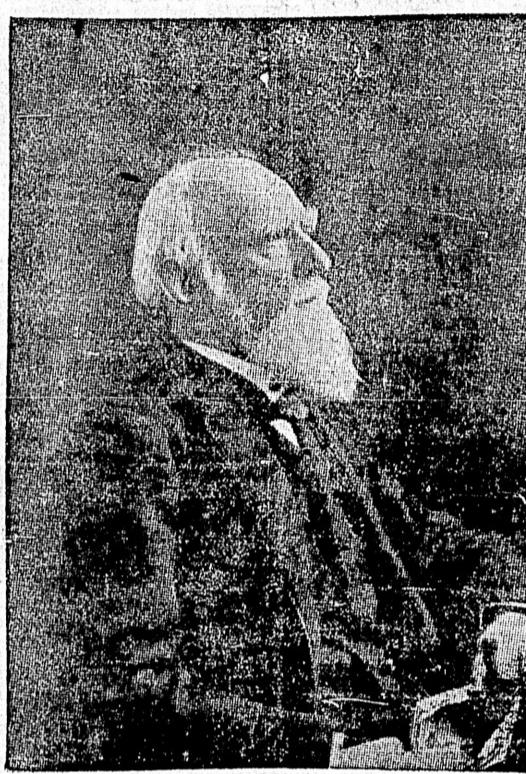
Guthrie, Okla., Dec. 21.—The presence of William J. Bryan in Guthrie today inspired the chaplain of the House to pray that Mr. Bryan might be the next president of the United States.

Immediately after the prayer the

legislature, Mr. Bryan was given a reception, at which he shook hands with several thousand persons.

Miners Have Narrow Escape

Hazleton, Pa., Dec. 21.—More than 150 miners narrowly escaped drowning today in the mine of the Lehigh Valley and Wilkesbarre Coal company by the tapping of a large body of water, which rushed upon the miners. All but one escaped. The water rapidly subsided. A thorough investigation showed that only one life was



LORD STRATHCONA.

London, Dec. 20, 1907.

Editor in Chief, The Colonist, Victoria: "I am glad to respond to your request. No one is more impressed than I am with the importance of British Columbia and the great future before her."

"I am common with the rest of their fellow citizens in Canada, in having their problems to face, and I am sure they will consider them from no narrow standpoint, and that satisfactory solutions will be found. Let them keep an eye on the 'All-Red-Line,' with the support of the government, bringing the Mother Country within less than nine days of the Pacific. I am convinced it will be greatly beneficial to your Province, to the Dominion and to the Empire generally."

STRATHCONA.

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lost. The victim was Anthony Salvoski, of McAlpin, who set off the blast that released the water.

Precious Cargo.

London, Dec. 21.—Packages of bullion representing \$500,000 were despatched from this city this morning to Liverpool for shipment to New York on the Campania, which sails today.



H. RICHARD MCBRIDE.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 21, 1907.

The Editor, Colonist:

With sincere pleasure I take advantage of your kind invitation to send forth a Christmas message in this interesting and timely issue of the Colonist.

Where can be found people who have more cause for rejoicing at this universal holiday time than those of British Columbia?

Steady progress, substantial development, a better knowledge spread abroad of the advantages of the Province and high hopes for the future combine to set aglow the warmth of Christmas feeling, and warrant us in looking forward with confidence to the realization of the splendid destiny that awaits this favored land.

It is good to think that we are doing our part in building up the Dominion and strengthening the great Empire of which we form a part; and remembering these things and looking forward to still greater results, let me express to the people of British Columbia and to our brother Canadians in the other Provinces the good old greeting "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

RICHARD MCBRIDE.

A KIND XMAS GIFT

And surely a most sensible and appreciable one for your relative or friend would be a

TON OF COKE FOR \$6.00

Delivered free to anywhere in city limits.

It will only cost you \$5, if you send for it.

VICTORIA GAS COMPANY, LTD

Corner Fort and Langley Streets

Hams for Christmas

You wouldn't think the joyous festival complete without the nice, luscious, tasty Ham. Prime Hams await your selection here.

CHRISTMAS TURKEYS, per Pound, 25c

Sugar Cured Ham, per lb.	22c
Picnic Ham, per lb.	15c
Christie's Plum Pudding, 1-lb. tin	25c
French Grape Wine, non-alcoholic, per bottle	75c

W. O. WALLACE

CORNER YATES AND DOUGLAS STREETS

Phone 312 The Family Cash Grocery Phone 312

WILSON'S

Easily Solve the Question of "What to Give a Man"

Wearing apparel is generally appreciated for the plain reason that a good dresser cannot have too much of it. Here are a few suggestions with prices:

NECKWEAR—All the latest Cravat styles, new shades, from.....50c

FLOWING END SCARFS—A handsome range, from.....75 to \$2.00

PIM'S IRISH POPLIN TIES, a specialty.

DRESS SCARFS—Rich black silk, lined with all shades, from.....\$1.50 to

\$2.75

MUFFLERS—Excellent quality cashmere at 60c and 75c

SILK MUFFLERS, from \$1.00 to \$3.50

HANDKERCHIEFS—Fine quality linen, hemstitched at 25c, 35c and 50c

IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS—Grand quality with embroidered initial, each

50c

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, with embroidered initial. Regular price

75c. Special, each

50c

GLOVES—Lined and unlined, Dent's, Perrin's and other famous makes.

Special, from per pair.....\$1.00

BOY'S GLOVES—All sizes, per pair, special

60c and 75c

SUSPENDERS—In handsome boxes—famous "Knothe" Weave brand,

from

75c to \$2.50

FANCY HOSE—For dress wear, from

25c to \$1.00

FANCY VESTS—Knitted and others, combining greatest comfort and

most exclusive style, from.....\$2.50 to \$6.50

HOUSE AND SMOKING COATS—in green, red, blue, brown, gray, etc.,

very newest styles and trimmings, from.....\$5.00 to \$12.00

DRESSING GOWNS—in all the popular shades and styles, oriental and

other designs, from

\$8.00 to \$20.00

BATH ROBES—A wide choice, all the newest ideas, from

\$5.00

LADIES' MOTOR SCARFS—Nice, high class gifts, pure heavy silk, all

shades, champagne, etc., in boxes, each

\$1.50

LADIES' SILK UMBRELLAS, very smart handles \$3.00 to \$10.00

MEN'S UMBRELLAS, all exceptionally nobby handles \$1.00 to \$10.00

CLUB BAGS, \$4.00 to \$20.00—Excellent Bags for \$4.00 and exceptionally

handsome Bags at higher figures; genuine black walrus Bags lined

with high class leather for.....\$20.00

FITTED CLUB BAGS—Real Alligator, furnished in the most up-to-date

style; nickel mounted articles Price.....\$22.50

SUIT CASES—All stylish and serviceable. A-1 values. \$4.00 to \$22.50

FITTED SUIT CASES—Splendidly equipped with every needed article;

best nickel fittings. Price

\$25.00

MOTOR AND TRAVELLING RUGS—Anyone of which would make a

fine Xmas Present. \$5.00 to

\$10.00

WILSON'S MEN'S FURNISHERS

R. P. Rithet & Co.
VICTORIA, B.C.

Importers and Commission Merchants

Grain Bags. Salt. Blacksmith Coal.

Write for Quotations Telephone 111

XMAS TURKEYS

Fine Fresh Island Turkeys Fine Fat Eastern Geese
Fine Fresh Island Geese Fine Fat Eastern Ducks
Fine Fat Eastern Turkeys Fine Fat Island Ducks

Dressed Island Fowls.

D. K. Chungrane, Ltd.

Day Phone 242, Night Phone 876. 603 BROUGHTON STREET. Prompt Delivery

Advertise in THE COLONIST Advertise in THE COLONIST

FROZEN TO DEATH IN SIGHT OF CROWD

Young Man Slowly Overcome
by Icy Water While Many
Watched.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 21.—In full view of 200 people, who were powerless to extend aid, Alfred Jackson, aged 22, a Providence clerk, was frozen to death while standing on a rock under the falls of Pawtucket river, in Pawtucket late this afternoon.

Jackson, with two companions, L. P. Mathewson, aged 19, of East Providence, and Jackson's brother, Arthur, aged 20, had been carried over the falls in a canoe. The other two young men were rescued with great difficulty and were removed to the Rhode Island Hospital in a critical condition from exposure.

The canoe drifted too near the falls and was carried over. All the occupants were thrown into the water. Alfred Jackson was able to reach a rock half submerged at the foot of the falls, and managed to grasp his brother. Finally a person on shore threw life lines and rescued Arthur Jackson and Mathewson, who had floated down stream. Alfred Jackson, in the meanwhile, remained standing up to his waist in water close under the falls, and when the would-be rescuers threw a line to him, expecting to pull him to a place of safety, they found they were unable to move him.

In the roar of the cataract his shouts could not be heard, but it was evident that one of his legs had become caught under a rock or some other object under water.

Several ineffectual attempts were made to rescue him in the next half hour, Jackson assisting until cold rendered him unconscious, or at least helpless.

Dr. Clinton Wescott and Adelard Botkin attempted to reach the perishing lad, and almost lost their lives by a boat upsetting. Nothing further could be done, and the large crowds on a bridge nearby, were forced to stand idle and see Jackson freeze to death.

MAY PUT FOG ALARM ON KELLETT BLUFF

U. S. Government May Establish Aid
Capt. J. W. Troup Recommends
Its Establishment

The United States lighthouse board may establish a fog alarm station on Kellet bluff at the southeast of Henry Island, near San Juan, where the steamer Indravilli, of T. B. Royden & Co., now being repaired by the British Columbia Marine Railway company, struck during fog in November, when inbound from Moji for Vancouver, and where, seventeen years ago, H.M.S. Amphion struck and made a historic trip back to Esquimalt with but few seconds' margin between the rush of the water and the time she entered the dry dock.

Capt. J. W. Troup, superintendent of the C.P.R. coast steamship service, whose steamers pass Kellet bluff daily, who is also a member of the Dominion lighthouse board, has been urging the establishment of a fog alarm station at the bluff for some time. Other communications have also been received by the United States lighthouse board at Washington and the matter is now being considered. In case the lighthouse board reports favorably upon the project it will be recommended to congress and a bill will then be introduced by the district representatives authorizing an appropriation for the work.

Kellet bluff is the nearest land to the boundary line in the Gulf of Georgia and steamers pass within a short distance of it. When the steamer Indravilli was bound to Vancouver she collided with the face of the bluff which rises clear out of the water, but which, owing to fog, could not be seen from the steamer's bridge, even when the vessel was pressed close against it. On the occasion of the Amphion's accident she was carrying Lord and Lady Stanley to Vancouver. The well known Esquimalt hotelman, John Day, was steward of the cruiser. It seems an altercation had arisen as to which of the stewards, the officer of the ship or of the Stanley household, should take precedence in the wardroom, and the Amphion's captain had been called from the bridge to settle the dispute when the vessel struck against Kellet bluff. Collision mats were put over and after some figuring it was decided to hurry back to Esquimalt. The vessel, whose iron hull was crumpled up like a closed concertina—a piece of it now being in the provincial museum, reached the dock just in time to prevent founders.

That a fog alarm at Kellet bluff would be extremely useful local mariners are unanimous. It is to the bluff that the steamers bound north through the Gulf of Georgia steer after rounding Discovery island.

Smallpox in Manitoba.

Winnipeg, Dec. 21.—Thirty-one cases of smallpox of mild type are reported at Metis. These cases are all confined to seven families, and a strict quarantine is being enforced. The schools were closed some days ago.

Moorish Tribesmen Surrounded

Paris, Dec. 21.—A despatch received from Gen. Drude, in Morocco, declares that two French columns have surrounded a mounted retreat in which the rebellious Beni Nassen tribesmen have taken refuge.

A Shakespeare Sale

London, Dec. 21.—Lord Howe's collection of early editions of Shakespeare's works, including some copies of the first folio, were sold at auction in this city this afternoon. The anticipated prices were not realized, the highest figure being £2,025 for one of the folios. Fourteen copies of other editions, the choice of the collection, were sold privately previously to the sale of today, and are said to have been bought for America.

Attacking Credit.

Toronto, Dec. 21.—Business men are emphatic in condemning a number of reports of late, emanating from irresponsible sources, impairing the credit of a number of responsible houses and of prominent financial men. Though there is a money stringency, and the banks are in some instances exacting the credit standing of practically all of the long established firms is as sound as the currency system.

FEARS OUTBREAK OF STRIKING MINERS

The Governor of Nevada Gives
Reasons for His Call for
Troops

Reno, Nev., Dec. 21.—From his bed today, Governor Sparks, who is very sick, made a statement in explanation of his action in asking President Roosevelt to send troops to Goldfield. He said in part:

"Throughout this whole controversy I have acted according to my best judgment, I believed from advices received from confidential agents in Goldfield that trouble was imminent in the mining camps. I knew that dynamite had been stolen from the mines, that the miners were armed and prepared for trouble, and the picketing of mines and preventing men from working was damaging property. I was also advised that the sheriff and other civil authorities were unable to cope with the situation. And this is why I asked for troops. I believed that so long as there were regular soldiers on the ground there would be no outbreak; but I feared, and had reason to fear, that unless such action was taken immediately there would be riot and bloodshed."

"While General Funston was there I conferred with him frequently. He told me that it was his opinion that the troops had arrived none too soon. He practically stated that a portion of the troops would remain in Goldfield until winter had passed. "President Roosevelt has evidently acted upon the advice of the commission which he sent to investigate. They were there a short time, and their investigations were performed more incompletely than those conducted by General Funston. I believe the President has made a serious mistake. I hope that no blood will stain the streets of Goldfield, but I fear before many days have passed some violent outbreak will prove the unwisdom of his act."

"I have given no thought to issuing a special call for the legislature. If I thought I could accomplish anything by so doing, I would not hesitate a second. I shall do all in my power to maintain order, however."

Goldfield, Dec. 21.—No communication from the Mine Owners' association or the civic body of Goldfield has gone to the President regarding the removal of Federal troops. To meet any contingency, Sheriff Ingalls has in mind the forming of a large body of deputy sheriffs, to be in effect much like a company of state militia. A portion of the expense of maintaining this small company, however, must fall on the mine owners, whose executive committee meet this afternoon to hear the details. President Dowlen, of the association, is still in favor of abandoning the mines for a year to starve out the strikers.

The members of President Roosevelt's commission left today for Los Angeles, whence they will proceed to Washington.

NO SQUADRON COMING

Admiralty Emphatically Contradicts Statement Made by London Standard

London, Dec. 21.—The Associated Press is in a position to state on the authority of the British Admiralty, that there is no truth in the assertion published in the Standard today, that the admiralty has decided to establish next May a Pacific and a North Atlantic squadron, the base of which probably would be for the former at Esquimalt.

"There is no shadow of foundation for this story. It is the veriest buncombe. It must be obvious to any one who gives the subject a moment's thought that such a move would be the last thing we would think of at the present moment," was the statement made by one of the highest officials of the admiralty.

The emphasis of this denial indicates that the Admiralty is anxious that the report should be promptly put at rest with the view of allaying any suspicion that might be aroused in America connecting the alleged formation of British Pacific fleet with the sailing of the American battleship fleet.

Winnipeg Man Injured.

Winnipeg, Dec. 21.—Jas. Peterson, one of the proprietors of the Peterson Iron Works, was severely injured by the bursting of an emery wheel. A piece of it struck Mr. Peterson on the head, fracturing the skull. His condition is serious.

Manitoba's Mild Winter.

Winnipeg, Dec. 21.—The weather continues mild and soft, but it has been the most remarkable winter in this respect in 33 years. Fall clothes have not been discarded, and horses are feeding outside.

Importing Shire Horses.

Medicine Hat, Dec. 21.—J. H. Spencer has just returned from a trip east to meet a shipment of superb blooded shire stock imported from England for the improvement of the Dryden-Tord Tord Ranching company's stud. Four stallions, which were purchased in the old land, are bred in the purple, some of them having fifteen crosses and tracing their pedigrees back to 1800. This is said to be the best shire blood which has been brought into the west, and breeding results should be most satisfactory.

Dangerous to Navigation.

Halifax, Dec. 21.—J. C. McKinnon, of the steamer Senlak, declares that he has never seen aids to navigation along the western shore of Nova Scotia in such a disorganized state as at present. He also declares that the present state of affairs is fraught with great danger to life and property. Between Halifax and Yarmouth, he says, there is hardly a buoy

Practical Presents

NECKWEAR, NEWEST XMAS NOVELTIES, just arrived 75¢ to \$2.50
ENGLISH MOTOR GLOVES, pr pair \$3.50
DENT'S FAMOUS GLOVES, pr pair \$1.00 to \$2.50
SUSPENDERS IN HANDBOKES 75¢ to \$3.50
INITIAL SILK AND LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS 35¢ to 75¢
COLORED LINEN AND SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, very newest
Parisian designs 75¢ and \$1

Do not forget our Merchandise and Glove Certificates

SEA & GOWEN'S

The Gentlemen's Store
Government St.

PERFUMES Make the Sweetest Gifts



You will find here an unapproached variety—all the newest and choicest odors of the world's best manufacturers. What could make a nicer present than a beautiful Cut Glass Bottle of Perfume, prettily boxed?

Perfumes

Houbigant's, in charming boxes	\$5.00 to \$8.00
Pinaud's, per ounce, \$2.25, Rimmel's, 75¢ and \$1.00 per oz.	\$1.00
Fancy Boxes, each	\$1.00
Seely's Handsome Boxes, each, from	75¢ to \$6.40
Colgate's Fancy Boxes, each	50¢ to \$2.25
Colgate's Violet Toilet Water—genuine violet odor—per bottle	35¢ to \$1.50

Gifts for Men and Ladies

Gentlemen's Brush Sets, real staghorn in smart case, \$9.00	
Shaving Mirrors, from	\$3.50 to \$6.50
Shaving Sets, fine nickel-plated M's, with genuine badger hair brush	\$3.50 to \$6.50
Shaving Brushes, from	25¢ up to \$2.50
Ladies' Travelling Cases, elegantly finished with nickel and real ebony furnishings, prices.....	\$6.50 up to \$20.00
Ladies' Hand Mirrors, a very wide choice, all prices.	
Ladies' Manicure Sets, from	\$1.50 to \$7.50
Ladies' Shopping and Hand Bags, high class English goods. Fitted Hand Bags, of solid leather, charmingly equipped with the necessary fittings, in ebony and good nickel-plate	\$10.00 to \$20.00

Campbell's Prescription Store

We are Prompt; We are Careful; and Our Prices are Right

Cor. Fort and Douglas Streets. Telephone 222 and 135.

STODDART'S JEWELRY STORE

73 Yates St., two doors from Douglas

OUR ENGLISH STEM-WIND LEVER WATCH, regular price, \$5.00, will be sold until the supply is finished at

\$3.00

Guaranteed to keep good time for ten years.

OUR 16-JEWEL 25-YEAR 14 KT. GOLD FILLED WATCH

\$15.00

Our 15-Jewel, 25-Year Gold Filled Watch

\$12.50

OUR 7-JEWEL WALTHAM or ELGIN, Solid Silver Watch, Stemwind and Stemset,

\$7.50

The Latest

The Weavers, by Gilbert Parker; Arthusa, by Marion Crawford; Fruit of the Tree, by Edith Wharton; Stooping Lady, by Maurice Howlett; Younger Set, by Chambers, author of the Fighting Chance; Mother, by Owen Wister, author of the Virginian; The Broken Road, by Mason, author of the Four Feathers; Friday the Thirteenth, by Frenzied Finance Lawson; The Halo, by Baroness Von Hutton; Light Fingers Gentry, by David Graham Phillips; The Shuttle, by Frances Hodgson Burnett; The Crucible, by Mark Lee, Luther; The Lone Furrow, by W. A. Fraser; Mistress of Bonaventure, by Harold Blinnlass; The Angel of Forgiveness, by Ross Manchette Carey; The Best Man, by Harold McGrath; Love of Life, by Jack London; Before Adam, by Jack London; Songs of a Sourdough, by R. W. Service.

Best Cards and Calendars in the City.

VICTORIA BOOK and STATIONERY CO., Ltd.

Pearl Brooch

Enclosed in a handsome Velvet case, this Brooch sells for \$5.00.

The Pearls are all selected and of good quality. The mounting is of heavy 10k gold (not hollow) and very substantially made.

THE J. M. WHITNEY CO. JEWELLERS
1002 GOVERNMENT ST.

Advertise in THE COLONIST

WILL INTRODUCE NEW TRANSPORTATION IDEA

Mayor Has Scheme for Increasing Local Facilities of Transportation

After having done his utmost to block the signing of the agreement between the city and the E. & N. company in connection with the store street matter unless clause 15, providing for the city control of the running rights upon the tracks on that thoroughfare be retained, Mayor Morley is now out with another scheme. He proposes that the city shall seek for legislation enabling it to construct public wharves and lay tracks therefrom along the public streets in order to benefit the local wholesale merchants and manufacturers by affording them better means of transportation. In view of the fact that the great body of local business men have repeatedly urged upon the council the necessity of the city granting the request of the railway company in the matter of the store street tracks, the new scheme of the mayor will be received with interest, if not with commendation. At tomorrow night's meeting of the city council the following resolution submitted by the mayor will be considered:

I hereby give notice that at the next meeting of the city council I shall recommend to the council a resolution referring to the committee on legislation the desirability of seeking in the ensuing sitting of the legislative assembly the insertion of power in the Municipal Clauses act enabling municipalities, with the consent of the electors, to construct public wharves and to construct and own upon municipal highways lines of rails for connecting the public and private wharves, and streets wherein wholesale merchants and manufacturers are located with railway lines, so as to afford direct means of transportation with power to the municipality to raise the cost of construction, and without further assent or petition to pass all necessary by-laws to raise, upon the credit of the municipality, the cost, and with power by by-law to fix a tariff or rental or charge for the use of the city's line of rails, and to regulate the use of the said line of rails and of city streets in which the same shall be laid;

And, that if the insertion of such power in the Municipal Act is not assented to, an amendment be sought to the public statute passed last year in aid of this city, giving to the corporation of this city the aforesaid powers, and that the committee on legislation be requested to consider and report at the next meeting of the council.

Another matter which will come up for consideration will be that of the city dump on the James Bay flats. At the last meeting of the council a letter from Dr. Fagan, provincial health officer, practically ordering the city to do away with the nuisance on the flats, was read. The suggestion of Dr. Fagan's that the city health board meet with the provincial board was accepted, and tomorrow night before the meeting of the council, the two boards will meet and consider the whole question of the dump which has been declared by the provincial health officer to be a serious menace to the health of the community.

The by-law for the laying of the Government street pavement and the raising of funds therefore will be brought up by Ald. Henderson, who will ask leave to introduce the following by-law:

To provide for the re-blocking of Government street, between Courtney street and Johnson street, as a work of local improvement.

Ald. Henderson will also introduce a by-law to authorize the construction, as a work of local improvement, of permanent sidewalks with stone or iron curb, on certain portions of Douglas street, Langley street, Brighton street, Gordon street, Courtney street and Humboldt street, and to raise the necessary monies in anticipation or the assessment thereof.

Ald. Henderson will also move the following resolution: That the city council hereby determine that it is desirable to construct and lay a permanent sidewalk of cement on the east side of Government street, between Simcoe street and the Dallas road, also to construct a permanent sidewalk with gutter on the north side of Simcoe street, from Menzies street to Beacon Hill Park, and on the south side of the said street from Menzies street to Government street, to grade and macadamize the said street from Menzies street to Beacon Hill park.

Ald. Fell will also introduce a resolution "that a full examination and audit of all monies received and expended by the municipality and the authority for such expenditures, be and is hereby directed, such examination and audit to cover the period from the first of January to the 31st of December, 1907. That such examination and audit extend to and include the accounts of the Tourist association and Agricultural association, if possible. That applications for the performance of such work be called for forthwith."

TURKEYS PLENTIFUL

Victoria Will Consume Over One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Pounds

There will be no scarcity of Christmass turkeys and other fowl in Victoria this year. For the Christmas trade there has been over 120,000 pounds of fowl brought into the city from island points and also from the East. Local dealers state that this year's trade will be the heaviest in the history of the city and that available stocks will be well cleaned up by Tuesday night. The quality of the turkeys and other fowl offering this year is excellent. The Island product is exceptionally good, and eastern fowl are also of good quality.

A feature of the trade this year is the earliness of the arrivals. Last year the great bulk of the turkeys only arrived in the city on the Sunday previous to Christmas, which was on Tuesday. This year stocks of turkeys, geese, chickens and other fowl are on sale early. Prices are about the same as last year, Island turkeys retailing at 30 to 35 cents per pound, and the eastern bird at 25 cents, while Island geese bring 25 cents and eastern 20 cents per pound.

Annual reports of the chief registrar of friendly societies shows a total membership of 512,421.

Dainty Neckwear for Christmas Gifts

CAMPBELL'S

Beautiful Belts and Furs for Xmas Gifts

Christmas Carol

Irresistible joybells are ringing. Even the bewitching finery in our windows echoes the glad sound. See those perfect-fitting, flawless Gloves, bespeaking a joyful welcome from the daintiest of hands, look at the wealth of exquisite Lace, deftly fashioned into bretelle, fichu and jabot, destined to give joy to the recipient of your gift, rich Opera Cloaks, bewildering quantities of dainty Kerchiefs, decked with real lace or quaint embroidery, fascinating Silks in modish Blouse or Skirt, beautiful Belts, their mission only half accomplished. All are echoing the joybells of Yuletide. All are marked in plain figures which tell how much happiness can be distributed at such little cost.



A Galaxy of Charming Lace Garnitures

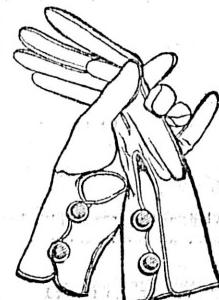
Dainty Neckwear

Lace Bretelles, from \$7.50 down to	\$1.25
New Lace Fichus, from	\$1.75
Dainty Lace Kimonas from	\$2.50
Lace Scarves, choice designs, from	25¢
Puritan Collars, in lace, etc., from	15¢
The New Lace Rabats, from	50¢
Fashionable Lace Jabots, from	75¢
Real Spanish Lace Scarves	\$2.75
Chiffon and Lace Scarves, from	25¢
Lace Collars, from	10¢
Feather Boas.	

REPUTABLE GLOVES

"They Stand the Test"

Dent's Ladies' Special	\$1.00
"The Warwick" Glove	\$1.25
The "Maggioni" Glove	\$1.50
Genuine Mocha Gloves	\$1.50
Dent's "Pique" Gauntlet	\$2.50
Fowne's Sacque Gauntlet	\$2.75



Evening Gloves

We have a glorious assortment of new evening gloves, in all shades, sizes and lengths, at specially low Christmas prices. Children's and Misses' Gloves in endless variety.

Beautiful Belts

Our matchless Belts in leather, silk, elastic, tinsel, and the new fashionable mat work, are exquisite productions, which cost no more than you pay for ordinary belts elsewhere. Either for personal use or as a gift, they are bound to give the utmost satisfaction, because they are undoubtedly the very latest and most handsome Belts procurable. Our prices are 35¢, 50¢, 75¢, \$1.00, \$1.25 and up.

Hair Combs

The splendid assortment of Ladies' and Misses' Hair Combs we are showing this Christmas-tide, combines the pick of London, Paris, and New York hair ornaments. They were all specially selected, and are offered to you at most reasonable prices. 50¢, 90¢, \$1.00, \$1.25 and up to \$6.75.



Our Showrooms are packed with the most exquisite Christmas Gifts for Ladies and Children.



Unique Umbrellas

All our regular \$2.25 and \$2.50 Umbrellas. Now special Christmas price	\$1.75
All our regular \$3.25 to \$4.25 Umbrellas. Now special Christmas price	\$2.75
All our regular \$6.50 to \$11.00 Umbrellas. Now special Christmas price	\$4.75

CHILDREN'S MUSLIN FROCKS.

COSTUME CREATIONS.

EVENING GOWNS.

OPERA CLOAKS.

SILK UNDRINKABLE UNDRINKABLE.

DRESS SKIRTS.

UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR.

BABIES' BIBS, GAITERS, JACKETS, BOOTEES, ETC.



CHILDREN'S SILK DRESSES.

MOTOR SCARVES.

FASCINATING FANS.

MUSLIN BLOUSES.

SILK BLOUSES.

LACE BLOUSES.

NET BLOUSES.

FANCY HOSIERY.

The Colonist.

The Colonist Printing & Publishing Company, Limited Liability
27 Broad Street, Victoria, B.C.

J. S. H. Matson, Managing Director

The Daily Colonist

Delivered by carrier at 85 cents per month, or 75 cents if paid in advance; mailed postpaid to any part of Canada (except the city or suburban districts, which are covered by our carriers); or to the United Kingdom, at the following rates:

One year.....\$5.00
Three months.....1.25
Six months.....2.50

London Office, 90-92 Fleet Street

Readers of the Colonist will join with the management in expressing their appreciation of the work done by the members of the Colonist reporter staff and mechanical department, through whose cheerful and intelligent co-operation we are able to present so interesting and valuable an issue as given them today. Especial attention is drawn to the fact that this great 64-page paper was produced by the usual mechanical force, the members of which, as soon as it was known that a 64-page paper was wanted today, bent their energies to their work with such well-directed interest that we have been able to accomplish what only a very little while ago would have been thought impossible in Victoria. We also wish to acknowledge the great kindness of those who by their contributions have assisted in the accomplishment of what we venture to regard as a notable success. We leave our readers themselves to estimate the quality of the literary work and the excellence of the mechanical production.

Through an oversight the selling price of this issue was stated yesterday to be five cents. It should have been ten cents.

OUR CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

The Colonist presents to its readers this morning Christmas greetings from Lord Strathcona, Mr. B. L. Borden, leader of the Conservative party of Canada and Mr. Richard McBride Premier of British Columbia. We hoped to have been able also to have had one from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, but in a very courteous letter acknowledging our request, he expressed his regret at having been compelled, owing to the number of similar invitations, to adopt the general rule of declining to avail himself of them.

Lord Strathcona has compressed a great deal into the hundred or so word of his cablegram. He tells us of the pleasure it gives him to send a message to the people of British Columbia; he speaks of the boundless resources of our province and its magnificent destiny; he shows his appreciation of the gravity of the problems with which we are confronted in this province, and expresses confidence that we will not approach them from a narrow standpoint. His reference is doubtless in part to the Oriental question, and when he speaks of a narrow standpoint, he no doubt wishes to remind us that this is an Imperial as well as a local matter. He assures us that he is confident that a satisfactory solution of all our problems will be found, and in saying this he is doubtless influenced by the belief that we will deal with every question which may arise as a British people should. Last, but not least, he bids us keep an eye of the "All-Red" line, and he points out that this is a matter with which British Columbia is concerned to a very great degree.

Mr. Borden's message is very inspiring in its language and sentiment. His appreciation of the greatness of our country has been undoubtedly strengthened by the opportunities for observation, which he enjoyed during his recent tour. He pleads for a united Canada, for one in which there shall be no east or west in thoughts and aspirations. His reminder that "the spirit of the marketplace" ought not to be the dominant factor in life, as it is not dominant in national greatness, is timely and may well be laid to heart by us all.

Mr. McBride speaks in much the same tone as Mr. Borden. He is full of pride in what British Columbia has accomplished in the past, and of confidence in what the future will bring forth. He evidently feels the inspiration of the splendid place which his native province has come to occupy in the eyes of the world. What he says is, perhaps, a little more personal than the expressions of the other distinguished gentlemen, whose words we are able to give this morning, but this was to have been expected, because it is the friendly and cordial greeting of a man to his neighbors. In his timely message to the people of Canada generally all the British Columbians will heartily join.

A TERCENTENARY.

In 1608 Champlain founded Quebec, and it is proposed that the tercentenary of that date shall be fittingly observed. The credit of the suggestion belonged to Lord Grey, the Governor-General. This was not the first colony established in what is now Canada, for a settlement had been made at St. Croix Island, in what is now New Brunswick, few years before, although the colony was moved to Port Royal, now Annapolis, N. S., in the following year. Champlain was at the head of this enterprise. In fact he spent three years along the shores of the Bay of Fundy before going to Quebec. His discovery of the St. John river was celebrated by the people of the city of that name a year or two ago. Nevertheless the founding of Quebec may very properly be regarded as the historic beginning of Canada, and it is proper enough to observe it in some appropriate way.

We share in the opinion of those who hold that such an anniversary ought to be recognized by the people of both the dominant races of Canada. What form

stances and really require assistance, or otherwise the holiday season may prove one of privation to them. We suppose that every year there are more or less cases of this kind, but as a rule they are sought out and helped privately without any public appeal. We do not know that they are much more numerous this year than any other, and the cases that have been mentioned to us are exceptional in their nature and have no relation to the demand for labor or anything of that kind. We know so little about poverty here that many of us never think that there may be people in want who could be made comfortable and happy, if those of us who have plenty would devote just little of it to their use. It is exceedingly difficult for most people to discover cases where their assistance would be welcomed, but the ministers of the several churches, the officers of the Salvation Army, the Friendly Help and countless other organizations can give information on the subject, and no doubt would be glad to do so, and to see that anything that might be donated to charitable purposes is put to the best possible use.

Our appeal to the people of Victoria is that they will make an effort to see that in no home in the city there shall be want and suffering on Christmas Day, or during the whole Christmas season, but on the contrary, that there shall be at least that measure of joy, which comes to all hearts, which are made to feel the touch of human sympathy.

WILL THE FLEET COME?

We do not mean the United States fleet, although we suppose that Admiral Evans will send some of his vessels to pay us a visit some time next summer, but a portion of the British fleet, which would form an adequate representation of the navy in Pacific waters. Colonist readers will have observed the London Standard said on the subject as reported in a telegram to this paper yesterday. This is officially denied, but we have had private advices on the same point, and though they are necessarily wholly unofficial and indefinite, they are of such a nature as to lead to the conclusion that the Admiralty is already informally considering such a step. The withdrawal of the squadron, which was formerly on this station, was principally to concentrate the men in European waters. The vessels themselves were of very little account from a naval point of view. We take it that the policy of the Admiralty was not so much to abandon permanently the idea of maintaining a squadron here, but to do away with such a very useless one as had been kept on the station. If Great Britain is to maintain a fleet on the North Pacific, it ought to bear some relation to the work it would have to do in case of war, and although the men were all that could be asked for, the ships which they manned were not. The presence of a large fleet on the Pacific, flying the flag of the United States, may be taken as a permanent thing. Japan will naturally develop all her naval prowess on the same ocean. Germany has possessions and certain sentimental interests in the Pacific, which she will perhaps feel called upon to safeguard, and we find it impossible to believe that Great Britain will remain unrepresented by any other vessels than those which constitute the China squadron. It seems also reasonable to believe that the Admiralty may think it desirable to establish such docks and supply depots as a fleet might require. There is an important station at Hong Kong, but Hong Kong is objectionable as a naval base for several reasons, one of which arises out of its tropical position. A readjustment of international interests is in progress, whereby the North Pacific ocean is attaining a degree of importance which many of the leaders of thought have long foreseen. It will certainly not be in keeping with the record of Great Britain as the Mistress of the Seas, if she permits Japan and the United States to dominate the greatest of the oceans. For these reasons we are of the opinion that, whatever shape it may take, a new departure so far as the relations of the British navy to the North Pacific ocean is very probable. It was to be expected that an official denial of any report to the effect above mentioned would be made, as any activity in that direction on the part of the Admiralty at this time would certainly be open to misconception.

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We share in the opinion of those who hold that such an anniversary ought to be recognized by the people of both the dominant races of Canada. What form

it ought to take may be open to a difference of opinion, but it will hardly be denied that it ought to be representative of Canadian progress and homogeneity.

LITERARY TASTE

It is pleasing to learn on unquestioned authority that the demand for immoral fiction is growing less year by year, so much so that it is said that thousands of novels of wholesome life are sold where only hundreds of the other class find purchasers. It is said that the latter have their circulation chiefly among the idle rich, that is among those whose tastes have been vitiated by indulgence, whose passions have been exhausted by excesses, or whose silly notions of life find their counterpart in the doings of men and women of depraved ideas and rudimentary morals, such as a certain school of novelists loves to portray. Those whose motto is "let us eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die," delight in the impure and filthy, albeit in their outward appearance they may be things of beauty; but the working class, the people who with their brains or hands labor to make life better, the mothers who are training the great majority of the children of the land, all right-thinking young men, and all girls have no taste for literary indecencies.

There came about a marked revolution in these things about fifteen years ago, when a new lot of romantic novels were written. They were always tolerably ridiculous in their absurd exaggerations. The hero was a melodramatic chap, whose stout sword was more than a match for the weapons of a score of ignoble varlets; the heroine was more beautiful than the law allows and combined with exquisite femininity the muscles of an amazzone and a courage that in any one else would be called foolhardiness. The only reason, why she was not destroyed over and over again in mind, body and estate, was because it was essential to the story that she and the hero should marry and live happy ever after. The later day romances ran their course, and did a lot of good. They were not only a protest against the prurience of one class of writers, but also a relief from the heavy novels "with a purpose," with which readers had been surfeited. The same healthy change is noticeable on the stage. Plays which depend for their point upon indecency thinly veiled, if covered at all, have become unpopular. Audiences demand wholesome plays, and of course, what they ask they get.

These things are excellent signs. We may regret if a certain small minority of the community takes pleasure in writings which are debasing, but the community can stand it, so long as the tastes of the majority are decent, and there is happily very little doubt on that point. The marvellous circulation of the cheap magazines is an interesting feature of the case. Most of them are cheap enough, goodness knows, in more senses than one, but they are never by any chance immoral in their tendency, and we notice a tendency to present serious questions in a popular form, which is interesting and can hardly fail to be beneficial. While many people may regret that the mental food of a large part of the community, aside from the news of the day, is as yet not very nourishing, it is satisfactory to know that it is not unwholesome.

IMPORTANT BUT UNSATISFACTORY

The Dominion government referred a certain case to the Supreme Court of Canada for a decision as to the right of companies holding provincial charters to do business outside of the province in which the charters are granted. The important character of the question will be at once apparent, when we reflect that there are thousands of companies, representing millions of dollars of capital, whose right to do an extra-provincial business was involved. The question arose between the Canadian Pacific Railway company and the Ottawa Fire Insurance company, but the nature of the constitutional question involved was of such moment that the government took the matter up. Six judges took part. Three of them, Messrs. Justices Duff, D'Addario and McLennan, held that the powers of provincial companies extended far enough to enable them to do business outside of the province in which they were incorporated. Chief Justice Fitzpatrick and Mr. Justice Davies dissented, and Mr. Justice Girouard declined to express an opinion on the unconstitutional issue, holding that it was not properly before the court.

Thus, while the majority of the court decided in favor of the claims of the companies, the judgment will hardly be regarded as final, and it is understood that the case will be appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. In the meantime it is suggested that the promoters of companies will hesitate about applying to the provincial authorities for incorporation, if they are likely to engage in any extra-provincial business. The point involved is so far-reaching in its nature, that it is to be hoped an early determination of it can be secured.

Ripe raspberries, from ten to twenty on each branch and all well-formed, large and luscious, is Victoria's testimonial to the character of the Winter Solstice. These berries were picked yesterday, that is on the shortest day of the year, in Mr. James Mallett's garden, 630 Superior street, this city.

That must be a dainty piece of litigation now proceeding in Ottawa.

CANADIAN BANKS.

Commenting two or three days ago upon the annual statement of the Bank of Montreal, note was taken of two significant and connected facts, namely that despite the financial depression, none of prolonged existence, the bank's profits were larger than for the preceding year, and that the president and the general manager of the bank both expressed confidence in the underlying soundness of the commercial situation.—Ottawa Journal.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

The Philadelphia Record says that the football game between Canada and the U.S. last Saturday, foot it up 11 killed and 98 injured. Last year also 11 were killed, but the number of injured amounted to 102. In 1905 the killed numbered 31 and the injured 137. The figures show that the game in the States is not so deadly as it was. But the Record thinks that if the killing and carnage stop the game will lose half its attraction to both player and looker on.—Hamilton Times.

The Most Interesting Page of This Big Paper is Number 27—Do Not Fail to Read Every Word

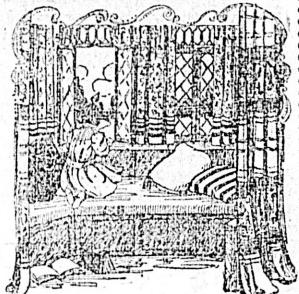
"THE FINALS"

TOMORROW morning

starts the "finals" of the 1907 Christmas season—a season most kind to us. Business beyond our fondest expectations has rewarded us. The efforts of months of careful planning have been appreciated by Victorians in no unmistakable degree.

"Quality" merchandise at honest prices—there is the secret.

Read page 27!

**For Young People:**

This store is filled with an abundance of pretty things bought especially for the younger generation. There are gift pieces in great numbers here that would bring delight to many a young heart. Serviceable things all.

All Floors

A Special Exhibit of Handsome Tapestry Panels

We are making a special show of Tapestry Panels on the First and Second Floors. These are excellent new pieces and worthy of your inspection. We should be pleased to show you these and others, equally interesting, which we are prevented from displaying through lack of display space. These are low in price and make excellent gifts.

Fine Pottery

In our show rooms you will find a comprehensive collection of typical pieces from the world's leading potteries. Almost every country is a specialist in some line and it is our aim to gather the best pieces from the best makers. Wedgwood, Royal Worcester, Royal Doulton, Royal Copenhagen, Royal Vienna, Aynsley China, Marmozet, Royal Dux, Bretby Ware, Devon Ware, Dutch Delph, Izaug Art Ware, Japanese Cloisonne and Satsuma.

**Fire Furniture**

This season's showing of Hearth Furnishings is a showing of which we are justly proud. The best efforts of Britain's best workers in metal are here for you. Handsome creations, all.

BLACK AND BRASS KERFS,	each \$1.00
42 in. each,	\$1.25
48 in. each,	\$1.50
ALL BRASS KERFS,	from each \$3.00 down to \$6.50
BRASS FIRE SETS, 3 pieces,	\$1.75
BRASS FIRE SETS, on Stand, 4 pieces,	\$8.00
BLACK IRON FIRE SETS, 3 pieces,	\$2.25

For Tiny Tots:

Lots of pretty gift things for the "tiniest" little tots here. Dainty things in silver, in china, in furniture.

Why not get baby one of those new BABY PLATES, at each...50¢

SHOP IN THE MORNING IF POSSIBLE. IT IS THE BETTER WAY, BY FAR**Some Furniture Gifts**

TABOURETTES OR JARDINIERE STANDS—Golden Oak, Weathered Oak, Mahogany, Pyro-decorated or Wicker, \$8.00, \$5.50, \$5.00, \$4.50, \$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00,	\$1.50
FOOT RESTS—In weathered oak, upholstered in leather,	\$3.75
BOOK AND MAGAZINE RACKS—In Early English and Weathered Oak, mission styles, \$15.00, \$12.00, \$10.00, \$7.50, \$5.75, \$3.50, \$2.50 and \$1.00	\$1.00
HANDSOME REED CHAIRS—Big assortment new styles, in Red Chairs, Reception Chairs, Comfort Arm Chairs, Misses' Arm Chairs and Rockers, plain and fancy designs, \$25.00, \$7.50, \$6.00, \$5.50, \$4.50, \$3.50 and	\$2.50
NURSES' ROCKERS—In Mahogany or Oak, \$4.50, \$3.75, \$2.00 and	\$1.75
COBBLER SEAT ROCKERS—Hardwood and any finish, \$5.00, \$3.25 and	\$2.50
TEA AND CARD TABLES—Fine assortment in latest designs, \$15.00, \$6.00, \$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.50, and	\$3.00
FOLDING CARD TABLES, in Mahogany finish, at	\$5.50
In Golden Oak; or Weathered Oak,	\$6.50
FOLDING CHAIRS to match, in mahogany finish, at	\$2.50
Golden Oak or Weathered Oak \$3.00	\$3.00

Happy China Effects

Among the bewildering array of dainty China bits it is hard to pick the winners. Stuning pieces from the world's foremost potteries are here in plenty. Painted china done by hand, and by no pedoctor artists either, artistic little bits beautifully decorated with figure subjects, fine and elegant lines of popular priced pieces make a variety so great the bewildered shopper finds it difficult to decide which is the most attractive among so many beautiful styles and decorations.

TEA CUPS AND SAUCERS, BREAKFAST CUPS, AFTER DINNER COFFEE AND AFTERNOON TEAS, at each, \$5.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c and ...	25c
BREAD AND BUTTER PLATES, at per doz., \$21, down to ...	\$2.00
CAKE PLATES, at each, \$3.00, 75c, 50c and 25c	50c

NOTE AND COMMENT

FORTY YEARS AGO

As was to be expected, the reckless utterances of a certain group of hot-heads identified with the Asiatic Exclusion League of Vancouver have had the effect of alarming the people of Eastern Canada lest the country should be again disgraced by a riot. We know of course, that these incendiary spirits who have lately been in too great evidence in Vancouver are not likely to be permitted to cause any further trouble, but all the same they have succeeded in working up a very bad advertisement for the province. We find the following paragraph in the Montreal Herald:

"Full reports of the last exclusion League meeting at Vancouver seem to suggest that if there are more riots in that part of the British Empire, which may the police forbid, they will be directed not against the little brown men who have shown themselves alarmingly able to take care of themselves, but against white employers. That may not be an international matter, but it is quite as alarming as far as the peace of Canada is concerned."

The Toronto Mail and Empire pleads for greater consideration for the poor victims of the dread disease, consumption, making the timely suggestion "that these in a philanthropic mood at this season of the year could not do better than arrange to help people of this class. It seems in the universal effort being made to eradicate the scourge a sign that science will ultimately triumph over this greatest foe of mankind. It says:

"The scourge which claims one-seventh of the human race is fearful enough and sad enough, but the future shines with hope. The counteracting force of science is at work, but it demands to be backed up by the people. Old and young, including many of our bright boys and beautiful girls, are perishing. The saddest thing is that they are treated as if leprosy uncleanness, and shunned, and even thrust away. We bemoan the friendless one! This ought not to be. There is no need for panic, but only simple precaution, easily understood. Do not forget the poor among those stricken ones. There could be no better Christmas gift than judiciously applied aid in their behalf."

"Offensive and Foolish" is the way the Toronto News puts it to describe the attitude of the Liberal party in claiming that it has to any extent carried out the platform of 1893. It might have gone further and censured them for stealing the Conservative platform hocus-pokus, and then having the audacity to declare that it never was any good anyhow. However, the News says:

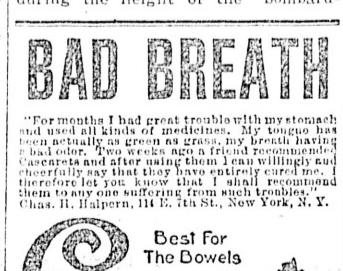
Liberals continue in the endeavor to show that the platform of 1893 has been carried out. This is a vain and fatiguing performance. The truth is that hardly a pledge made has been fully kept. Some have been wholly disregarded. A few out of regard for the public interest could not be kept. Changing conditions have made it impossible to regard some of the chief planks of the platform. In the main, the Liberal politicians of today have adopted the policy and are practicing the methods of the Conservative party from 1878 to 1896, and any attempt to show consistency is simply offensive and foolish.

We are pleased to observe that the press of Eastern Canada are commencing to appreciate the opportunities for working up a profitable trade with Mexico. We in British Columbia have a very special interest in seeing the venture of a subsidized steamship line between our ports and the republic proving a success, and it is thus gratifying to know that the large business houses of the east are likely to exert every effort in the direction of cultivating trade relations which give promise of proving mutually profitable to an increasing extent as the years roll on. In this connection, the Toronto Star says:

Our people have a very direct interest in the affairs of our neighbors to the far south, not only because of the fact that Canadians have taken a leading part in the creation of Mexico's electrical enterprises, but because a direct line of steamers now connects our Pacific coast with Mexican ports. This line appears, too, from a statement contained in the United States Consular and Trade Report of December 10, to be having a most gratifying influence in increasing trade between the two countries. It is stated that the last steamer of the new line on her trip south carried 4,000 tons of freight. We are further informed that since the inauguration of this line Canadian manufacturers, because of the lower freight rates now enjoyed by them, are cutting under competitors from the United States in the markets of Mexico. As a result imports into that country from Canada, especially agricultural implements, have already reached marked proportions, and a still greater increase is looked for.

The press from one end of Canada to the other keeps hammering away at the question of the wisdom of the government putting an export duty on pulp, and there can no longer be any doubt as to the temper of the people upon this important matter. The Toronto World puts it this way:

Just now the papermakers of Wisconsin, Michigan and Pennsylvania are reported to be unusually active in arranging for a supply of pulpwood, and there can be little doubt that the requisition on Canadian pulpwood will become more and more severe. This means not only an increasing direct drain on Canadian pulpwood resources, but the loss of the profitable industries which, under proper regulation, would necessary come into existence. The United States has never suffered consideration for the welfare or susceptibilities of other nations to interfere with the policy that furthered the interests of its own people. Canadians cannot afford to be less self-regarding—rather should they keep steadily in view the wisdom of the policy that makes Canadian resources factors in the development of their own country.



Please eat Calathea, Potent, Taste Good, Never Tires, No Harmful Drugs, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never fail to cure you of your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 5¢
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

ment, and from the interior of the town before the last gun fired had cooled. Two days before the end, he and Lord James of Hereford popped up onto the wall facing the town, to find forty feet below them, a Prussian battery in full blast. No sooner did the two Englishmen appear upon the wall than a shell from the garrison came whizzing towards them. After the garrison capitulated they made an interesting discovery. They had made themselves targets in a place where the fiercest fighting had been in operation. Accidentally they had stumbled on the spot whence had proceeded the deadliest fire of the Germans, and upon which the garrison had aimed their heaviest cannonade. Their escape was regarded as miraculous by all who witnessed the episode.

BRITISH OPINION

London Standard—French influence outside the area visible from General Brûlé's balloons and within range of his guns, remains, for the present, inoperative. Anarchy and disorganization prevail, more or less, throughout Morocco. It is difficult to forget that, had it been possible, immediately after the Algeciras Conference, for the Powers more immediately concerned to bring strong and combined pressure on the Makhzen, the disorders which now afflict the country, besides being an anxiety and exercise to foreign Governments, might have been prevented. Nor would it be altogether unreasonable to suggest that something might yet be done, by concerted action, to restore peace, reform the administration, and restrain the subjects of the Sultan, whoever he may be, from infringing the rights of foreigners and assaulting their neighbors.

London Times—It may not be practicable to avert such a conflict as that which has arisen in Australia between the Commonwealth and Victoria, and which lately came before the Privy Council in "Webb vs. Outram"; the case involving the question whether, under an Income-Tax Act of Victoria, the income of an official of the Commonwealth residing in that colony might be taxed. That question has created a serious constitutional difficulty of a very peculiar character. But the main question, affecting all who trade or possess property in different countries, merits careful study. There is no science or finally in a policy of grab all round, which so far has been pursued by most States. Few subjects are more worthy of the continuous consideration of the Foreign Office and Board of Trade. Mr. Lloyd George would make men of business and investors his debtors if he helped to bring about agreements or understandings which would reduce somewhat the number and gravity of the conflicts between royal Exchequers.

.....How, then, we repeat, should the people of this colony act in order to get rid of a government that fails to redeem its pledge to its own council, and to carry out the well-understood wishes of the people? The people of Cariboo, with commendable promptitude, have in accordance with a suggestion to hold public meetings in the colony, taken the initiatory in the matter and have spoken out manfully. Why cannot the people at this end of the colony act in like manner? And unless our governor will descend to advise the people through his council, of his actions, and explain the causes of the delay in the matter of confederation, let immediate steps be taken to bring the matter before the parliaments of Great Britain and Canada.

ABOUT PEOPLE

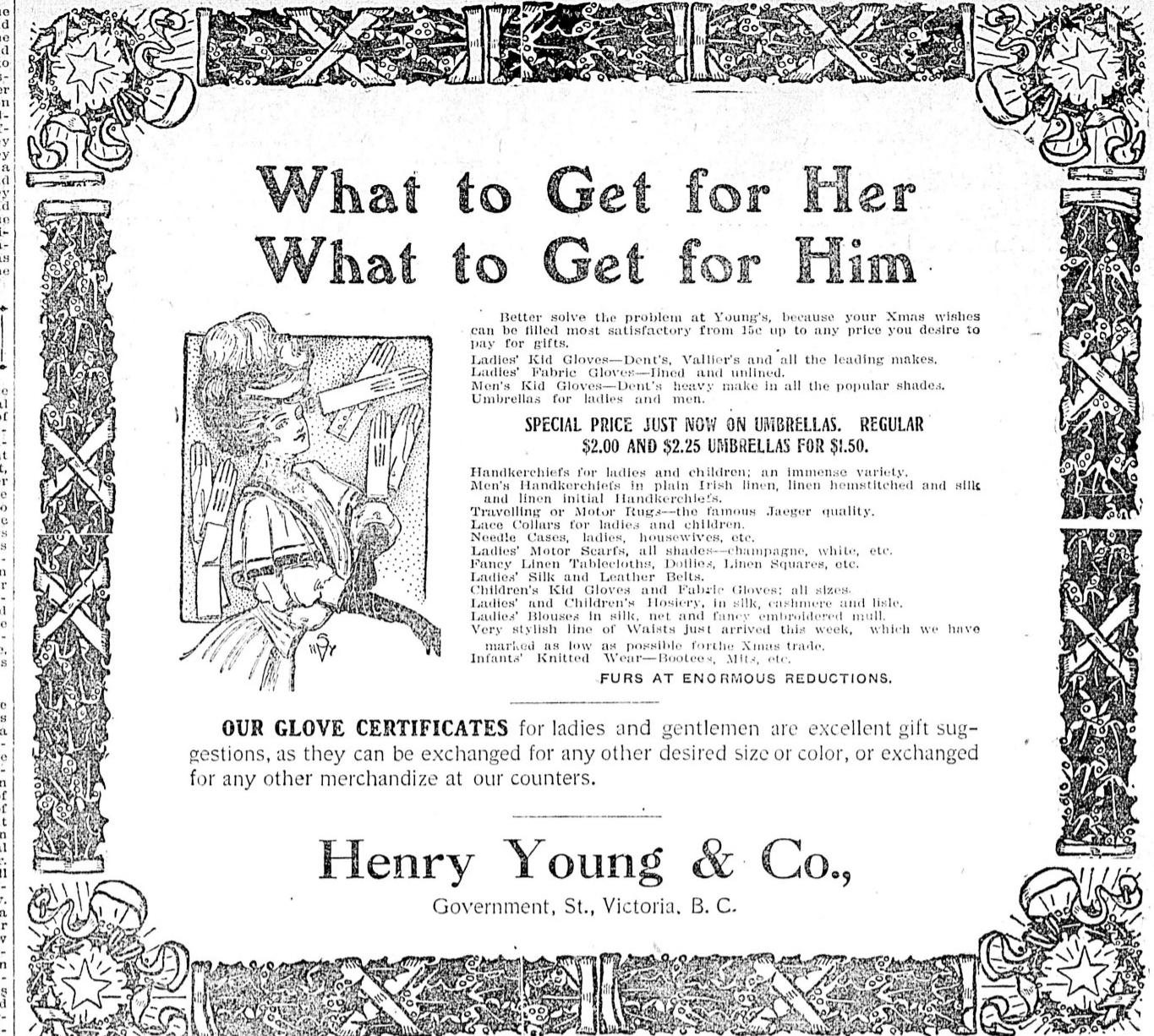
It has been said that the late Henry Kemble was nicknamed "The Beetle" by his friends at the Garrick because as a young man he wore a long brown cloak. Well, that was part of the reason—but only part. There were other men at the Garrick in those days wearing cloaks besides Henry Kemble and they were not beetles. Kemble was nicknamed so, because his cloak had a very large collar, which almost covered his head like a hood when he pulled it up in cold weather; and another thing that contributed to the suggestion of the scarabæus was the habit the actor had, even when young, of leaning so far forward as he mounted the club steps that his cloak fell all round him from his large bent back and obscured his legs from view.

Of late years Miss Alma-Tadema has laid aside the palette wholly in favor of the pen, with the result that her signature is to be found appended to a wonderfully versatile collection of essays, poems, plays, novels and short stories. For many years Miss Alma-Tadema has devoted herself to the higher intellectual drama. The influence of Maeterlinck is apparent in her own work, especially in "The Silent Voice," which was first produced at the Coronet theatre, Notting Hill, in aid of the Princess Louise Fund for Wounded Soldiers, and in which the brilliant young authoress appeared and showed still another side to her rare versatility. Add to this inventory of her accomplishments that she is a very good linguist, and one has no difficulty in recognizing in her a feminine "Admiral Crichton." The text from which she will lecture in America is "Happiness consists in managing oneself." On this theme she will give a number of evangelical lectures which she hopes will be productive of great results. In England she has a little place in the country where she writes "far from the madding crowd," when she is desirous of cultivating the Muse, and here she gets through a prodigious amount of work. Like her father, she talks well and has also the invaluable gift of making many friends.

The veteran diplomatist and originator of the Primrose League, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, has nearly finished writing his reminiscences, which will shortly be published in two large volumes. Our former Ambassador to Spain will probably give us some interesting recollections of the Franco-Prussian war, several of the most thrilling phases of which he witnessed. Sir Henry saw the terrible siege of Strasburg from both sides of the walls—from the Prussian lines during the height of the bombard-

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What to Get for Her
What to Get for Him

Better solve the problem at Young's, because your Xmas wishes can be filled most satisfactorily from 15¢ up to any price you desire to pay for gifts.

Ladies' Kid Gloves—Dent's, Vallier's and all the leading makes.

Ladies' Fabric Gloves—lined and unlined.

Men's Kid Gloves—Dent's heavy make in all the popular shades.

Umbrellas for ladies and men.

SPECIAL PRICE JUST NOW ON UMBRELLAS. REGULAR \$2.00 AND \$2.25 UMBRELLAS FOR \$1.50.

Handkerchiefs for ladies and children; an immense variety.

Men's Handkerchiefs in plain Irish linen, linen hemstitched and silk and linen initial Handkerchiefs.

Travelling or Motor Rugs—the famous Jaeger quality.

Lace Collars for ladies and children.

Needle Cases, ladies, housewives, etc.

Ladies' Motor Scarfs, all shades—champagne, white, etc.

Fancy Linen Tablecloth, Dofles, Linen Squares, etc.

Ladies' Silk and Leather Belts.

Children's Kid Gloves and Fabrie Gloves; all sizes.

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, in silk, cashmere and lisle.

Ladies' Blouses in silk, net and fancy embroidered muslins.

Very stylish line of Waists just arrived this week, which we have marked as low as possible for the Xmas trade.

Infants' Knitted Wear—Bootees, Mitts, etc.

FURS AT ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS.

OUR GLOVE CERTIFICATES for ladies and gentlemen are excellent gift suggestions, as they can be exchanged for any other desired size or color, or exchanged for any other merchandise at our counters.

Henry Young & Co.,

Government St., Victoria, B.C.

HOTEL WINTERS

Corner Abbott and
Water Streets
VANCOUVER, B.C.

The Terminal City's long felt want filled by the opening of this splendid hotel.

Opened November 1st, 1907

Brand new and modern. Luxuriously appointed, 120 rooms, all with hot and cold water, 50¢ with bath. Elevator. Steam heat. Large and well lighted sample rooms. Inspection solicited. American plan \$2.00 and upwards. European plan \$1.00 and upwards. Free Bus.

C. N. OWEN & CO., Proprietors.

through this heading to draw the tuck-up snugly. Upon sheer evening gowns a deep hem of satin or velvet is a saving clause, in addition to being important as a weight to drag the airy folds down into modish lines. Elaborate heavy embroidery, lace, etc., is substituted for the plain satin or chiffon velvet hem. In the more costly frocks, even though they be other than infinite delay and confusion and possibly great waste of money. The report of the medical officers of the London County Council and the experience gained by Dr. Kerr and his colleagues in their admirable work should surely suffice to indicate what is required. This is too the financial aspect of the case. The establishment of clinical centres for treatment will cost money. With every sympathy for the ratepayer, we fail to see how the expense can be avoided if the State is rightly to fulfil its duty towards its children.

Fashion Notes

Tulle, net, chiffon and silk mousse are the materials most often chosen for the modish evening frock; although exquisite models are evolved in the sheer supple satins, silks or satin luster, chiffon velvets and materials of the voile and marquisette classes. The satins and satin-finished silks are perhaps the most practical of the materials used for the purpose and adapt themselves perfectly to the prescribed lines, clinging and falling in the softest and straightest of folds, yet having body enough not to demand complicated foundations of silk and chiffon.

A satin evening frock of this type, slightly short of waist, with one of the new skirts falling straight and limp to the ground, a softly draped bodice, corsage relief or tucker of net or lace and a wealth of soft-toned embroidery on bodice and skirt bottom, is as lovely a thing as one could wish to wear and will give excellent service and will clean admirably again and again, the initial cost is great.

The fancy for evening gowns of dark hues endures, and dark grays, violets, purples, greens and blues are all made up for evening wear, being usually in sheer stuff and lightened by a touch of metal.

A tucker of silver fillet net embroidered in two shades of wine red lightens the bodice of an evening gown in wine dress chiffon with self color borders, the border taking the form of a floral design woven into the chiffon and an embroidered panel of this embroidered net runs down each side of the frock from armhole to hem. The short sleeves are of draped chiffon over a close fitting sleeve of embroidered net and there is a tiny neck and sleeve finish of white tulle.

"So hot water is a great cure, is it? Well, I shan't let any of my boarders get ill for want of medicine. Just put another gallon of hot water in that oxtail soup, Maria, and I think you'd better take out the oxtail now; it might get too rich!"—TH-BHS.

The Phoenix Paper Co., of New York, paid an interest of stock from \$75,000 to \$1,500,000.

A. G. Farquharson, a well known Hamilton citizen, dropped dead on the street. He was about 70 years of age.

GUESTS AT CITY HOTELS

At the Drury—

L. E. W. Baldwin, Portland.

Hector Baldwin, Portland.

S. L. Raymond, Crofton.

J. L. Robinson, Duncan.

M. C. McIntosh, Oak Bay.

J. W. Lee, Vancouver.

R. F. Flaherty, California.

J. L. Star, San Francisco.

Parker Clark, Crofton.

R. Johnston, Seattle.

At the Balmoral—

Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Cuppage, Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Skinner, Nanaimo.

Mrs. Stewart, Galiano Island.

Mrs. McNeil, Saanich.

At the Victoria—

Harry H. Hickay, St. Paul.

C. F. Fletcher, Wrangell.

C. R. Betts, Tacoma.

R. Mescher, Everett.

H. McLeskey, Comox.

A. J. Cragan, Chemainus.

G. W. Bayley, Chemainus.

A. E. Wilson, Duncan.

Capt. C. Soward, Ladysmith.

G. H. Parker and sons, London, Eng.

G. Wonder, Toronto.

J. Donnell, Winnipeg.

J. Grant, New Westminster.

C. O. Arton, Alta.

M. Appleby, Duncan.

WINDSOR SALT is a

Canadian salt—guaranteed by a

Canadian company. No one

guarantees the purity of imported

salt. Insist on having WINDSOR

SALT.

195 W

Xmas Novelties

BON BONS AT ALL PRICES.

XMAS STOCKINGS, each	25¢, 50¢ and 75¢
PAPER BELLS FOR DECORATING, each	15¢
JAPANESE ORANGES, per box	75¢
LARGE NAVEL ORANGES, per doz.	30¢

FELL & COMPANY, LIMITED

QUALITY GROCERS

631 FORT STREET

PHONE 94

INVESTMENTS

If you are looking for a profitable investment in

1. A Manufacturing Business,
2. A Wholesale Business, or
3. A Retail Business,

Come and see us and you will have an opportunity to meet the owner.

British-American Trust Company, Ltd

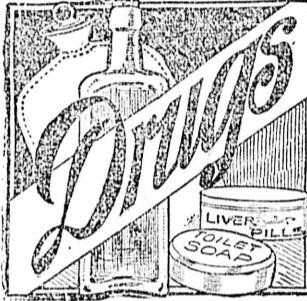
Cor. Broad and View Streets - Victoria, B.C.

Your Health

Should have your careful attention at all times. Our store is known for the purity and freshness of our drugs.

We also supply all requisites for the toilet table except the water.

CYRUS H. BOWES, Chemist, Government St., near Yates



Swart's Packings

HAVE NO SUPERIOR

Evertight Steam Packing for High or Low Pressure.	Swart's
Evertight Valve Stem Packing Cold Water Packing	Swart's
Hot Water Pump Packing	

Each Line is Specially Prepared for a Particular Purpose.
Once Used, Always Used.

Sole Agents:

E. B. MARVIN & CO.

Ship Chandlers

Wharf Street



Don't Give Your Wife or Husband

something that you can use yourself, but rather let it be a gift that will be all for the receiver. It will give you pleasure to know that it is useful. Make it a pair of slippers or a better pair of shoes. The babies want fancy footwear. Don't forget the Boys—we haven't. The Girls like shoes and slippers, but they must be nice—buy them here. Fur-trimmed Slippers in fancy feet, and plenty of good, warm ones for Mother, Father, Auntie, Grandma and Grandpa.

Shoe Certificates simplify giving.

BAKER SHOE COMPANY, LTD.

1109 Government Street

Dr. H. B. F. Cristion, of Paris, the celebrated court doctor of Europe, on Beauty Culture, has all his toilet preparations, including Gray Hair Elixir that will return gray hair to its natural color, a positive cure for dandruff, giving it a lustre like silk, contains no oil or dye. Winding Oil removes wrinkles, and helps to make skin. Hair Destroyer kills the hair cells and destroys superfluous hair. Dermatite removes pimples, black heads, etc. skin. Obstethal, a positive external cure for obesity, represented by Mrs. Wilson, new number 817, Cormorant street. Mail orders given special attention.

Don't be foolish in choosing your presents. Buy serviceable things. Cervar, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.50 and \$3.25 per pair. Table knives, \$3.50 to \$10.00. \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00; bread boards, \$1.50 to \$1.50; pocket knives, \$1.00 to \$1.50. R. A. Brown & Co., 1402 Douglas St.

NEWS OF THE CITY

Pastor Returns

Rev. S. J. Thompson, pastor of the Centennial Methodist church, returned last evening from Cumberland, where he had been on duty as chairman of the district. He will preach at both services today in the Centennial church.

Sergeants' Mess Debate

The first debate of the sergeants of the Fifth regiment took place Friday evening in the mess rooms. The subject was "Is the drill hall the most suitable place in the city to hold athletic events?" The affirmative was successful. Co. Sergt.-Major Caven presided.

Hospital Donation

Donations of Holly, trailing ivy, Christmas tree decorations, candy and flowers for contributions for the purchase of the same, will be most gratefully received on Saturday and Monday next, and may be sent in care of Mrs. Hasell, or to Miss Macdonald at the hospital.

Will Not Hold Review

Victoria Hive, No. 1, Ladies of the Macabees, will not hold its regular review next Tuesday evening owing to the fact that it will be Christmas eve. The members are respectfully notified that their assessments can be left at the home of Mrs. Myers, their record keeper, at 39 Olympian avenue, on or before January 31.

Sales of Real Estate

Messrs. McConnell & Taylor report increasing enquiries for Victoria real estate, and the following sales for the past ten days. House and lot in Winnipeg, house and lot in Vancouver, fruit ranch in Victoria district, farm at Duncans, two houses and lots in Victoria, two lots in Oak Bay.

Only Routine Business

Only routine business will be taken up at the last regular meeting, but one of the present Oak Bay municipal council on Monday evening. The council has practical cleared the slate of all matters of importance, and only a few trivial communications will come before the members.

Next Flower Show

James A. Bland, secretary of the Victoria Horticultural society, has gotten out the prize list for the two shows to be held by the society during the coming year. The list is a long one and calculated to give all lovers of flowers an opportunity to compete. The third annual rose show will be held on Friday, the nineteenth of June, and the seventh annual flower show on Wednesday and Thursday, August 12 and 13. Prize lists can be obtained on application to Mr. Bland.

Whereabouts Discovered

Information has been received by Sergt. Murray, of the Provincial police department concerning the whereabouts of the fourteen-year-old lad, John Mathews, son of Mrs. Emily Mathews, 26 Montreal street, who disappeared from home a week ago last Tuesday. The boy left the city on a small sloop belonging to a hunter and trapper named Bellamy and went as far as Sooke, where he has been working for some days. An offer will be sent up to bring the runaway back home.

Problem is Solved

Sergt. Murray of the Provincial Police department yesterday solved the problem of disposing of the two youths, William McPhadden and William McMurray who stole a boat and ran away from Salt Spring Island. The owner of the boat refused to prosecute as did the owner of the guns which the boys bought but forgot to pay for. They got their property back and were glad to let it go at that. A healthy lecture was administered to both lads and they were sent on their way, McPhadden back to Salt Spring Island with his father and McMurray to his friends in Seattle.

Special Christmas Music

As will be seen from the list of music to be rendered at First Presbyterian church at today's services, the choir have prepared a very fine programme of selections by such masters as Streets, Sir John Goss, Handel and Rubinstein, and the modern writers are represented by Gabriel Adams, Kenyon and Lyons. This choir is well known for its ability to render choral music, and those who may find their way to this church tomorrow, especially in the evening will receive a treat. The evening service is a song service with a very short address by the pastor.

Address to Men

"A Christmas message to Men" will be the subject of an address to be delivered this afternoon at the Y. M. C. A., by George Henry Little, of Manchester, Eng., who has recently arrived in the city and will take up his residence here. Mr. Little has had a wide experience in Christian work in the old country and his address today for men should prove an interesting one. Gardner Findlay will sing "The Star of Bethlehem." Washington convention music will be used in the service. The Men's bible class and social tea will be held at the close of Mr. Little's address.

Christmas Services

Christmas services will be held this morning at 10 o'clock by the Harmony Hall Sunday school, View street, when special music will be rendered by the orchestra and members of the school who have been preparing for the occasion for some time. A ten minute address will be given by A. J. Brack, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. A special invitation is issued to all who are interested in work of this kind. At 11 o'clock the usual service will be held at which G. H. Little, who has recently arrived from England, will be present. A. T. Frampton will lead at the evening services, a feature of this service being a song service led by the newly formed orchestra.

Sawmill for Salt Spring

A sawmill will be built on Salt Spring island early next year. C. R. Betts and C. T. Mascher, loggers and millmen of Puget Sound are back of the enterprise and have acquired in the neighborhood of three square miles of timber on the island. A camp which will employ between 30 and 40 men will be installed. When the mill is completed it is expected that it will have a capacity of 25,000 feet a day. Contracts to keep it running, getting out logs and piles, etc., have been secured to keep the mill running for several years. The latest machinery which can be secured will be installed. Part of it is at present en route from Minnesota.

Don't be foolish in choosing your presents. Buy serviceable things. Cervar, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.50 and \$3.25 per pair. Table knives, \$3.50 to \$10.00. \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00; bread boards, \$1.50 to \$1.50; pocket knives, \$1.00 to \$1.50. R. A. Brown & Co., 1402 Douglas St.

SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITERS

Rented
Sold
Repaired
Sole Agent

A. M. JONES
82 Johnson Street. Phone A1267.

Wins' Cushion

The cushion drawn for at Mrs. Tripp's millinery, was won by Mildred Tribe, on No. 80.

Improved Swing Tree

A Canadian patent was granted recently through the agency of Rowland Brittain, patent attorney, Vancouver, to A. E. Lewis of Vernon, British Columbia, on an improved swing-tree, particularly designed for use in orchards, hop gardens and the like. The invention consists in the particular construction of the ends of the swing-tree whereby the traces are carried round these ends and prevent the projecting end of the swing-tree from injuring the bark of young trees, or from catching in the vines of plants under cultivation as wherever an obstacle projects in the path of the swing-tree end, it is engaged, first by the trace which harmlessly pushes it aside and allows the swing-tree to pass. The extreme simplicity and efficiency of the device should recommend its general adoption for orchard ploughs or cultivators.

Handsome Souvenirs

T. N. Hibben & Co. have in the past issued many beautiful souvenirs of Victoria, but never before has anything so pretty and striking as those placed on sale in the form of a panoramic view of the gateway to the city and a booklet of picture postcards. The former is taken from a point at the entrance to the inner harbor and shows the noble group of stately edifices formed by the parliament buildings, the C. P. R. Empress hotel, and the post office and custom house. The Princess Victoria is seen lying at her wharf in front of the parliament buildings, and opposite, at the other side of the harbor the steamer Indianapolis appears at the Alaska Steamship company's dock—the picture being complete in all essential details to convey an adequate idea of the impressive spectacle which first greets the eye of the visitor. The booklet of post cards contains a series of very pretty scenes typical of the attractions of Victoria, and all, as well as the panoramic view are executer in colors.

THE WEATHER

Meteorological office, Victoria, B. C., at 8 p.m., December 21, 1907:
SYNOPOSES.

Light snow has fallen at Barkerville and rainfall has been general in Oregon and Washington. The pressure is highest in California but in British Columbia is still low though rising slightly. East of the Rockies the weather is fair and warmer and the pressure is lowest in northern Manitoba.

TEMPERATURE

	Min.	Max.
Victoria, B. C.	43	48
Vancouver	36	41
Westminster	41	49
Kamloops	32	40
Barkerville	22	32
Fort Simpson	30	32
Atlin	6	12
Dawson, Y. T.	18	41
Calgary, Alta.	18	41
Winnipeg, Man.	14	23
Portland, Ore.	46	50
San Francisco, Cal.	46	58

FORECASTS

For 24 hours from 5 a.m. (Pacifc Time) Sunday:

Victoria and Vicinity: Winds chiefly easterly, generally fair with stationary or lower temperature.

Lower Mainland: Light to moderate winds, generally fair and cold.

SATURDAY.

Highest 48
Lowest 42
Mean 45
Rain, 34 inch.

TIDE TABLE.

Victoria, B. C., December 1907.

Date/Time	Hi/Time	Hi/Time	Hi/Time	Hi/Time
1/0 06 6.00	4 151	5 411	39	8 619 09 4.3
1/2 32 6.4	5 37	6.01	51	8.9 19 30 3.1
3/2 32 6.9	6 22	6.55	12 15	9.2 19 58 3.4
4/3 22 7.4	7 06	7.02	12 43	9.6 20 34 1.5
5/4 37 7.8	7 51	7.41	13 14	9.9 21 16 0.9
6/5 38 8.2	8 28	7.93	13 47	10.0 22 02 0.5
7/6 38 8.7	8 04	8.11	12 59	9.9 22 56 0.1
8/7 38 9.2	8 12	8.08	13 06	9.3 23 46 0.7
9/8 38 9.7	9 18	8.91	13 12	8.7 23 53 1.3
10/9 32 1.3	9 18	8.91	13 15	8.2 17 03 2.2
11/10 2.0	9 32	9.01	13 33	7.3 17 03
12/11 3.0	10 08	9.91	17 09	6.3 20 33 6.4
13/09 4.1	11 10	9.71	17 53	5.3 22 58 6.1
14/10 5.0	12 08	9.51	18 31	4.1

AT CHEAPSIDE

40-Piece China Tea Sets, \$5.00;
Sale Price, now.....\$3.75
Tool Sets on cards.....40c to 75c
Children's Tea Sets, from.....
.....25c to \$1.00
Water Sets, from.....\$1.25 to \$2.25
A large assortment of fancy China.

GEO. POWELL & SONS
Telephone 1353 1411 Government Street

Dinner Danities
for Christmas

XMAS CAKES ornamented to suit any color scheme

PLUM PUDDINGS
SHORT BREAD
MINCE MEAT, Our "Best"
ALMOND BAR
ALMOND FINGERS
MACAROONS
COCONUT FINGERS
ALMOND SHORT BREAD
LOGS, NOUGATS and Rus-
SIAN CAKES
PAstry
BON BONS
TABLE DECORATIONS
CHOCOLATES, ETC.
FRESH GOODS PROMPT DELIVERY

CLAY'S CONFECTIONERY
Tel. 101. 619 Fort Street.

YOUR CHRISTMAS GOOSE

Is what should concern housekeepers now.

We have some choice

ISLAND GEESE
At 20c a Pound

WM. B. HALL
Tel. 917 89 Douglas St.

Why Pay Rent?

We will sell you a good five-room cottage, modern, with a lot 50x150, on a good street, for

\$2,000

of which \$500 cash and the balance on any terms you want

CALL AND SEE US

HEISTERMAN & CO.
1207 Government St.

MAYORALTY
TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA.

Ladies and Gentlemen:
At the earnest request of a number of citizens, I beg to announce myself as a candidate for Mayor at the forthcoming municipal election, therefore request your vote and influence.

Respectfully yours,
LEWIS HALL.

Removal—Blair's photograph studio has been removed from the Adelphi block to the Mahon block.

Books for Prizes. For public or Sunday schools, we allow a discount of 20 per cent. off regular rates. Victoria Book and Stationery Co., Limited.

Teddy Bears, from 65c to \$1.00 each. Victoria Book and Stationery Co., Limited.

Many Presents Suitable for the boys and girls to be found here, including wool Touques, Braces, Suspenders and Ties, Babies' Bonnets, Infantes, Booties, Gaiters, Bonnet Fronts, Bottle Coseys and Bibs, Hosery and Wool Overalls and many other useful articles too numerous to mention. Look in and see them at Robinson's Cash Store, 86 Yates street.

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BLACKSMITHS

Our Stock of

Bar Iron and Steel

Is Complete and We Are Now
Prepared to Fill All Orders.

B. C. HARDWARE COMPANY

Cor. Yates and Broad Streets

SILVERWARE

Economical Gifts at These Prices

Napkin Rings	50c to \$1.00
Child's Spoon	\$1.00
Breakfast Cruets	\$2.00 to \$4.00
Butter Knives	50c to \$1.00
½ dozen Coffee Spoons, with Sugar Tongs in case, best value on record, at	\$3.00
Cake Basket	\$3.50 to \$7.00
Marmalade Jar	\$2.50 to \$5.00
Berry Spoon	\$2.00 to \$2.75

W. H. WILKERSON 915 Government St, Next to Weiler Bros. Tel. 1606.
Store Open Evenings

Empress Drug Hall

Buy a Set of

MILITARY HAIR BRUSHES FOR XMAS PRESENT

Our import order arrived today. Special sale tomorrow.

GEO. A. FRASER 30 and 32 Government Street.

ELECTRIC LAMPS

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Our showrooms contain the finest display in Western Canada. Prices wonderfully reasonable for high-class, exclusive designs.

HINTON ELECTRIC COMPANY, LTD.

20 Government Street, Victoria, B.C.



Y. M. C. A. Men's Meeting

SUNDAY, 4 P. M.

Geo. H. Little, of Manchester, England, will speak. A strong message to men, song service 3:30, special singing.

SATURDAY NIGHT "POP"

G. D. Kumar, Indian religious worker and literateur, will lecture on India and customs.

Ladies and gentlemen invited.

LADIES DOING XMAS SHOPPING

Our glass front Carriages, at \$1.50 per hour. Charge begins from the time the vehicle leaves the stable.

THE VICTORIA TRANSFER CO.

Telephone 129.



Advertise in THE COLONIST

In Woman's Realm

HERE AND THERE

In devoting more space than formerly to the affairs of women, the Colonist is taking a step which it is hoped our lady friends will appreciate. Any communication from them of general interest will be welcome and carefully attended to.

that will ensure their efficiency and the employers of such labor will be forced to recognize its dignity as well as its usefulness. This is a matter with which the solution lies with women, and it is one of which the importance cannot be greatly overestimated.

WOMEN'S WORK

The secretary of the Friendly Help society is glad to state that it is no longer necessary to send out the Christmas boxes without butter. Captain Jacobsen very kindly donated a large box, and the society has bought more, so that no family whose needs the ladies know will need to have what Scotch people call "bare bread" on Christmas Day.

A mistake was made yesterday when it was said that the Friendly Help society used the money at its disposal in paying the rents of the needy. The ladies cannot undertake to relieve this form of distress.

They are, however, greatly delighted to be in a position to do so much good this year through the generosity of their friends, little and big.

WOMAN TEACHER'S ENERGY

Miss Mabel Carney, who has just been made the supervisor of a model country school in Illinois, has a remarkable record. Three years ago, when just out of school, she began teaching school and two neighboring ones were poorly equipped, scantly attended and in dilapidated buildings. Miss Carney began to agitate the question of consolidation, and after a few months succeeded in getting it submitted to the voters. It was defeated on the first trial, but the next year, 1906, it was carried. Eighteen thousand dollars was voted for erecting a building for the consolidated school, then a public-spirited citizen, John Swaney, gave twenty-four acres of land for a campus.

On this plot there is now an agricultural experimental plot conducted in co-operation with the Agricultural school of the State University. There is a four years High school course, with a liberal elective school. The children are brought to school in wagons at the expense of the public, and Miss Carney has just succeeded in gaining a second tract of land for the improvement of the property. During the last summer seventy teachers from country schools came to study under her.

GIRLS WHO MARRY WELL

Most girls look forward to marrying one day and having a home of their own, and most young girls, at least, hope to marry a man they love and not merely to marry for the sake of settling down and having a home.

It is certainly not the beauties of one's acquaintance who, as a rule, carry off the nicest men. How often do we see the belle of any particular circle who, when she was young, was the centre of attraction, at every dance, and party, who never sat out a single dance, who was feted, flattered and made much of by men and women alike, and yet in the end does not marry at all, or else makes a mate that is anything but brilliant in life.

Neither is it the flirt that men choose. The flirt has a very amusing time for a little while; but many a man who willingly "flirts" goes away and marries "the nice girl" of his acquaintance a few months afterward.

Then there is the harum-scarum girl—the girl who likes to shock people and do and say wild things. People laugh at her—at least some laugh, while others are repelled.

The nice girl doesn't worry and fuss to go to every party that comes in the way. She isn't fearful, cross and dull if circumstances should prevent her going. Parties are very pleasant and amusing, and make a fitting recreation for any one; but how often do we see the party-going girl left out in the cold, like the wicked sisters in the fairy tale, while the little Cinderella who was left at home marries the Fairy Prince and lives happily ever after.

The nice girl never allows herself to run after any man to whom she feels greatly attached. It is the man's part in life to do the wooing, and he generally prefers to do it.

ONCE PIANO—NOW TABLE

An out-of-town visitor to an east side Settlement House was much impressed the other day with the massive elegance of a rosewood table, with heavy, carved legs, which occupied the centre of the large living-room or library. Her admiration brought about an explanation from one of the workers to the effect that the table had been made from an old-fashioned square piano which had been presented to them. As its days of usefulness as a musical instrument had long since passed, and as the Settlement had been the recipient of a new upright piano, it was something of a question what should become of the big square piano. It was easily found in the framework of the piano, the interior mechanism removed, the pedals taken off, and the box of the piano cut down to the level of the keyboard.

The two parts of the lid were then laid on and firmly screwed down. Over the top of each screw, to complete the illusion, was glued what looked like a large button of the rosewood. It covered the top of the screw and was decidedly ornamental. The wood for these ornaments was easily found in the framework of the pedals which has been discarded.

THE SHORTEST DAY.

The shortest day of all the fleeting year has hurried to its gloom. The hill's brow, bent to the sea, is isolated now. And only pensive trees surround me here. White waves of ocean fog roll in afar, and veil with shadowy silence every bough; See! in their quiet progress they endow each branchlet with a slowly-dropping tear.

Breath of the evening ocean, weird and white! The march of time, us irresistible, covers with mercy past and future years, veiling the shadowy days in deepening night. The present round alone is visible, hung with mysterious memory's wistful tears.

—Lillian M. Mowat.



We have just received in time for Xmas

TWO CARLOADS

of specially selected

PIANOS

Consisting of

Heintzman & Co. Ye Olde Firm

Nordheimer, New Scale

Williams, Palmer

and Dominion

These we are offering at our usual liberal prices, as our goods are sold at the lowest figure consistent with real quality. Terms to suit parties. Old pianos taken in exchange.

M. W. WAITT & CO., Limited
1004 GOVERNMENT STREET

Your Xmas Needs Can be Filled at the West End Grocery Co.

Our stock is complete in every particular.

FANCY GOODS, STAPLE GOODS, WINES AND LIQUORS, BON BONS, ETC.

Fancy Table Raisins, a box 25c

Metz Fruits, a box 25c, 50c and \$1.00

French Crystallized Fruits, a pound \$1.00

Huntley & Palmer's and Jacobs' Biscuits. A full line of fancy lines from C. & B. Call and see our stock. Finest quality and up to date.

The West End Grocery Company, Ltd.

PHONE 88. 42 GOVERNMENT STREET

Our Turkeys, Geese and Chickens are in the cold storage waiting your order.

CHRISTMAS BARGAINS

B. C. Star and Swift's Hams, pound 22c
Large Naval Oranges, dozen 35c
Fancy Naval Oranges, dozen 25c
Mixed Nuts, pound 15c

EASTERN AND ISLAND TURKEYS AND GEESE

The Saunders Grocery Co., Ltd.

PHONE 28. JOHNSON STREET

CALL ON US FOR CHRISTMAS SUPPLIES

FURS! FURS! FURS!

REMOVAL SALE

We are about to secure another store to accommodate our increasing Fur business, and we are offering SPECIAL VALUES in FURS. Call and inspect our large stock of Furs.

GOOD VALUES AT RIGHT PRICES

FRED FOSTER
TAXIDERMIST AND FURRIER

556 JOHNSON STREET

CAMERON'S FOR MEN'S XMAS GIFTS



HATS, all the Newest Blocks
MUFFLERS, Silk and Wool
HANDKERCHIEFS, Silk and Linen
SUSPENDERS in Fancy Boxes
GLOVES, Silk or Wool Lined
FANCY WOOL VESTS
CARDIGAN JACKETS
FINE SWEATERS
NECKWEAR, Special New Lines
SILK UMBRELLAS
NIGHT ROBES, FANCY HOSIERY, etc.

Good Things for Bargain Lovers.
Save Money by Purchasing Here.

W. G. CAMERON
551 Johnson St. The Shop for Keen Prices Victoria, B.C.

J. A. SAYWARD
ROCK BAY
VICTORIA, - - - B. C.
PHONE 25

WOOD WOOD WOOD
We are now prepared to take orders for
MILL WOOD
In short lengths, and make prompt delivery

Florence Nightingale
Today Miss Nightingale lives in her home off Park Lane in such perfect seclusion that some people are scarcely aware that the veteran Queen of nurses is still among us. She is in her eighty-eighth year, and has not left her house for close upon twelve years. Her face is beautiful in old age, with softly rounded cheeks, almost

devoid of the pencil marks of time,

and with a singularly placid brow.

She rarely sees more than one visitor during the day, and the number is limited to near relatives and friends and a chosen few from the nursing world.

A Burnley Wesleyan minister has married the sister of his deceased wife.

The Exclusive Style Store—FINCH & FINCH—The Exclusive Style Store

Selecting a Christmas Gift for a Gentleman

Is comparatively an easy task if you go to a shop like ours, where you can depend upon the quality and style of any article you buy. Our merchandise is selected to meet the wants of the well dressed man.

Ties, 50c to	\$4.00
Mufflers, \$1.00 to	\$5.00
Evening Dress Protectors, \$1.50 to \$5.00	
Suspenders, 50c to	\$3.50
Hosiery, per pair, 35c to	\$5.00
Fancy Handkerchiefs, 35c to	\$3.00

Plain Linen Handkerchiefs, each 15c up to	75c
Ladies' Umbrellas, \$5.00 to	\$30.00
Men's Umbrellas, \$2.00 to	\$25.00
Ladies' Handbags, Men's Collar Boxes, Dressing Cases.	

Glove Certificates

Are issued for any price the buyer desires, and are redeemable at their face value at any time. In this way the recipient may exercise her own taste and secure exactly what she wants, while the giver is saved time and worry.

HATTERS
107
Government
Street

Finch & Finch

HATTERS
107
Government
Street

EXTRA TIME REQUIRED TO REACH A DECISION

Victoria West and Bays Put Up Exciting Basketball Game at Drill Hall

The crack Fifth Regiment basketball team tasted defeat last evening at the drill hall in a Victoria City and District league game with the Y. M. C. A., the militia men getting the short end of a 21 to 11 score. The game between the Victoria West Athletic association and the James Bay Athletic association was the feature of the evening's entertainment, however, extra time being required to reach a decision. The Bays finally won out by a score of 14 to 12. There was a good attendance at the games despite the counter attractions down town in the way of shopping for Christmas. The band of the regiment, under the direction of Bandmaster Rumsby rendered a choice programme of music during the evening and afterwards played for dancing. This latter feature did not seem to be very popular and only a few remained for it, but it will doubtless gain in popularity as the season goes on.

The Regiment and the Y. M. C. A.

met in the first game and the Y. M. C. A. held the upper hand throughout. The half time score was 11 to 5. The scorers for the winners were Peden 8, Pettlerew 6, Whyte 6 and Roscamp 2. For the losers ones 3, W. Fairall 5 and C. Farrall 3, did the counting. Only four of the Regiment's points were scored from the field, the others being on fouls. This is the way the teams lined up:—Fifth Regiment, Y. M. C. A., Guard Jones Gawley; Guard Selliott Rosecamp; Centre Loat Whyte; Forward W. Farrell Pettlerew; C. Farrall Peden; Referee—E. A. Gallop.

It was nip and tuck all the way through with the Bays and Victoria West. They were tied at half time and tied again at full time and it was found necessary to play on for the first two points. The Bays were fortunate enough to get these. The half time score was 5 all and the full time 12 all. A. Dakers with 7, Peden with 5 and Cousins with 2 put up the points for the winners, while Reaney was the best scorer for the losers, getting 5. Wilson had 3 and Corkel and Brown 2 each. The game was very fast all the way and the spectators were kept on edge throughout. The teams lined up in this fashion:—

Old-timers Game Postponed

The football game between the Old-timers and the stars of the present, which was slated to take place this morning at Oak Bay has been postponed until New Year's day. The Old-timers desired time for practice before tackling the younger men.

Victoria West Junior Team

The following will represent the Victoria West Junior basketball team in their league match tomorrow night at the Fernwood Hall, with Emmanuel Baptist:—Guards, J. Kennedy and J. Ross; centre, R. Sedger; forwards, A. McDougall and Martin.

Only a matter of hours now and strenuous indeed is shopping-time, for everybody is earnestly on the qui vive for that something most suitable to give—the very best of its kind. Our patrons know that the immense and exclusive displays in our showrooms has for many years excelled all others in British Columbia. This season we have surpassed even ourselves—all former exhibits—in the choiceness and vastness of our present high grade stock. It is this largeness—our immense purchases for cash—that enables us this Christmas to quote marvelously low prices, figures that in their wonderous value tell a tale of great economy. Come now, while there is yet time to prove us, see for yourselves. We append this little list to aid your selection.

25c Tray

Sterling Silver Thimbles
Souvenir Brooches
Swastika Brooches
Maple Leaf Brooches
Salt Dishes
Swastika Scarf Pins
Souvenir View Charms
Ash Trays
Salt Spoons
Emery Balls
Ladies' Ribbon Watch Chains
Ebony Tooth Brushes
Ebony Manicure Pieces
Brass Frames
Spirit Bottle Labels
Wallet Straps
Napkin Rings
Ribon Threaders
Silver Charms
Gold Filled Collar Pins
Gentlemen's Silver Cuff Holders
Leather Watch Chains
Leather Ticket Cases

50c Tray

Sterling Silver Swastika Brooches
Sterling Silver Manicure Pieces
Sterling Silver Thimbles
Sterling Silver Flower Holders
Sterling Silver Book Mark Bottles
Sterling Silver Tooth Brush
Sterling Silver Hat Pins, Stone Set
Silver Food Pushers
Silver Pen Knife
Silver Napkin Rings
Silver Bracelets
Silver Charms
Gold Filled Brooches
Real Ebony Shoe Horn
Real Ebony Glove Stretchers
Real Ebony Soap Dishes
Real Ebony Manicure Pieces
Brass Trays
Brass Napkin Rings
Brass Frames
Brass Seals
Brass Paper Cutters
Plain Combs
Chatelaine Scent Bottles
Leather Watch Chains
Leather Purse
Nickel Plated Chains
Cut Glass Salt Dishes
Fancy Cut Glass Salt Dishes
Brass Tape Measure
Ribbon Threaders
Valise Tag
Ivory Paper Knife
Cigarette Holders
Collar Supports
Gentlemen's Silver Tie Clips
Ladies' Waist Sets

75c Tray

Sterling Silver Key Rings
Sterling Silver Pencils
Sterling Silver Thimbles
Sterling Silver Tape Measure
Sterling Silver (Men's) Flower Holder
Sterling Silver Mounted Scent Bottles
Sterling Silver Mounted Cream Jar
Sterling Silver Mounted Salve Jar
Sterling Silver Mounted Salt Dishes
Sterling Silver Mounted Glove Darners
Sterling Silver Mounted Combs and Pepper Shakers
Sterling Silver Mounted Comb and Cases
Sterling Silver Mounted Cream Jars
Sterling Silver Mounted Fancy Fans
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On the Waterfront

STEAM YACHT IS ALMOST COMPLETE

Vessel Being Built by Fleming & Ferguson on Clyde for Hon. Jas. Dunsmuir

WILL BE LAUNCHED SOON

Will Be Twin Screw Steel Vessel With Average Speed of Fourteen Knots

The steam yacht built by Fleming & Ferguson of Paisley, builders of the government steamer Quadra for the lieutenant-governor, Hon. James Dunsmuir, will be launched within two weeks. The vessel has been constructed most expeditiously. It was in frame within a month and was to be plated by Christmas, it being expected to launch the vessel into the Clyde by the New Year. The housework, equipment, furnishings, etc., will be completed without delay, and the craft is expected to reach Victoria by April next.

R. L. Newman, the local marine engineer who went to Scotland to superintend the construction of the yacht, and to make arrangements with regard to a government vessel, returned a few days ago, after seeing the former well under way.

The yacht is to be a twin screw steel shelter deck steamer of a thousand tons register, her dimensions, being 218 feet long, 32 feet beam and 22.9 depth to the shade deck. She will have triple expansion engines of the usual yacht type and is expected to make a speed of fifteen knots an hour on her trial. She will probably average about fourteen knots in service. The cabin accommodations are said to be finely constructed, being of hardwood throughout. There will be berths accommodation for twenty-five passengers.

CITY OF PUEBLA HAS AN EXCITING VOYAGE

How to Twice in Heavy Gales on Her Way From the Golden Gate

After one of the roughest passages she has ever made from San Francisco and the first on which she has been able to report her delays by wireless, the steamer City of Puebla, Capt. J. J. Shea, of the Pacific Coast Steamship company, reached port yesterday morning with a small freight and 141 passengers, 75 of whom were first-class. The City of Puebla, which has a record of 48 hours for the trip from the Golden Gate, was 70 1/2 hours on this trip. She was twice blown to, once in a terrific hurricane blowing at a velocity of ninety miles an hour. San Francisco was left on Wednesday and fine weather was encountered until the following morning at 10 o'clock, when a heavy storm was encountered. Off Hecetahead, she was driving before the gale with the wind blowing fiercely in her quarters. She plunged considerably and she began to ship seas over the bow. Capt. Shea decided to heave to when the vessel began to ship water and for seven hours she lay rolling in the sea way. Then as the weather moderated, another storm was made. The vessel bucked into the high seas, making about ten knots an hour. As night fell on Friday the weather became thick and dirty, the fresh breeze developing toward nightfall into another heavy gale with high seas. Capt. Shea then decided to heave his vessel to again, and a wireless telegraphic despatch to that effect was sent at 8 p.m. by the Massie operator on board the City of Puebla to E. J. Haughton of the Gonzales hill station, as reported yesterday. For some hours she was lying to 45 miles of Destruction Island. The weather moderated toward morning and the steamer continued on her way into the straits, passing Tatoosh inbound at 4:45 a.m. She reached William Head at 8:30 a.m. and docked about an hour later.

The City of Puebla landed 60 tons of general freight at the outer wharf. Of her passengers twenty debarked here, those from the saloon being: W. B. Fletcher, E. A. Hawey, R. Angus, E. Wood, C. Weber, T. E. O'Connell, J. F. Robinson and Elsie Murray. For Vancouver there was W. T. Arburghurst, W. Nalsmith, Donald Lamont, Miss M. McIntosh, Miss Knight and Mrs. Elsie Murray.

The steamer President, of the Pacific Coast Steamship company, sailed last night for San Francisco.

MEN ARE POWERLESS

To Fight Against Disease Unless They Strike at the Underlying Cause.

To treat Dandruff, and Falling Hair, with irritants or oils on which a parasite germ will prosper, is like sweeping water from the ocean to prevent the tide from rising.

You cannot accomplish a satisfactory cure without having a right understanding of the fundamental causes of the trouble.

You must kill the Dandruff germ. Newbro's Herpicide does this because it is specially made to do that very thing.

When the germ is removed, the hair has no choice but to resume healthy growth and beauty.

"Destroy the cause, you remove the effect."

Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. C. H. Bowes & Co., 98 Government street, Special Agents.

A paper kettle which can be used eight times, a Japanese invention, is being introduced into the German army.

Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

C. H. Bowes & Co., 98 Government street, Special Agents.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE

Carmanah, Dec. 21, 9 a.m.—Calm, cloudy, smooth, southwest wind. No shipping.

Cape Beale, 9 a.m.—Light easterly wind, sea moderating. No shipping.

Carmanah, 1 p.m.—Light easterly wind, clear, light swell. No shipping.

Cape Beale, 1 p.m.—Hazy, heavy swell. No shipping.

Tatoosh, 6 p.m.—Weather is cloudy, wind east, 10 miles an hour. Inward, steamer Queen Elizabeth from Norfolk, Virginia, for Bremerton, at 3:20 p.m. Will go to Nanaimo for coal. Tank steamer Argyle from San Francisco for Vancouver at 4 p.m. Out, steamer with yellow stack, blue band and white cross, probably steamer Jethon, from Portland via Comox for United Kingdom.

Carmanah, 6 p.m.—Light northerly wind, cloudy, sea smooth. No shipping.

Cape Beale, 6 p.m.—Light easterly wind, hazy, sea going down. Steamer Amur in Barkley sound at 1:30 p.m., upbound.

CHANGES IN COASTWISE LAWS OF DOMINION

Sphere Extended to Brazil on Atlantic But Not Altered on Pacific—Norwegians Not Barred

The proposed amendment to the Canadian Shipping act, if made law, will not affect the coastwise shipping of British Columbia very much, but some striking changes are intended in the coastwise laws as they apply to the shipping of the Maritime provinces. As the law now stands the definition of a coasting voyage means "a voyage between any place on the eastern coast of Canada, or in Newfoundland, Labrador, St. Pierre or Miquelon, or on the eastern coast of the United States, not further south than Cape Hatteras, in the State of North Carolina, and also means a voyage between my port or place on the western coast of Canada and any other port or place on such coast or on the western coast of the United States not further south than the harbor of Portland in the State of Oregon, and not further north than Cape Spencer in the Territory of Alaska, or any such inlet or bay having its entrance on the eastern side of such cape."

The proposed amendment, while no change whatever in this regard applicable to the western coast of the Dominion greatly extends the scope of a coasting voyage on the eastern coast. Instead of being allowed to voyage only as far south as Cape Hatteras the coasting vessels of Canada will be in a position to run to Brazil, Rio de Janeiro is to be the new southern boundary on the Atlantic coast.

The paragraph above quoted is to be replaced by the following:

"If, 'coasting voyage' means a voyage between Canada and Newfoundland or St. Pierre or Miquelon or a port or place on the eastern coast of the United States of America, or Mexico or Central America, or in the West Indies or on the eastern coast of South America, not further south than Rio de Janeiro, and also means a voyage between any port or place on the western coast of Canada and any other port or place on such coast or on the western coast of the United States, not further south than Cape Spencer in the Territory of Alaska, or any such inlet or bay having its entrance on the eastern side of the said cape."

Some alterations are contemplated in sections of the shipping act whereby the vessels obliged to carry a certified master are to be those over 300 tons, instead of over 100 tons as at present. A change is also made with regard to the tonnage of vessels required to carry certified mates.

As the law now stands this section applies to all vessels over 200 tons, and the amendment proposes to raise this to 300 tons. The section requiring the production of certificates of competency of the master and mate before a clearance is granted, now applying to all vessels of over 100 tons is to apply only to vessels of over 300 tons register.

On the eastern seaboard of Canada where the changes most apply, those most affected will be Norwegians, not Canadians, and a similar state of affairs may be brought about on this coast unless legislation is enacted to prevent it. A recent publication entitled "5,000 facts about Canada," referring to the marine industry says: "Most of Canada's coasting trade is carried on by Norwegian vessels, managed by Norwegians." Canada, which ranked fifth in the world's maritime countries in 1874, now stands eleventh in the scale. There are over 7,000 vessels registered in the Dominion, and 1033 steamers were under inspection up to last year.

EDRIE IS DAMAGED.

Fishing Vessel Ran on Reef at North End of Prince of Wales.

With sixteen holes in her bottom, keel torn away, stem split, blades off the propeller and stern post damaged, the fishing schooner Edrie has arrived at Seattle from the fishing banks of Southeastern Alaska, after one of the hardest trips of the fleet this winter. She brought back 20,000 pounds of fish, the result of three days' work.

A "WHEEZY" CHEST.

Means your trouble is deep seated. To delay is dangerous. All the inflammation will be drawn out in one day by applying Nerviline. It penetrates through the pores of the skin, relieves inflammation and thus prevents serious consequences. For sore throat, weak chest and tendency to colds, no prescription is better than Polson's Nerviline. For nearly fifty years it has been Canada's great household remedy. Twenty-five cents buys a large bottle.

A paper kettle which can be used eight times, a Japanese invention, is being introduced into the German army.

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Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. C. H. Bow

TEXT OF JUDGMENT JUST HANDED DOWN

Decison of Mr. Justice Irving
Bridgman vs. Powell
is Received

The full text of the judgment of Mr. Justice Irving in the case of Bridgman vs. Powell has been handed down. It will be remembered that Mr. Bridgman sued Mrs. Powell for commission for the sale of her house on Burdette avenue to Mike Carlin, although the deal did not finally go through because Mrs. Powell declined to complete the deal. The defense set up was that Mrs. Powell had not authorized her husband to make arrangements with Mr. Bridgman for the sale of her property and had not ratified the sale, and never contemplated any sale that did not include the sale of the furniture.

This seems to me to be only one difficulty in this case, and that is, whether Mrs. Powell held out Dr. Powell as her agent, or permitted Dr. Powell to hold himself out as her agent. The rest of the case is plain sailing so far as the facts are concerned. I am satisfied that Mrs. Powell was aware of the negotiations that were going on between the plaintiff and Dr. Powell, and between the plaintiff and the Carlins for the purchase of the house, and that she permitted the doctor to hold himself out as clothed with authority to negotiate this sale. Furthermore, after the sale had taken place she spoke of it to the Carlins as having been carried out. There were two separate and independent things—the sale of the place, by which I mean the sale of the house and property, and the sale of the contents. As Mr. Bridgman went out of the door, Mrs. Powell asked him with reference to the sale of the place: "Well, are those people going to buy?" and he said, "Yes." And her manner then showed an anxiety on her part that the sale should go through.

Later on, in speaking to Mrs. Carlins as to the furniture, she used an expression to the effect that she had sold her place. At the same interview when she was pointing out the value of the furniture to Mrs. Carlins, she said: "You know we are reserving our pictures, our water colors, from the sale,"—she was then speaking of the furniture. The sale of this property had long been contemplated by Mrs. Powell. As shown by Mrs. Powell's own evidence it might take place either before their departure or when they were abroad. The language she used in speaking to Mr. Bridgman, and also to Mr. Carlins and Mrs. Carlins, shows that she knew there was a separate sale of the real property as distinguished from the sale of the contents of the house.

Then as to the legal difficulties raised by Mr. Elliott, so far as I have considered the subject, I do not see how the fact that certain formalities prescribed by the Land Registry act can touch in any way this action. She was, so far as I understand the Married Woman's Property act, under no difficulty; in fact, she was as free to contract as the doctor was with reference to his property. Judgment for the plaintiff.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 20, 1907.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Words of Appreciation.

Sir—As a daily reader of the Colonist for nearly twenty years, for whose benefit you sir, and your cultured and capable fellow-workers have been so assiduous, it has occurred to me that at a time when the format of your paper is improved and enlarged and the content so exceptionally excellent, some words of thanks and acknowledgment are certainly due.

By good fortune, the season of thankfulness coincides with the sentiment.

To start with the paper now in my hand, last Sunday, I was completely wretched and edified all through. The signed articles by Mr. C. A. Gregg in this and last week's numbers are thoughtful, clear, concise statements of fact, showing wide knowledge and much skill, the special information used with the skilled presence of a practiced writer and thinker, and both sanely cut and artistic without a touch of exaggeration, nor are their conclusions weakened by over-statement. Then the page with the Editor, and the thoughtful, kindly, incisive, yet well-balanced editorials, and the children's page; these three pages alone are to my mind ample excuse for a \$1.00 a copy for they bear Ruskin's stigmata of greatness ("thought, knowledge, reverence"). The splendid signed articles on "Religious Teachers" and "Noted Women" I have found most useful for reading aloud to students. In conclusion, may I add what has often been commented on, that every day we can read either our Victoria papers in the home with full confidence that no silly, sensational prurient or even suggestive matter will slip past the vigilant and efficient editorial rooms. Often, wisdom is shown most in matters of conduct and moulds not in what one says, but in satisfying, ingesting, silences. J. W. CHURCH.

Congr. College, Dec. 21, 1907.

Dr. Bryce's Report on Indian Schools.

Sir—About November 15, there appeared in a large number of our popular and well-read journals, an article on the report of Dr. Bryce, re Indian Schools, you will remember, favored many who are greatly interested in the education of our Indian people by giving space to the following observations:

This report was made very prominent by such headlines as "Health"—of the Pupils Very Unsatisfactory, "Indian Children Dying Rapidly," "Killing Off Indians," etc. It is just possible that such startling expressions have left impressions that cannot be substantiated by the facts in question.

First—As to the ventilation of these 25 boarding and 8 industrial schools mentioned in Dr. Bryce's report, there is no doubt that the former contain many of them and probably most of them without any system of ventilation except by windows and doors, and the necessity of double sash during winter makes the condition more unsanitary. To keep Indian or any children to feel class rooms during the day, and to shut them up in unventilated dormitories at night, is a crime that can only be committed by the state school should be guilty of. But who is to blame? The average age of these schools is about fifteen years; this would imply that they were mostly constructed before the year 1886. Then is it fair to place the blame on the men now in charge? If so, who is responsible for the lack of ventilation?

To check a cold appetite, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventives. Drugs everywhere are now dispensing Preventives, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventives contain no quinine, taken nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the first sign of a preventable disease, it prevents all preventable diseases, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventives. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventives 25 cents. Trial boxes 5 cts. Sold by C. E. REDFERN Jewelry.

in our schools for white children, or in our public halls and churches? How seldom do we find them with any system of ventilation except by windows and doors? We tried to ventilate our public schools in cities and large towns an attempt has been made to ventilate them by some system, but most of these attempts are lamentable failures; and judging men by their works, it is just possible that not more than one-half of them received any practical knowledge of the principles of ventilation, all of which proves that the science of ventilation is but in its infancy. Dr. Bryce says, "Some two or three of these schools are well ventilated. The interested public ought to know more than we do about this, and as to the other it will be the duty of the government to provide a remedy."

Second—The death rate among pupils and ex-pupils of our boarding and industrial schools.

Dr. Bryce gives a list of 57 boarding and industrial schools that he visited and says "that of all those in attendance and of those who have graduated 24 per cent. are dead. The figures are so arranged and the percentage given in such a way as to cause general alarm. The report should have stated clearly that the 24 per cent. cover an average period of about fifteen years. It then would have read one and three-fifths per cent. When we receive 5 per cent. for our money for fifteen years we do not call it 75 per cent. Let us look at this percentage from a three-fold standpoint.

First.—The experience of these schools and the usual death rate among Indians.

Second.—The death rate among white people.

Third.—The death rate among the natives of the south. In regard to the first, when these schools were opened a large number of pupils were taken into the schools that should never have been admitted. Their parents were quite willing to send their weak and sickly children, the stronger being more use to the Indians. The experience being new, no particular medical examination was exacted, hence the death rate of the pupils those years and of the graduates was greater than it otherwise would have been. Of late years the Hon. Mr. Laird, Indian commissioner, has been careful in the class of pupils allowed or selected.

In the earlier days of those schools the food provided by the government ration list was followed pretty closely. We look upon this list as somewhat ancient and out of date, and if it is found that any food is as likely as any other to be a curse rather than a benefit for the bulk of the pupils. The same may be said of the change in clothing, so that today children in Indian schools are better fed and better clothed than they were twelve or fifteen years ago. In the history of our Indian people the death rate is always much higher in the tribe when they are in more or less contact with people to houses for homes. In the earlier years of these schools this change was made in many cases from tepee to school but today it is more from house to school. While the air in the worst of these schools will be more wholesome than in the small, hot, crowded, windowless, heated by a stove, yet the change is not so radical and for the better and the death rate is correspondingly less. The natural and logical conclusion from these facts is a corresponding increase in the death rate during the last seven or eight years. This can be further demonstrated with the figures from Dr. Bryce's report. He visited thirty-three schools in all, and found 1,737 pupils in attendance, and reports a total of eighteen deaths in the year 1906, or about one per cent for the last two years. Had Dr. Bryce visited the homes of the people on the reserves who have never attended any boarding or industrial school he would have found them much more sanitary, with more ventilated and foul air, and a much larger death rate than those in the schools notwithstanding this death rate of 24 per cent. for the fifteen years and much higher rate on the reserves, the Indian population of Canada increased from 39,364 in 1897 to 109,394 in 1906, or over 1000 a year for the last nine years. So if we will wait till we will have to adopt some better method than educating them in industrial and boarding schools.

Second—it is estimated and generally accepted that the average life of a generation is about thirty years, that is, 100 per cent. die every thirty years, or 33 per cent. fifteen years. With our pupils and graduates of Indian schools it has been only 24 per cent. or something like that. It will thus be seen that the falsehoodness of the 24 per cent. in the report is found when we see the number of years it is spread over. It is really only one and three-fifths per cent. for the annum, and should have been so stated.

A few quotations from an article by Dr. A. P. Knight, Queen's university, which are found in the October number of the Queen's Quarterly, will throw light on this percentage proposition. He says: Twenty-five years ago the aim of the physician was the cure of the disease, today it is prevention, and this is the keynote in the agitation for the medical inspection of school children. Now let us look at the facts of the case! Only about half of the babies that are

born ever reach maturity. In England, one in five or 20 per cent. dies within a year of its birth. In Ontario in 1906 out of 10,142 born, no less than 6,700 died within their first year, and at the death rate which has prevailed in the past ten years 10,162 will likely die before they reach fifteen years of age.

It will be seen from this authority that in Ontario, with all the intelligence and knowledge of the people on sanitation, ventilation, and the like, with the aid of the hospitals, nurses, and doctors, that over twenty per cent. of those born die in fifteen years. The same authority says: "In 1906 the total admissions into asylums of Ontario was 4,168." Were this and the death rate which were prevalent in 1906 23 per cent. Is it any wonder that 24 per cent. of our Indian population die in the same number of years? That matters are no better in the United States than in Ontario is made clear by some figures taken from the Indian Affairs records for 1906. Manitoba's statistics for 1881-1890 showed an average death rate of children in cities from 11 to 23 per cent. For cities of considerable size the lowest rates are recorded from Seattle, St. Paul and Minneapolis, the rate being 11 per cent. In the poorer districts of Boston, 27 per cent.

Third—Among colored infants an investigation showed a rural death rate of 22 per cent. and a city rate of 33 per cent. In Charleston it was 42 per cent. generally in southern cities more than 33 per cent. These figures prove the death rate of one year, and that the death rate which has a higher rate of mortality than any subsequent year, yet they are so startling that they remove the one and three-fifths per cent. of our pupils and graduates of boarding and industrial schools from the list of the dead.

Amidst colored infants in India in this connection, if it is fair or just to use such headlines as are mentioned above, I must leave my readers to find suitable headings to describe the death rate among our own people, feeling sure they will have to coin something that will do justice to the situation among the colored people of the south.

The Indian must be educated, and it ought to be along industrial lines. It should be physical as well as mental. In all cases the education should be adjusted to the needs of the Indian people, including cooking, sewing, dairying, simple lessons in hygiene and elementary nursing. Such an all-round training fits a girl to be mistress of her home very much better than if she were trained merely to be a housewife.

In the constitution for these schools visited by Dr. Bryce the boys should learn farming, gardening, care of stock and carpenter work. His agricultural training should be of an advanced character, covering stock raising, dairying, care and management of cattle, pigs, and horses. Gardening should include fruit raising. The manual training should be designed to teach the elementary portion of those trades most useful to the farmer. See to Canadian Indians according to our standards of life and thought.

This work will not be accomplished in a day nor in a generation. The government must set itself to solve the problem of the best kind of schools to give this education. Make these schools comfortable and thoroughly sanitary with sufficient of ventilation, that will open windows and doors. Establish sanitarians for the treatment of scrofulous and tubercular diseases. The state owes this much to these people who once claimed the lands now occupied by beautiful farms, thriving towns and prosperous schools.

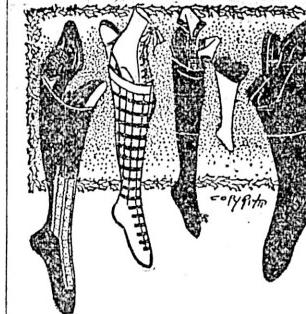
T. FERRIER,
Principal of the Brandon Indian Industrial School.

Two thousand acres in the Kent coal-field area have, it is reported, been acquired by a Berlin syndicate, which has arranged to start a colliery at once between Dover and Canterbury.

Peter Wood, of Brantford, a brother of the late Chief Justice of Manitoba, is dead.

Our Window Talks

The "Fullerton" Shoe windows are the gossip of the hour. You can select what you want from the windows, which contain suggestions for Xmas Gifts. The whole family generation can be pleased here.



Some Prices

MEN'S XMAS SLIPPERS.....	\$5¢ to \$4.00
LADIES' XMAS SLIPPERS..	65¢ to \$5.50
MISSSES' XMAS SLIPPERS...	65¢ to \$2.25
CHILD'S XMAS SLIPPERS...	65¢ to \$1.75

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FULLERTON THE SHOE MAN

100 Government Street Phone A953

C.C. Russell
Millinery and Dry Goods Importer, Douglas St.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN CANADA

For Ribbons, Laces, Flowers, Feathers and all Millinery Supplies.

SPECIALS FOR DECEMBER: SILK BLOUSE WAISTS, FURS, TOYS AND FANCY GOODS

**STOUT WOMAN'S
FAVORITE
FORM-TRAINING
CORSET**

We have successfully combined in this "D & A FORM TRAINING" MODEL, the heretofore irreconcilable quartette:

STYLE GRACE + ELEGANCE HYGIENE

A distinctive feature of this corset is the horizontal section at the lower part, which women of full development, especially those exhibiting a tendency toward abdominal prominence, have come to recognize as the only safe and reliable way of training their forms into lines of symmetry and fashionableness.

It is this section which not only serves to conceal the actual weight of the wearer, but successfully persuades the flesh to the hips, and reduces the abdomen very effectively.

Considering its figure reducing and "FORM TRAINING" qualities, this corset at \$3.00 is a very economical investment—in fact, it will outwear three ordinary \$1.00 corsets.

You will find this style and various other "D & A" MODELS in every good store where corsets are sold, ranging in prices from \$5.00 to \$1.00.

Dominion Corset Co., Mnfrs., Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

THIS CHRISTMAS

WE HAVE PURCHASED AN

"ENTIRELY NEW" STOCK

AMONG OTHER THINGS:

"Hammered Brass Novelties,,
Smoking Sets, Electroliers, etc.,
etc.

Genuine Ebony Toilet Ware
Cigar Boxes, Cigarette Boxes,
Trinket Boxes, etc.

"Fumed Oak" Bridge Sets,
Glove and Handkerchief Cases,
etc., etc.

"New Designs" in Fumed
Oak Salads, Waiters, Butters, etc.

The finest Cut Glass in the
city. See our cut Glass El-
ectric Lamp, Punch Bowls, Plac-
ques, Decanters, Water Bottles,
etc.

"Sterling Silverware"—the
best English, Canadian and Amer-
ican makes, including Tea
Sets, Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets,
Salt and Muffineers, Dredgers,
Waiters, etc.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE GOODS BUY FROM

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The Most Reliable Jewelry Store

REMEMBER THE TEST OF FORTY-FIVE YEARS HAS PROVEN OUR REPUTATION FOR "QUALITY"

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40 Government Street

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FARMS AND ACREAGE

\$4,500—10 acres Gordon Head, A1 fruit land, 3 acres in strawberries and other small fruits 4 roomed house, only 6 miles from Victoria.
 \$4,200—Cowichan district, 50 acres, 18 to 20 acres cultivated and fenced, good running stream all the year round; some excellent fruit land.
 \$5,250—Colwood, 90 acres, 16 acres cultivated and fenced, new 4 roomed house, barns, stables, etc., young orchard and small fruits of all descriptions, live stock, etc.
 \$1,000—Westholme, 38 acres on Chemainus river, 2 miles from station, large water frontage, good land, will grow anything, small house.
 \$90 per acre—Elk lake, 50 acres of rich fruit land, lightly timbered and easily cleared, running stream all the year round, 9 miles from Victoria.
 \$20 per acre and upwards—Salt Spring Island, large acreage with improvements, on the water front of Vesuvius bay, will subdivide to suit.
 \$5,000—Galiano Island, 282 acres, small portion cleared, 9 roomed house, barn, good bearing orchard, all good land, a large portion easily cleared, some excellent timber; can also purchase live stock.
 \$1,000—Metchosin, 100 acres of wild land, large portion good, with cedar swamp.
 \$150 per acre—10 acres water frontage, close to Victoria. Terms, Fruit Farms—Rockside, the famous Palmer orchard, subdivided 3 to 6 acres. Full particulars at office.

For Fruit and Farming Land call for Printed List.

FIRE INSURANCE WRITTEN—PHOENIX OF LONDON.

\$12,500—Somenos, 200 acres on railway, close to station, 60 acres cultivated, 10 acres slashed, balance all good land, 6 roomed house, large barn, stables, etc., good stock farm.
 \$5.00 per acre—Texada Island, 2,200 acres of timber, mineral and agricultural lands, very large water frontage.
 Fruit Farms—Rockside, the famous Palmer orchard, subdivided 3 to 6 acres. Full particulars at office.

HOUSES AND LOTS

Three lots and very large dwelling, centrally located, and only five minutes from post office. Will be sold at sacrifice price.
 \$1,300—Cottage and 2 lots, each 50 x 146. A bargain.
 \$2,600—5-roomed cottage, brick foundation and 3 lots, on terms.
 \$2,000—5-roomed cottage with bath and sewer on Pandora street, easy terms.
 \$3,500—2-storey dwelling, nicely situated on car line, only \$500 cash required.
 \$250 cash and monthly instalments of \$40 each, will purchase a two-storey dwelling well situated, less than 10 minutes from the P. O. Price only \$2,750.
 \$3,000—7-roomed modern dwelling on Quebec street. Easy terms.
 \$4,000—Large corner lot on Dallas Road, with two cottages.
 \$2,000—Douglas Gardens—Choice lot, facing south, 56x158, front and back entrance.
 BARGAIN—Two lots (corner) Work street, opposite machinery Depot. Only \$2,100.
 5 lots in the Fairfield Estate, large size, three of them corners, \$2,000 for all—or can be bought separately on terms.

We Make the Price. You Make the Terms

5 Acres, Wilkinson Road

No rock, small cottage and out-buildings, 70 Young Fruit Trees.

Only \$3,500

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CHOICE BUILDING SITE FOR AN APARTMENT HOUSE

As a business proposition, an up-to-date apartment house pays handsome profits. In Victoria the absence of such a house is generally remarked and at the same time regretted by the numerous Eastern new-comers. I have the exclusive sale of

FIVE CHOICE LOTS

Centrally situated, within five minutes' walk of Post Office and a like distance from Beacon Hill Park, where values are steadily increasing. The position cannot be equalled, and commands a clear view of mountains and sea. This is indeed the ideal location for a select apartment house.

Price \$7,000.00 Only

For Full Particulars apply A. W. Bridgman, 41 Government St.

OWNER LEAVING CANADA

That's the only reason we can deliver this at exactly half its value.

150 Acres of Splendid Land

Containing not more than three acres of rock. There are thirty acres cleared and under cultivation, balance timber. There is sufficient timber, when cut into cordwood, to pay the price asked for the whole property. There is a living stream running right through the property as well as two good springs at different points on the land. Distance from railway, one and a half miles.

This is the best buy in Farm Lands on the Island. Call and get particulars.

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Money to Loan

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A NEW AND THOROUGHLY MODERN SEVEN ROOM BUNGALOW

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Price \$4,200. Terms

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Will be put on early in January. We will offer a deal that appeals to everyone now paying rent

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Sixty-five Timber Claims accessible to water. Can be economically logged.

COAL AREAS, GRAHAM ISLAND

Wanted—List of Improved and Unimproved City Property.

House to Rent.

7 roomed house, No. 61 North Park street, easy terms, \$2,500.

Good house on corner lot, close to car line, park and beach. Rents for \$30, easy terms. Price \$5,500.

2 good houses, nice lawns and trees, 7-roomed, all modern, 2 blocks from beach, 3 blocks from Beacon Hill park, half block from car line, easy terms, each house \$3,000.

7 roomed house on Kings road, \$400 cash. Price \$1,800.

CALL AND CONSULT US BEFORE INVESTING.

SAMPLE ROOMS FOR RENT

VICTORIA, REGINA AND SASKATOON**FIVE ACRE FARMS
THREE MILES FROM CITY HALL**

We have instructions to sell a portion of the famous Tolmie Estate, which has been subdivided into 5-acre plots, all of which occupy a grand situation for fruit farms, market gardens or poultry ranches.

This property, which has been named "Braefoot" Subdivision, lies along the Cedar Hill Cross Road, and the main road from Victoria to Cordova Bay. The soil is very rich and the prices range from

\$300 to \$500 Per Acre**FOUR HOUSES TO LET**

Boyd Street, Menzies Street, Bellot Street and Craigflower Road.

**The Hugo Ross Realty Co.
Limited, 570 Yates Street**

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Opposite Bank B. N. A.

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Cheapest Investment on the Market

SHAWNIGAN DISTRICT—485 acres, 12-room house and all necessary out-buildings, one-quarter acre chicken run fenced, 1 acre vegetable garden, 100 young fruit trees, large brooding house and plant, 30 acres cleared, 30 slashed, fenced, balanced alder bottom and good timber. Stream passes through property also road and railway.

Terms. Price.....\$7,000

E. A. HARRIS & CO.

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Comfortable House

Containing dining room, drawing room, kitchen, three large bedrooms, bathroom, etc. The lot is 100 x 100, nicely situated and within two minutes of the Esquimalt tram line. Price \$3,750. Terms to suit purchaser. This is really a good investment and worth looking into.

PRICE \$3,750 TERMS

An Island

Consisting of 160 acres of excellent land, splendid house with all modern conveniences; stables and chicken runs. Buildings are all new. Young orchard just commencing to bear. An ideal spot.

Good Fishing and Shooting

To Rent

Suite of well-lighted rooms. First floor Metropolitan Building

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Choice Sites**FOUR LARGE LOTS**

Northeast Cor. St. Charles and Belcher Sts.

This is one of the most fashionable residential sections of Victoria, and it is seldom any property is offered for sale having such ideal surroundings.

For prices and plans apply to our office.

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See These First

Intending purchasers of residential property or choice building sites should see what we offer before buying:

Dallas Road—Overlooking Straits, grand view, two large lots, six-room house.....	\$2,250
Gladstone Ave.—East of Belmont, new, modern, six-room house on large lot. A decided bargain.....	\$2,700
Quadra St.—Corner lot, and solid brick house, six rooms, basement, every convenience, a good buy.....	\$3,500
Milne St.—New Bungalow, seven rooms, basement, all modern, nice high lot, 50 x 135.....	\$4,200
Government St.—Near Beacon Hill Park, close to beach and car, new, seven-room bungalow, stone foundation, basement, well built and exceptionally well finished, lot 50 x 150. Best buy in James Bay.....	\$4,300
Oak Bay—Most desirable site for residence; just off Oak Bay avenue, 120 x 120. Cheap at.....	\$1,500
James Bay—We have some of the choicest residential lots, including a very desirable corner at.....	\$1,400

OAK BAY

ACREAGE AND LOTS

The coming residential portion of Victoria, close to Golf Links, beautiful view of Mt. Baker and Straits. Two minutes from car, with ten minute service

For particulars apply to

J. MUSGRAVE

Telephone 922 Cor. Broad and Trounce Ave.

Do you want a HOUSE, LOT OR FARM? If so, consult me. My office is the rendezvous of people in distress. All the snaps come to 95 Fort Street. I suppose, because the public know I can sell property, that has merits.

HERE ARE A FEW

9-ROOMED HOUSE, with furniture, fronting on Oak Bay; lovely view; large lot. House cost over \$6,000 and furniture \$1,400. Price left in my hands; must be sold.

6-ROOMED COTTAGE, with bath room nearly new and 4 lots, each 45 ft. x 135. Situated on the Pence Estate, modern conveniences, chicken house and barn, nice garden with fruit trees valued by contractor at \$5,000. Price \$3,500, part cash, balance \$15 per month.

100 ACRES—Metchosin, 9 miles from Victoria; 1 mile from sea. Price left with me. Will take \$1,000 cash.

147 ACRES—8 miles from Nanaimo; lake frontage; mostly good land. Price left with me. For quick sale, \$10 per acre cash.

5 LARGE LOTS, fronting on sea; lovely view; grand building site; lots near by sold recently for \$1,000 each. For 5 lots only \$3,000.

I am open to sell or buy timber in large or small blocks.

HOWARD POTTS, 95 FORT STREET

18 Years Experience, bank references.

REAL ESTATE TIMBER COAL AND QUARTZ MINES

THINK OVER THIS CAREFULLY

We have a large new two story house, almost finished. Remember this house is full two stories, with 9 large rooms, bath, hot and cold water, cement foundation, on the car line and in James Bay. This property was sold for \$5,500, we can sell now for.....

See us at once about this, a similar snap was sold yesterday.

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Mainland News

DOMINION PREMIER SHARPLY ARRAIGNED

Hon. R. McBride's Exposure of His Trickery on Asiatic Question

the white population in that province against all kinds of Oriental population. I do not want to speak offensively. I know my words will be reported in British Columbia. But I speak here as I would speak there if it were my privilege to be there.

"Perhaps my words will be unwelcome there, but I will tell them: 'You may have your views upon this question. You are hostile to the immigration of the Oriental races. I do not care for your sentiments and I believe you are making a mistake.'

Great applause from all parts of the Russell theatre, according to the Ottawa Free Press, the organ of the Liberal party of the capital.

That applause in the Russell Theatre was equalled if not eclipsed by the ringing cheers of the Young Conservatives of New Westminster in Cunningham's hall last night, when Premier McBride read these dispatches, that clause in the treaty, and quoted Sir Wilfrid's words "the views of British Columbia shall prevail," and the latest from the lips of the Federal premier: "I do not care for your sentiments. I believe you are making a mistake."

Severe Arraignment

In all the political history of the peaceful city on the banks of the Fraser it has never before had such a remarkable meeting. And perhaps not in his whole political record has Premier McBride ever so arraigned the oriental premier, particularly upon the oriental question, traching, with the proof at every step, the inconsistent words and actions of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, from the day of his famous dispatch which won him British Columbia on his first return to power in 1896, to his latest utterance in the Russell theatre at Ottawa, two weeks ago last Tuesday.

In addition to the virile yet calm and dispassionate criticism of Sir Wilfrid upon the question of Asiatic immigration, the premier, in review of the policy of his government by way of contrast held out strong hopes that British Columbia would yet win in the battle for remedial legislation "against the hordes of Asiatics now entering our province," just as it will eventually win its right for Better Terms.

The cheers which greeted this rated the windows in their rain-soaked easements.

Not since last February has the Hon. Richard McBride put so much fire in his words as in his review of Sir Wilfrid's previous and present position upon the question.

"I have been blamed for the action of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor upon this question," said the premier, "but no man who knows my record can say or believe that I stand today for a white man's country, to keep British Columbia a white man's country, and against the Asiatics. That was my stand when I took office, and it is the stand I take tonight. I have never

once changed and every man who knows me or has followed my record will agree.

"Now," continued the premier, with a gesture of enthusiasm, "to put the blame where it properly belongs, at Ottawa, let me refer you to the records.

Then and Now

Each as given above, was loudly cheered. The applause to Laurier was ironical; to Premier McBride it was in the nature of the approval of the "Bank of Public Opinion" to the lawyer-Premier proving his case.

But the premier of the province, still pursued the Premier of the Dominion after the verdict.

"Now Sir Wilfrid says he intends to visit us soon. I think he should (Laughter.)

"We have urgent business with Sir Wilfrid just now in British Columbia. (Renewed laughter.)

"He can't come too soon. (Hear hear and cheers.)

"And let him bring Mr. Templeman and his other lieutenants with him. (Loud and continued applause.)

"It will indeed be interesting to watch Sir Wilfrid extricate himself from these fatal dispatches, and his own conflicting statements. (Laughter and cheers.)

"The views of British Columbia shall prevail. That was in 1896 when British Columbia was against Oriental immigration as the whole province is today. And then this speech of his Sir Wilfrid's in the Russell theatre at Ottawa the other night, as I have read it to you from the Liberal paper, the Ottawa Free Press, which would, of course, report him favorably, 'I do not care for your sentiments—that is he longer cares what the people of British Columbia will say—'I believe you are making a mistake.' (Tropical claps and laughter.)

"That is Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, upon Oriental immigration; this Asiatic influx which is doing such injury to British Columbia, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier today."

Political Treachery

There were among the premier's significant political spear points which followed:

"There is no room for explanation, no room for apology by Sir Wilfrid Laurier upon this question."

"If there ever was political treachery, political betrayal I think it is to be found in the conduct of Sir Wilfrid and the Liberal members from this province upon this Oriental question."

"The Liberal press would have you believe that there is danger of imperial if not international complications in the attitude of British Columbia upon Asiatic immigration. Their statements are without foundation. If Natal and Australia can enjoy the rights and privileges which we seek in remedial legislation against the Asiatics, what excuse is there for withholding these rights and privileges?

from British Columbia and from the people of the Dominion?"

"Is this British fair play? Is this justice? Is it right?"

"Our critics may say 'The Conservatives at Ottawa voted for the ratification of this treaty with Japan. Well, two wrongs do not make a right. Nor do the Conservatives at Ottawa make the law. It would be cowardly of the Liberals to seek shelter under that excuse, that no one raised his voice against this at Ottawa, with the exception of Mr. Kennedy. It is only fair to him to say that he entered a protest. But Sir Wilfrid paid no attention to it.'

"Ralph Smith, Macpherson and Templeman and Gallagher and Ross? Where were they?"

"Where has Hon. Mr. Templeman been on any important question? In the way of departmental or official record the record of Hon. Mr. Templeman is a blank."

"Hon. Mr. Templeman and his paper the Times, have pursued a course which will make it exceedingly difficult indeed for that honorable gentleman to put up even a decent fight in Victoria in the next federal election, and particularly since we have turned out four provincial Liberals and elected four Conservative members in that city."

"I do not think that Sir Wilfrid expects us to take Mr. Templeman seriously."

"We are not going to be humbugged, we are not going to be trifled with upon this Asiatic question. It is serious business, and we want to know what Sir Wilfrid Laurier intends to do?"

If ever a party was gold-bricked, it was the Labor party of British Columbia when it left the Conservatives in 1896 and went over to the Liberals, lured by that promise of Sir Wilfrid which every Liberal standard-bearer waved before the electors, that famous dispatch, the views of the people of British Columbia will prevail. That was eleven years ago, and they haven't prevailed yet.

"If ever there was a serious question, this is the question. If ever there was necessity for protection, that necessity exists now. The provincial government has gone as far as it constitutionally can."

"But we always knew that there was no finality to this question in the powers of the Legislature. We know that there was the prerogative of disallowance at Ottawa, and Ottawa has never failed to exercise it even in the face of the wishes of the great majority of the people of this province, and the despatch of Mr. Chamberlain in July, 1898, which I have read you, I might almost say the recommendation of then Colonial Secretary that there should be a federal Natal act, for Mr. Chamberlain went to the trouble of sending to Ottawa a copy of the Natal act adding that it was to be generally adopted in Australia."

The premier commenced the Asiatic Exclusion league. It would do a good work, although its mission was not new. The question of Asiatic immigration had traveled the whole Pacific coast, and was many years old.

Then the premier had this to say of the Hots:

"They were most deplorable. They have done Vancouver and the whole of British Columbia great harm. We are a British people, and we do not need those spasmodic outbursts, to

gain our constitutional rights. No matter how keen and how ardent we may be on any question, we should always remember that we are on British soil, that the rights of others under the British flag must be protected, whether they be black, yellow, brown or white, and that law and order must prevail."

Government's Record

Referring to the recent "wiping out" of the million dollar loan, he said, after reviewing the state of bankruptcy in which the government found the province on taking office less than five years ago:

"We were compelled to pay pawn-broker's prices for that loan. Nor could we get the privilege of paying it off in larger amounts or in a shorter period than \$100,000 a year for ten years. Well, gentlemen, it's not yet five years and it's paid off. Strangely enough, the financial stringency in the east helped us out. The stringency is not here. And we regret that it is anywhere. But as it did exist, we took advantage of it and as those in the east who had loaned us the money at an interest of 5 per cent were willing to accept it, we were able to pay off the loan before maturity. I think that this not only speaks well of the conditions prevailing in our province as compared with those in the east, but also that the government may justly claim credit for the judicious and careful administration of your financial affairs."

These were but two of many features of the premier's two-hour address, the spirit of which President Hansford characterized as "enthusiasm which we shall never forget."

"The Conservative member-elect for New Westminster Electoral District," as J. D. Taylor, of the Columbian, the nominee of the party for the Federal House, was introduced and John A. Lee added to the premier's prophecy of a sweeping local and general victory for the Conservatives in the next Federal election their reasons for the coming change as they see it.

"We lost New Westminster in the last election," said Mr. Taylor, with an audible sigh. "By just 104 votes. Now we have 55 polling places in the electoral district, and so all we need to win is one vote in each."

A voice—"We'll do it."

Mr. Taylor—I believe you will.

"From indications that I have observed," said the premier, "I am confident that Mr. Taylor will win. But don't let that keep you from working hard and long. Just as hard as though his return were doubtful. I would not be satisfied with a majority of 100 for Mr. Taylor. No—let's make it 500."

There was a wave of applause that must have tingled like sweet music in the ear of "the member-elect."

That's All Right!

He was a small youth, and when an opportunity occurred of increasing his income by an engagement as an extra waiter at a forthcoming banquet he took it. But his experience as a waiter was limited, and at the first course this became apparent.

"Take care, man," cried the head waiter sharply. "You've got your thumb in the soup!"

But the extra waiter was cheerfulness itself.

"Oh, that's all right, sir!" he said smilingly. "It don't hurt me! It ain't nearly so 'ot as it looks!"

5 CENTS A BAR

The best Laundry Soap

SUNLIGHT SOAP

About That Xmas Present

IS HE (OR SHE) INTERESTED IN MOTORING?

If so, you are sure to give satisfaction by giving anything selected from the following list. Come and see us; we will be delighted to explain the uses of everything.

MOTOR CLOCKS, VOLTMETERS, HANDSOME LEATHER-LINED COATS, LADIES' AND GENTS' FUR GLOVES, RAINCOATS (special for motoring), STEPHEN SPARE WHEELS, TOOL KITS, SPEEDOMETERS, LAMPS (Side, Tail, Headlights, Launch, and Electric), HORNS (all kinds).

These are only suggestions; we have \$10,000.00 stock to select from.

NOTE.—We shall be pleased at all times to change un-damaged goods that may not be suitable to the recipient.

Plimley Automobile Co., Ltd.

Government Street, Opposite Post Office, and Corner Government and Superior Streets

HOLIDAY SALE

Great Variety of Fancy Japanese Goods at 20 per Cent. Reduction in Prices From the 12th.

Such as Satsuma Cloisonne wares, Ivory Works and handsomely covered Chairs, Tables, etc. Also very latest patterns and designs in Silk Linen, ware, Curios, Toys and Brassware.

J. M. NAGANO & CO.,

1117 Douglas Street. 1438 Government Street
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Ideal Shoe Store

Late Paterson Shoe Co.

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IT IS NOW OR NEVER

Ideal Shoe Store

Late Paterson Shoe Co.

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Just Two Days Remain for You to Get Your Share of Christmas Gifts at our

BIG CHRISTMAS SHOE SALE

Everything that belongs to the Christmas Season is put right out in sight on tables and in baskets. All Gift Slippers and Shoes are cut down to exactly cost price. To Clear Out an Immense Stock of Holiday Goods in Two Days we have put figures on some lines that are simply foolish considering the quality of the goods. We must do it and necessity knows no law.

Men's

"Walk-Over"
"Invictus"
American Gentleman

Boots, less 25%

\$6.00 Shoes - \$4.50
\$5.50 Shoes - \$4.00
\$5.00 Shoes - \$3.75

ALL NEW GOODS AND
SENSIBLE GIFTS

Women's \$3.50 and \$4.50 Shoes, all sizes	\$2.00
"Sorosis" Dress Shoes, French heels. Regular \$5.00	\$1.50
Fancy Slippers, beaded patent leather, French heels, etc. Reg. \$3.50, \$4.00	\$2.00

Christmas Slippers, all colors, warm and comfortable. Reg. \$1.75, \$2.00	\$1.00
Misses' Fancy Felt Slippers, all colors. Regular 75c and \$1.00	35c
All Men's Fancy Felt Slippers. Regular \$1.50 and \$1.75 values	75c

Men's Felt Romeos, red and black. Regular \$2.00	\$1.50
Men's Fancy Kid Slippers, different colors and styles, \$3, \$3.50 \$4 values	\$2.50
100 Pairs Ladies' High and Low Leggings, fine felt, best quality. Regular \$1.50	75c

Christmas will cost you much less if you buy any of the above line. Everybody is getting bargains. Come and get yours!

THE IDEAL SHOE STORE

1116 Government Street

1116 Government Street

COURT OF REVISION IS NOT ADVERTISED

As Result Members Refuse to Proceed With Business

At the sitting of the court of revision held yesterday at the city hall before Mayor Morley and Aldermen Hall and Fullerton, Frank Higgins appeared for the Property Owners association and began his effort to secure the removal of the names of 495 women from the civic voter's list on the ground that they have not paid municipal taxes and are not among those exempted under the statute, holding that although free from taxes, they are not exempted as a recent decision shows that the meaning of the word exempt in the statute is not to cover those free from the taxes.

When the court opened, Mayor Morley announced that by oversight, the requisite five days notice had not been given. It is necessary under the statute to advertise the meeting of the court of revision for five days in the local newspapers, and therefore the court could not sit. He said an adjournment would be taken until Thursday morning in order to permit the necessary five days notice to be given.

Mr. Higgins promptly objected. He said he appeared on behalf of the Property Owners' association and wished to note an objection to the names of all women included in the voter's list who have not paid taxes to the city and he objected to the court being adjourned on the ground that the statute specifically provides that the court of revision shall sit Dec. 21, and shall continue its sittings, if requisite, from day to day. It was requested that the court should sit as there were 495 names of women voters to examine into and this would occupy some time. The court could not complete its labors unless it sat in accord with the provisions of the statute.

Mayor Morley said he had the opinion of the city barrister and city solicitor that an adjournment should be taken for five days so as to permit of the required notice being given.

Mr. Higgins strenuously objected to the court adjourning itself to the opinion of the city legal advisers on the ground that the court was controlled by statute and that the city barrister and solicitor had no more status before the court than other legal gentlemen.

Mayor Morley said that in order to get over the difficulty the court would adjourn until Monday morning at 10 a.m., and would continue to adjourn from day to day.

Mr. Higgins said this did not comply with the provisions of the act, which says that the court shall sit from day to day and determine any objection.

Mayor Morley said further advice would be taken on the subject. They would adjourn until Monday morning. A motion to this effect was made by Ald. Hall and was carried.

Mr. Higgins will continue his objections on Monday.

Names Objected To
The names objected to are:
Lillian G. Acton, Jennie Adam, Sarah

Esther Adams, Charlotte Adamson, Bella Aird, Sarah F. Allen, Ed. Mary D. Allen, Jane L. Allice, Augusta H. Am. Agnes N. Anderson, Alice M. Anderson, Christina S. Anderson, Jennie Anderson, Maud Anderson, Nellie Anderson, Annabel M. Andrews, Permelia Andrews, Grace Ash, Mabel F. Ashwell, Martha J. Atkins.

Elize Jane Bab, Bertha A. Bagshaw, Florence B. Bailey, Lucy O. Bailey, Mary E. Ball, Anna Bantle, Hanna C. Barker, Ethel B. Barnard, Mary Barnswell, Florence Barton, Lillian Bayley, Mary A. C. Beachamp, Agnes S. Beckwith, Johanne Behnsen, Selina A. Behnsen, Etheline M. Bell, Anna Bellanger, Margaret Bender, Beatrice E. Bennett, Annie Benson, Annie R. Bent, Elizabeth Berrypan, Mamie J. Blekerdike, Fanny Bignell, Ruby M. G. Bird, Edith M. Blittcourt, Christina Blackett, Charlotte Blake, Mary J. Blake, Nellie M. Bond, Maud E. Bone Alice Boorman, Annie Boulding, Grace Bowden, Minnie Brakes, Sarah Brewster, Edith Bride, Mary Brown, Florence T. Bruggy, Lillian Brunell, Clara J. Burns.

Christina Caling, Nellie Caldwell, Charlotte Cameron, Ella Campbell, Isabella A. Campbell, Margaret Campbell, Minnie S. Carr, Ann I. L. Carroll, Mary Carter, Nettie Cavin, Alberta Chadwick, Lena May Chambers, Alice Chapman, Catherine Chapman, Ellen J. Chapman, Isabel Chapman, Hannah M. Charlton, Annie Christie, Emily E. Church, Annie Clarke, Elizabeth A. Clarke, Jane Clarke, Amelia A. Clements, Mary Cochenore, Jennie Collins, Bertha L. Cooley, Mary A. Cooley, Harriett O. Cooper, Eliza Cobbett, Harriett C. Corder, Leonine Crawford, Helen L. Crease, Florence E. Creeden, Elizabeth Crimp, George Crombie, Elize A. Crook, Alice Curtis, Lucy G. Curtis.

Iva Winnifred Dakin, Ann Davy, Lucy Davy, Dora Davidson, Emma Davies, Jessie K. Davies, Lilla Day, Eva H. Dean, Nellie Dean, Sarah E. Dean, Gertrude Deane, Mabel E. Deaville, Mary Deaville, Jean B. Delmon, Amy F. Demers, Jane Devereaux, Margaret Devlin, Mary De Voe, Bertha E. Dickson, Lillian Ditchburn, Caroline A. Dowler, Harriet Dupen, Mrs. W. Duval.

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Sarah Hall, Florence Young, Ida Young, Margaret Young, Mary G. Young, Matilda Young, Stella S. Young.

Why Action Is Taken.
The action of the Property Owners' association is taken on the ground that the above women, who have not paid taxes on dogs, license fees, or other taxes, are not exempted under the statute of Chapter 18, of the statutes of 1906. The section says: "A householder shall mean and include any person of the full age of 21 years who occupies a dwelling, tenement, hotel or boarding-house, and who shall, unless exempt by statute or municipal by-law, have paid directly to the municipality rates, taxes or fees of not less than two dollars for the current year.

Mr. Higgins holds that the word exempt in the above statute does not affect the women voters above mentioned. A recent decision holds that an exempt person is not one free from taxation, but that a person must have been given rights under statute from the sovereign power before such person can be exempted. There must be a liability before there can be an exemption.

Looked Like a Democrat.
An old-time Democratic politician discussing election prospects recalled an election incident of the day when the ballots were distributed about the streets and from house to house before election, that one might make out his ballot before going to the polls. This politician was working tooth and nail one election out in an East End precinct for a friend who was seeking one of the county offices. On the morning of the election he would mark his ballot just as he wanted it and then hand it to whomsoever might agree to take it into the booth and drop it into the ballot box.

In the course of the forenoon an extremely bewhiskered, shabby-looking old codger, who looked like a tramp, had not bought a new suit of clothes in six years and had been sleeping in the suit that he had on during that period, approached the polls.

The "worker" handed him one of the ready-to-vote ballots.

"Ain't you got any Republican bal-

lots?" asked the old fellow, looking over the one that the man had handed to him.

"Oh, yes, sure," the other replied, "but I supposed of course you would want to vote the Democratic ticket."

The old man shook his head sadly.

"No," he said, "I know I look like a Democrat but I'm not."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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120 Pairs MEN'S TAN ROMEO SLIPPERS.....	\$1.75 to \$3.00
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Improvement of quality has occupied the "Semi-ready" designers. They know there is a demand for real worth, no matter what the price.

You can buy fine Chesterfield Overcoats, silk-faced, for \$25, and some of fine texture for \$20.

B. Williams & Co., 68-70 Yates St., Victoria

Music and Drama

Primrose Minstrels Tomorrow

George Primrose and his big minstrel company will come to town on Monday, Dec. 23, at the Victoria theatre, with what is said to be the greatest organization of minstrel variety put together and offered to the enthusiastic lovers of this peculiar style of entertainment in many years. It has long been Mr. Primrose's ambition to present minstrelsy in an ideal form, eliminating vaudeville features that in the past few seasons have almost shouldered the real minstrel element entirely from the scene. In the Primrose minstrels of today will be seen a sumptuously staged, modern, first-class part, painted in green and gold, which is artistically embellished with paintings, candelabras and trap-plugs of a most exquisite pattern. During this part, Mr. Primrose will be heard in an original song, in which he will be assisted by Billy Beard, Neal Abel, Bob Murphy and John Burke, who will occupy the end chairs, and will bring a budget of new songs and jokes, with Dave Irwin as introducer. The vocalists will include Sam Harris, Jim Magers, David Irwin, Walter Van Allan, Sam Bennett, G. Kellogg, and a chorus of twenty male voices, who will be accompanied by an orchestra of twenty picked musicians, under the direction of Charles Prokop of Vienna, Austria.

The second part will open with a humorous band concert with all the comedians participating, after which a novel act entitled "The Dudines and the Dudes of Blackville," will be given. They will be followed by the big baseball drill. The lighting effects and colors, together with the intricate evolutions produced in this number, making it the grandest innovation ever seen in minstrelsy.

Then comes "Hotel Life Up to Date," a one-act blackface comedy, in which Neal Abel, John Burke, Steve Grady and Jack Clark will be seen in the principal parts. This will be followed by Billy Beard (the party from the South) in a little surprise. After which Mr. Primrose will be seen in his famous silent dance, assisted by his bunch of "Watermelon Coons"; for this act Mr. Primrose received \$1,200 for 12 weeks in vaudeville in the past summer in New York.

The Musical Cates are the next number. This family were brought from Europe by Mr. Primrose; they do a wonderful act, second to none in their line.

Two other novelties complete a splendid bill of pleasing features ***

Upholds Bernard Shaw

Miss Dorothy Donnelly, who is to play the mouse in the "The Lion and the Mouse" at Victoria theatre, Monday, December 30, and who was the original *Candida* in this country, is naturally a great admirer of George Bernard Shaw. In London Miss Donnelly has frequently been the guest at the Shaw home, and the intimate picture she gives of the playwright's

companies were then presenting the play elsewhere, and that it had made a great success.

Miss Donnelly says that Shaw considers "Man and Superman" his greatest work, though professing her own preference for "Candida." When "Man and Superman" was presented in this country by Arnold Daly, the third act was omitted. In London a similar course was followed in order to bring the play down to ordinary length. Last summer, however, London saw the third act presented in conjunction with "The Man of Destiny," another Shaw play.

Miss Donnelly, herself having played the lady in the piece in this country, went to see the London production in which Irene Vanbrugh played her part. Of the English player's art she says:

"Her work, of course, was charming," and of "The Man and Superman" act. "It was very cleverly arranged, the lights being directed against the audience instead of against the stage. The background was black, and each player as they made their appearance, was 'picked up' by a spot light. The glare of light almost blinded you, but the effect was tremendous. This scene, laid in hell, contains an epitome of all of Shaw's views. It is a wonderful thing, and it is too bad it has never been done in this country."

Miss Donnelly's plans for the future

Kubelik in New York

One of the most enthusiastic notices on the opening Kubelik concert at the Hippodrome, Nov. 10, was in the New York Evening Telegram, which was as follows:

"New York's present generation of music lovers has never witnessed such a testimonial of approval to a great artist as was given to Jan Kubelik, the violinist, at the Hippodrome last night. He was assisted by the Russian Symphony orchestra, and every seat in the auditorium and balconies was filled, with hundreds standing back of the rails. No violinist has ever before attempted to play in the Hippodrome, and no doubt it will be some time before another will attempt it, because it is a test that no player with ordinary tone and skill would care to hazard."

"Even Kubelik at the outset was greatly handicapped by the confusion of echoes that came back to him, and his playing showed clearly the great strain he was laboring under. But after that he became accustomed to the huge gulf of space, he seemed to measure his time to return to the distant shores far up under the roof, and such violin playing as he gave the great audience has not been heard in New York in many years, if ever.

"Kubelik, from childhood has possessed marvelous skill as a technician; he has been aptly called the 'magician of the violin,' but last

that the expectations aroused by these advance statements will be more than realized. The biggest of the big features will be Ameen Abu-Hamed and his troupe of eight acrobatic and tumbling Arabs. They have an act that is a whirlwind of sensationalism according to press criticism received in advance. Ameen himself is one of the foremost strong men of the world. He haled originally from Mount Lebanon, but for many years has been touring Europe and the United States, one of his principal feats is making himself the base of a human pyramid of seven of his followers. Lizzie Evans and Jefferson Lloyd will appear in a bright comedy sketch entitled "Turning the Tables." Miss Evans was in Victoria about a year ago, appearing in the Grand in a comedy sketch which was the hit of that week's bill, and reporters have it that the present character suits her even better than the first, and the act has been a great success wherever played. Gray and Graham, billed as the musical Bell Boy and Military Maid, are said to have a star turn. Both appear in full Highland costume and the lady is an expert on the Scottish bagpipes. The Rosaries have a novelty tight and slack wire act, Mr. Rosalee being the only performer doing a hand stand on a swinging wire. Evangeline Metcalf, the fashionplate of vaudeville, will appear in her latest singing and acrobatic dancing specialty. Thos. J. Price will sing the illustrated song "Keep on Smiling" and new moving pictures are entitled "The Cupboard" and "Plank." Next week also, Musical Director Nagel will repeat by special request of many patrons the overture arranged by himself under the title of "A Tourist's Experience in Victoria," of which synopsis follows:

(a) Arrival in Victoria. (b) Tally-ho Ride. (c) Evening Salvation Army Passing by. (d) 5th Regiment Band Playing Their Favorite March. (e) Trip to Chinatown. (f) Automon-

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MONDAY, DEC. 23. GEO. PRIMROSE'S MAMMOTH MINSTRELS

Headed by the flaneurs of all dancing Comedians
GEORGE H. PRIMROSE
Splendid Singers, Magnificent Production, Wonderful Novelties, An Ocean of Merriment.

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50. Box office opens 10 a.m., Friday, Dec. 20th.

The New Grand

WEEK 23RD DECEMBER.

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Eight People; Pyramid Builders; Aerobats and Whirlwind Dancers.

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The Musical Bell Boy and the Military Maid.

THE ROSARIES

Tight and Slack Wire Artists.

EVANGELINE METCALF

Singing and Acrobatic Dancing.

THOS. J. PRICE

Song Illustrator.

"Keep on Smiling."

NEW MOVING PICTURES.

"The Cupboard," "Plank."

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The Easter term will commence on

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Superstructure of Swing Span.

NOTICE is hereby given that the time

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Arm, Fraser River, has been extended

up to and including Friday, the 31st day

of January, 1908.

F. C. GAMBLE,

Public Works Engineer.

Lands and Works Department,

Victoria, B. C. Dec. 17, 1907.

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The Easter term will commence on

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GOOD OPENING FOR TRADE WITH MEXICO

General Manager of British Coast Steamship Co., Tells of Trip

Joseph K. Smith, general manager of the British Coast Steamship company, arrived in Victoria yesterday after a trip to Mexico on the company's chartered steamer the *Transit*, which is now at Tacoma loading a full cargo of rawway ties for the return voyage to Mexico. Mr. Smith succeeded in making several important freight contracts while in the south and looks to see a large trade built up between the southern republic and British Columbia and Puget sound ports. He found the financial condition in Mexico unaffected by the stringency which is at present so severely felt in the United States.

The *Transit* brought north a full cargo of half ground salt from Carmen Island and Mexican oranges. These oranges, Mr. Smith says, are superior to California oranges, which at this time of the year are sour while the Mexican product is sweet. Mr. Smith made a contract with Mexican orange growers to bring north 20,000 cases of this fruit, equally 1,000 tons in weight, for transhipment at Vancouver for eastern Canadian points. Mexican oranges have quite a market in eastern Canada, but heretofore they have been shipped all rail through the United States to Toronto. This has naturally proved very costly, the freight charges, due to the goods having to pass over so many lines, almost prohibiting trade. The cost by the water route will be much less and will mean an increased profit for the producer and at the same time reduced prices for the consumer.

While in Mexico, Mr. Smith leased for a term of years a salt island off Mazatlan, which is said to contain almost as much salt as the famous lagoon on Carmen Island. The company has arranged to bring north 4,000 tons of salt to Puget sound and British Columbia ports for the spring trade. A large portion of this has already been sold to Puget sound merchants. In connection with the salt brought north by the *Transit*, Puget sound merchants say, according to Mr. Smith, that it was the best ever delivered to them.

During his trip Mr. Smith also made a number of lumber contracts for the British Coast Steamship company, and also secured orders for several cargoes of coal. The *Transit* is now loading a full cargo of ties at Tacoma for the Cana-Yagul railway which connects with the interior Mexican lines and her return voyage will bring a full cargo consisting of salt, from the island which Mr. Smith leased during his trip, and a large consignment of oranges.

In addition he made arrangements with the Mexican Coastwise Steamship company for through bills of lading from Victoria, Vancouver and Puget sound ports to Salina Cruz and Panama. This, Mr. Smith says, means that the Mexican company will furnish the British Coast company with large

supplies of coffee as well as other tropical products, for northbound trips of the latter's vessels.

Mr. Smith is very well pleased with the showing of the *Transit* during her recent trip. She is, he says, admirably fitted for the fruit trade, her speed being an important consideration in this connection. She made the trip north from Guaymas to the sound, a distance of 2,500 miles, in 9 days and 6 hours, which is considered remarkably good time.

In regard to Mexican trade possibilities, Mr. Smith said that no one who had never visited Mexico could realize the opportunities that that field offered. There was a large and increasing demand for goods such as Canada could supply. Mexico consumed every conceivable kind of modern staples and supplies, including canned goods of every description and furniture and hardware, such as is in general use in this country. At present almost all goods of this kind shipped into Mexico through our Pacific ports are bought in San Francisco, but Mexican merchants are desirous of curtailing their San Francisco orders and transferring their trade to British Columbia and Puget sound centres.

In regard to financial conditions in Mexico, Mr. Smith said that business men there were at a loss to understand why Mexican dollars should be worth only 48 cents in the United States under existing financial conditions in the latter country. They say that San Francisco merchants are trying to do a cash in advance business with them at present, asking as a concession that money be remitted to them before goods leave the warehouse. There is, Mr. Smith says, no financial depression or stringency in Mexico so far as the domestic monetary situation was concerned.

GOSSIP OF THE HOTELS

W. Bangs, of Goldfield, Nevada, arrived in the city yesterday and left this morning by the Princess Royal for Vancouver en route for Cobalt, Ont., where he will engage in mining.

Mr. Bangs believes that there will be some trouble in the southern mining town, as the union men are not disposed to see their places taken by the non-union men in peace and quietness. Mr. Bangs was surprised to see that the troops had been withdrawn from Goldfield and did not believe that there was wisdom in the move.

"It is most unfortunate that the trouble has arisen and there is much to be said on both sides," he remarked. "The unions had it all their own way when the camp was first formed and they abused their power. Latterly when the employers have been able to successfully withstand them, in turn they have abused their power. In common with many of the other mining camps of the western states, it is going to deal a severe blow to the industry. Capitalists are so panicky now that it is difficult to attract money."

Mr. Bangs has interests in Cobalt camp which he thinks will ultimately prove very valuable. A claim in Lorraine township on the shores of Lake Temiskaming belongs to himself and a syndicate of two others. The district is only in its infancy and has not been thoroughly prospected. Peo-

ple after taking a casual run over the immediate vicinity of Cobalt town say further north towards Lake Abitibi.

Mr. Bangs expressed the conviction that there is a mineral bearing belt stretching all the way from Lake Temiskaming on the boundaries of Ontario and Quebec across the latter province to Lake St. John to the north of Quebec city. The country is but little known but with its opening up he is confident many rich strikes will be made.

In regard to Mexican trade possibilities, Mr. Smith said that no one who had never visited Mexico could realize the opportunities that that field offered. There was a large and increasing demand for goods such as Canada could supply. Mexico consumed every conceivable kind of modern staples and supplies, including canned goods of every description and furniture and hardware, such as is in general use in this country. At present almost all goods of this kind shipped into Mexico through our Pacific ports are bought in San Francisco, but Mexican merchants are desirous of curtailing their San Francisco orders and transferring their trade to British Columbia and Puget sound centres.

In regard to financial conditions in Mexico, Mr. Smith said that business men there were at a loss to understand why Mexican dollars should be worth only 48 cents in the United States under existing financial conditions in the latter country. They say that San Francisco merchants are trying to do a cash in advance business with them at present, asking as a concession that money be remitted to them before goods leave the warehouse. There is, Mr. Smith says, no financial depression or stringency in Mexico so far as the domestic monetary situation was concerned.

LIBRARY CONTEST.

Result of the Voting Competition Up to Noon Yesterday.

The following is the result of the library voting contest up to noon yesterday:

Brotherhood of Owls..... 111,263
A. O. F..... 35,065
Y. M. C. A..... 79,167
Salvation Army..... 62,540
Jubilee Hospital..... 21,779
J. B. A. A..... 4,352
St. John's Sunday school..... 3,930
V. W. A. A..... 2,250
South Park school..... 1,492
St. Anne's convent..... 1,312
Y. W. C. A..... 1,181
Reformed Episcopal S. S..... 1,021
Boys' Central school..... 992
Victoria college..... 972
L. O. O. F..... 751
First Presbyterian S. S..... 640
A. O. U. W..... 626
North Ward school..... 605
K. of P..... 579
Eagles..... 563
Elks..... 560
Centennial S. S..... 529
W. O. W..... 473
Kingston Street school..... 450
Methodist S. S..... 329
James Bay Methodist S. S..... 320
Baptist Sunday school..... 209
Sons of England..... 142
St. Barnabas..... 100
Yip-Yip club..... 17

Owing to the rush of business, votes deposited in the ballot box after 6 p.m. are not included in this count.

Curious Lake Phenomena

One of the natural curiosities of Switzerland is Lake Morat, which turns blood red every tenth year. For centuries this freak was regarded by the

Robt. Ward & Co., Ltd.

Real Estate Department
Temple Building, 531 Fort Street

SUPERIOR STREET, JAMES BAY—7 room Bungalow, close to park and street cars, one of the most artistic and desirable residences in this locality. Finished in oiled cedar, modern and sanitary plumbing, gas and electric lights. Lot 60x160.

\$5,000

And on Easy Terms.

THIS WEEK'S XMAS ATTRACTIONS

A visit to the up-to-date music store of M. W. Waitt & Co., Ltd. Must not be missed. There you will find

Everything in the Musical Line

You can ask for. To itemize everything is impossible. We have them just the same. You must also bear in mind the

\$100 in Cold Hard Cash

We are giving away. Ask for your coupon when making purchases. And further, remember the High Grade piano we are disposing of on New Year's to the highest bidder. This is a splendid opportunity to

Get a Piano at Your Own Price

In Talking Machines

Our stock is complete with Edison, Victors and Zonophones, and thousands and thousands of records for all machines.

M. W. Waitt & Co.

LIMITED

The Oldest and Largest Music House in B. C.

1004 Government St.

English Knitted Waist-coats and Fancy Vests Motor Rugs and Travelling Shawls Reduced to

HALF PRICE

For Xmas at the

Semi-Ready Wardrobe

The Standard Canadian Physique.

HE standard average physique of Canada is the Semi-ready type B—height from 5 ft. 4½ in. to 5 ft. 11 in.

The measurements we have taken establish this absolutely—as they also establish the fact that the standard average physique varies for different nationalities.

Thus the Japanese average or normal is Semi-ready short regular about 5 ft. 1 in. to 5 ft. 4 in.—The French 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. and certain of the Prussians 5 ft. 7 in. to 6 ft.

Having established this standard average physique by means of the height measurement—qualified by the waist and breast measurements—we easily placed the other physiques because their variations from this average or regular type were in a definite fixed order.

Thus we are able to tailor Semi-ready with the absolute knowledge of the kind of physique for which we're making each suit.

You can see that we thus prevent the possibility of making suits that won't fit.

If you are not entirely satisfied—we give you your money back.

Semi-ready Tailoring

Semi-ready Tailoring

One Thousand Dozen Fine English and American Ties just to hand. Christy and Stetson Hats all suitable for Xmas Gifts

See our assortment of Gloves, Silk Umbrellas, Outing and Dress Suits, Fine Underwear, Fancy Suspenders, Suit Cases, Valises and Bags, etc., etc.

Fine Imported Underwear in Silk, Silk and Wool, Cashmere, etc., etc. Silk Handkerchiefs, Initial Handkerchiefs, Cuff Links, Garters, Mufflers,

Smoking Jackets and Dressing Gowns, Pyjamas, Night Robes, Caps, etc.

50 Cases New Suits, Raincoats, Overcoats and Trousers Just Received. Also Dress Suits and Tuxedo Suits

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. Harry Briggs is visiting Mrs. T. L. Briggs of New Westminster.

Mrs. Smythe of Somenos has been the guest of Mrs. T. Leeming of Dallas road.

Mrs. Alexis Martin of Vancouver, who has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Carew Gibson, is now staying with her father, G. E. Mason, of Rockland avenue.

R. W. D. Harris, after an absence of a couple of years spent in the East, returned home last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnet and Pompey Garnet of Cobble Hill are spending the Christmas season in Victoria.

Ralph Lowndes and Miss Lowndes left last Saturday to visit a brother in Texas. From thence Miss Lowndes will proceed to England.

Miss Clare Charleson, of Vancouver entertained at a small tea on Monday of last week in honor of Miss Vivian McNeill who was married on the following Wednesday to James Hunter. The guests were Mrs. Bruce MacKee, Mrs. P. Malkin, Mrs. Alexis Martin, Mrs. Hall, Miss MacKee, Miss Viola Duchesnay, Miss Ida Cambie, Miss Maude Moore, Miss Geraldine Cambie, Miss Lillian Burns, Miss G. Duchestal and Miss Laura Jukes.

The private skating party met last Tuesday. Those present were: Mrs. Genge, Miss Genevieve Irving, Miss Hickox, Miss Violet Hickox, Miss Paula Irving, Miss Vera Mason, Miss Doris Mason, Miss Wigley, Miss Morley, Miss Winona Troupe, Miss Dunsmuir, Miss Browne, Miss Johnson, Miss Newcombe, Miss V. Pooley, Miss O. Irving, Messrs. Monteith, C. Browne, Wright, Hagerup, Harvey, Martin, Arbuckle, J. Brown, Bromley, Troupe, Prior, McDougall, J. Lawson, Dr. Boyd.

Miss Leigh Spencer has returned to Vancouver, leaving here on Tuesday last, and her many friends are pleased to see her about again after her recent illness.

Miss Katy Gaudin returned from Vancouver last Tuesday after an absence of a month.

The "506" club met at the residence of Mrs. Crosse, Foul Bay road. Mrs. Little was fortunate in winning the first prize. The decorations on the table were red candles, shades of the same tone, holly and similes. Mrs. Stuart Robertson presided at the tea table. Those present were: Mrs. Spratt, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Matson, Mrs. T. S. Gore, Mrs. Tyre, Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Mrs. Little, Mrs. C. Todd, Mrs. W. S. Gore, Mrs. Gibb, Mrs. McBride, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Hanington, Mrs. Crosse, Mrs. Blackwood.

R. B. Halhead and Mr. W. R. Rudyard of Chemainus were in town during the week.

R. Nixon, Shawinigan lake was in Victoria for a few days last week.

Mr. Fraser-Bescoe, of Comox, returned home by the City of Nanaimo on Tuesday morning after a pleasant holiday in Victoria.

Miss Clapham, on Tuesday gave a luncheon for her nieces at Mrs. Crowe Baker's residence on the Gorge. The table was decorated with holly and streamers of scarlet ribbon. Those present were: Miss Lorna Eberts, Miss Cecilia Helmcken, Miss Dorothy Booth, Miss Lillette Rebbeck, Miss Viva Blackwood, Miss Suzette Blackwood, Miss Sybil Allen, Miss Eva Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. James Waghorn, of Vancouver, are spending a couple of weeks at the Oak Bay hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle MacGowan, of Los Angeles are spending Christmas in Victoria. Mrs. MacGowan was Miss Lillian Russell of Victoria West.

F. Lloyd, of Westholme, is registered at the King Edward.

Col. and Mrs. Layard, of Vesuvius bay are at the Balmoral for a few days.

The following clipping from L'Express of Liege, Belgium, of November 15 last will be of great interest to many friends of Albany Ritchie, who was so popular, and greatly appreciated in musical circles in Victoria. At present he is on his European tour and it is very likely that before long he will make his appearance in Victoria, this time as a professional, accompanied by his wife, who was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Flumerfelt of Victoria.

"The postponement of the Ritchie concert until this Thursday had the excellent result of permitting the musical public to hear the artist and his accompanist, Vladimir Cernicoff, without neglecting Wednesday's beautiful concert. Both performances drew audiences. Mr. Albany Ritchie was preceded by the aurole which, his masters, our compatriot Cesair Thomson and Seveik made for him. From the first measures of the Symphonie Espagnole, of Lalo, Mr. Ritchie commanded his audience by his playing, which was of great purity, beautiful shading and of absolute sureness. His right hand, that which in power, mellowness and delicacy of attack seems to be the mirror of the executant's musical soul, possesses an incisive accent which classes the artist among the excellent violinists. The tone is full, ample, sympathetic, generous. As to the left hand, the artless of playing it, possesses all the qualities of precision, velocity and of desirable correctness. These qualities are best noticed in the difficult Scherzando of the same work, and

Thompson Kirby, of Gorge road, has returned from Winnipeg.

All the young people, and many who are not young, are looking forward with delightful anticipation to the Cinderella dance to be held at Government house early in January. The sale of tickets is, it is said, going on at a rapid rate. As all, whether dancers or spectators, are to be admitted by ticket, they are reminded that they are on sale at T. W. Hibben's, Redfern's, Challenor & Mitchell's as well as from the officers of the hospital societies.

Arthur R. Sherwood has moved to 1339 Johnson street. Mr. Sherwood has been severely ill with rheumatism for the past month, but is improving rapidly.

ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

The many special exclusive features of the New Scale Williams Piano—the New Scale itself—the Tone-prolonging Bar, and the specially reinforced back of the instrument, are only a few of the reasons why the New Scale Williams is preferred above all others by artists and music-lovers generally. For beauty of construction and artistic finish the New Scale Williams represents the last word in the Piano Makers' Art. As a Christmas present it cannot be excelled, for it will represent to your wife or daughter her ideal of a musical instrument for the home. Call and inspect the special display for Christmas trade at our local warerooms. 219

M. W. WAITT & CO., LTD.,
44 Government St., Victoria, B. C.

in the finale. The chaconne of Bach (for violin alone) is a better gem than merely the question of style. One feels in the artist's playing, the reflections of his clear intelligence, placid and lucid, more than of a powerfully emotional soul. Nevertheless this marvellous work of the master of Eisenach (Bach) was too well rendered to leave much place for criticism. Let us sum up by saying, what a sincere success the public gave him after the chaconne which a large execution of the Mendelssohn Concerto was permitted to confirm after the final movement. He was greatly applauded.

Mrs. K. A. Bancroft, of 1038 View street, has gone to St. Joseph's hospital to undergo treatment and will be confined to that institution for some time.

After an absence of several months T. O. Mackay has returned from Winnipeg.

W. Boone left yesterday by the Chippewa and Northern Pacific for Portland. Mr. Boone has been working at Chemainus, but after the holiday season he will go south to Nevada.

E. Stables left this morning on the Princess Royal for Vancouver en route by the C. P. R. to St. John, N. B., whence he will sail for Liverpool by the Allan line steamer Grampian.

W. Losed and wife left this morning for Vancouver en route by the C. P. R. to Toronto and the East. They will return by way of New Orleans and San Francisco.

P. Peters, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Mesher, Caldwell, F. G. Isaac, Mrs. Keller, F. Fletcher, Supt. Blair, J. Wilson, A. Martin, L. Mandeville, L. M. McIntosh, J. McLeod, J. J. Whalen, A. Ault, J. R. Shearer, R. Copeland, R. Burns, left this morning for Vancouver by the Princess Royal.

Charles Holmes, who underwent a serious operation at the Royal Jubilee hospital last week is progressing favorably.

Miss Marion Hanna, daughter of W. J. Hanna, returned to the city today from Bowen Island, where she has been teaching school, to spend the holidays.

J. J. Whelan, of the Sherwin-Williams Paint company, Vancouver, spent yesterday in the city.

K. J. Burns of the Great Northern railway's office in Vancouver, is in the city.

A. Gray, assistant general freight agent of the Great Northern railway in Seattle, is in the city.

Competent.

"Examinations for admission to the bar," once observed a prominent attorney of New Orleans, "are, if course, easy or severe, according to the humor of the examiner. I heard once of a judge in a certain district of Florida, famous for the bad roads and numerous creeks and rivers, who, when a young man presented himself for examination, looked at the applicant over and then inquired, 'Is there great gravity?' 'Can you ride?'

"Yes, sir."

"Do you own a horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can he swim?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then my dear sir, I am happy to welcome you to the practice of law in my district."—Harper's Weekly.

Hungry As a Bear and Can't Eat

If, When Mealtimes Comes, You Suffer From a Yes-No Kind of Hunger, You're a Dyspeptic.

How to Cure all Stomach Troubles



A good many people get mad when you tell them they've got dyspepsia, but way down deep in their stomachs they know they've got it.

"I'd love to eat, but I can't," is one kind of dyspepsia.

I hate to think of it," is another kind. There are thousands of people today who hate their meals, and love them at the same time. They haven't that fine empty-hungry cat-everything-in-sight kind of feeling which goes with every good strong, healthy stomach. That's because they have dyspepsia. And then there are others whose mouths don't water at meal time or at any other time. They sit at the table and go through the motions, only because it's time to eat. These people, too, are dyspeptics.

Every possible kind of stomach trouble can be cured by taking something which will just take right hold,

of all the food in your stomach and digest it alone without the help of the stomach, and let the stomach take a rest.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do this

very thing. They are composed of the best digestive known to science,

and are absolutely safe. One ingredient alone of one of these tablets will digest 3,000 grains of food. These tablets do exactly the work that a good, strong healthy stomach does.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure all

cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, burning

or irritation, loss of appetite, bloat,

brash, belching, aversion to food, fer-

mentation and gas on the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will make

you feel "good" before and after each

meal, and make your stomach strong

and healthy again. They will make

you happy.

Send us your name and address to-day

and we will at once send you by

mail a sample package, free. Address

F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg.,

Marshall, Mich.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold

at every drug store for 50¢ a box.

STOCK REDUCING SALE

We offer Our Entire Stock at Nearly HALF-PRICE. Not a single article in the store is withheld.

\$18,000 Stock of Men's Clothing, Shoes, Gents' Furnishings, Trunks, Valises, etc.

We have to make room for our Gigantic Stock of Spring Goods which will arrive next month, and must be paid for before delivery, and in order to raise money for the same we offer our entire stock at nearly HALF-PRICE. The only way of getting posted on the excellent values is to call and see for yourself. Included in this sale will be all our

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

such as Silk Suspenders, Silk Neckwear, Silk Handkerchiefs, Smoking Jackets, Fancy Slippers, Fancy Leather Goods, Silk Armbands, Garters, etc., etc. Special attention to mail orders. We are particularly strong in our Clothing Department—

**1,200 Men's Suits, 3,000 Pair Men's Pants
350 Men's Overcoats 600 Raincoats**

All to be sacrificed at nearly half-price Monday and Tuesday only

MEN'S SUITS

450 MEN'S TWEED SUITS, well made, square and round, all sizes, formerly sold at \$14. Monday only, suit..... \$5.95

250 MEN'S SCOTCH TWEED SUITS, all styles and sizes, former price \$17.50. Monday and Tuesday only, suit..... \$8.50

200 MEN'S WORSTED AND SERGE SUITS, square and round cut, well made and trimmed, former price \$22.50. Monday and Tuesday only, suit..... \$12.00

300 MEN'S HIGH GRADE SUITS, in Worsted, Serge and Whip Cords, strictly tailor-made. Some of these are mis-fits where big deposits have been left on them, costing as high as \$40.00. Regular price of the most of them were \$30.00. Monday and Tuesday only, suit..... \$16.50

150 MEN'S ENGLISH RAINCOATS, well made, latest style, former price \$16.00, all sizes. Monday and Tuesday only, suit..... \$8.75

175 MEN'S HEAVY OVERCOATS, former price \$12.50, all sizes. Monday and Tuesday only, suit..... \$6.75

125 MEN'S HIGH GRADE ENGLISH SHOWER-PROOF OVERCOATS, strictly tailor-made, sold regular at \$22.50. Monday and Tuesday only, suit..... \$12.00

50 MEN'S SMOKING JACKETS, well made, all sizes, former price \$7.50. Monday and Tuesday only, suit..... \$4.00

FANCY VESTS

MEN'S FANCY VESTS, in fancy knitted, fancy Worsted and Oriental designs, all will be reduced to nearly half price for Monday and Tuesday's special sale.

ARMY & NAVY CLOTHING STORE

111 Government Street, Victoria

VICTORIA DAY SCHOOL CLOSES FOR THE TERM

Standing of the Various Pupils
As Result of the Ex-
aminations

The closing of the Victoria Day school took place on Friday, Dec. 20, without the usual entertainment. Forty-six pupils were enrolled during the past term.

Dainty remembrances were presented to the principal, Mrs. Blaiklock, and to the assistant mistresses, Miss Slade and Mrs. Eva Holmes.

The examination throughout was most satisfactory, with the following results:

Senior form—head of the school, Dorothy Durick, obtained 1,467 marks out of a possible 1,500, and being first in dictation, reading, arithmetic, French, algebra, grammar, analysis and composition, geography and literature.

Second—Davidine Ker—Obtained 1,381 out of 1,500; first in general knowledge, reading (tie), writing (tie) and second in English grammar and analysis, geography and literature.

Third—Daisy Ridgway-Wilson—Obtained 1,273 out of a possible 1,500; first in map drawing, writing, reading (tie), and second in arithmetic.

Fourth—Marjorie Kent—Obtained 1,401 out of 1,500; first in reading (tie), grammar and analysis (tie), English history, French (tie), and second in hygiene and physiology and composition.

Fifth—Perl Warren—Obtained 1,339 out of 1,500; first in Scripture history, geography and head of the school in recitation.

Sixth—Lucy Little—Obtained 1,286 out of 1,500; first in algebra, English grammar and analysis (tie); good marks in all other subjects.

Jessie Prior—Obtained 1,016 out of 1,500; second in literature, French, map drawing, writing, dictation; good marks in most subjects.

June Bedwell—Obtained 965 out of 1,500; second in writing, dictation (tie), algebra (tie); third in composition and map drawing.

Freida Bagshawe—First in writing; second in geography (tie); general knowledge; good marks in other subjects.

Form IV—Dorothy Edward—Obtained 1,032 out of a possible 1,300; first in dictation, spelling, mental arithmetic, geography, Scripture history. Promoted to Lower V. Form.

Dorothy Kingham—French, arithmetic, spelling, dictation (tie). Obtained 907 out of 1,300. Promoted to Lower V. Form.

Ethel Rhodes—First in arithmetic, French, dictation (tie), English grammar and analysis. Obtained 84 out of 1,300. Promoted to Lower V. Form.

Iris Burton—First in reading, map drawing, writing; second in French (tie), arithmetic. Obtained 830 out of 1,300.

Form III—Davidine Ker—Obtained 590 out of a possible 850; first in reading, spelling, composition, map drawing, Scripture history. Promoted to Form IV.

Marguerite McDougall—Obtained 562 out of a possible 850; first in writing, arithmetic, mental arithmetic, geography, composition. Promoted to Form IV.

Madge Dureck—Obtained 526 out of 850; second in mental arithmetic, reading, spelling, Scripture history. Promoted to Form IV.

Hattie Elford—Obtained 501 out of 850; first in mental arithmetic; second in reading, Scripture geography. Promoted to Form IV.

Phyllis Slater, Gipsie Ward, Catherine Palmer, Vivian Bowen, Gertrude Munn, Ada Gray and Gwyneth McPhillips were unable to take the examinations on account of illness.

Dorothy Robertson—promoted to Upper II. Form.

The school will re-open January 6, at 9:30 a.m.

WINS THE PLAUDITS OF WEEKLY DESPATCH

British Columbia Fruit Praised by the London Papers—Improved British Varieties

The following tribute to the British Columbia fruit display appears in the columns of the London Weekly Dispatch:

Some wonderful fruit is on show at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, in Vincent-square, London. By arrangement with the Canadian Pacific railway, British Columbia, whose exhibit overwhelms the rest, has sent over a peripatetic exhibit consisting wholly of apples. It is touring all the principal towns of England, and it is found that the scent and "sunset colors" of the pippins prove more irresistible to the possible immigrant than any amount of literature.

A million trees a year are being planted in British Columbia, and the effect of the climate on our old English apples is astounding. Cox's orange pippin, and even the Ribston, were streaked with brightest reds and crimson. The Spitzenberg is the color of red may; and the mellowness of Grimes' golden pippin is beyond comparison.

Jessie Prior—Obtained 1,016 out of 1,500; second in literature, French, map drawing, writing, dictation; good marks in most subjects.

June Bedwell—Obtained 965 out of 1,500; second in writing, dictation (tie), algebra (tie); third in composition and map drawing.

Freida Bagshawe—First in writing;

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR COUGH.

You may dislike taking medicine—but coughs are best cured without medicine. The modern treatment is "catarrhozone"—it isn't a drug—it's a healing vapor, full of pine essences and healing balsoms. It spreads over the surfaces that are weak and sore from coughing. Every spot that's congested is healed, irritation is soothed away, phlegm and secretions are cleaned out, and all symptoms of cold and catarrh are cured. Nothing so quick, so sure, so pleasant as Catarrhozone. In 25¢ and \$1.00 sizes at all dealers.

APOSTLE OF DEM GURU TELLS OF MOVEMENT

G. D. Kumar Outlines the Belief of the Sect at the Y. M. C. A.

G. D. Kumar, follower of Dem Guru, the founder of the Samad sect in India, who is working amongst the Hindus in this city, spoke last evening at the Y. M. C. A. The audience was not a large one, but found Mr. Kumar's talk of much interest. The sect which was founded but sixty years ago in India, fathers a moral reform movement. The principles of the society are expressed by its three watchwords: Truth, Goodness and Harmony, and ten commandments for the direction of the faithful have been enunciated by the founder. A description of the work in India, of the conditions which inspired the teacher to begin his propaganda and the success which has attended it were sketched by Mr. Kumar.

The tenets of the society are not in opposition to those of the native religions and provide we will adhere to the ten commandments of Dem Guru (the good teacher) he is not rejected be he Buddhist, Mohammedan, Parsee or otherwise. The society insists on vegetarianism and many of the tenets of what are known on this continent as Christian Scientists are embodied in their teachings. Christ is recognized as one of the prophets with the other teachers of ethics.

DRAWING EXHIBITION

Examples of Pupil's Work Shown at Miss Earle's Studio

Yesterday afternoon Miss Ethel Earle held an exhibition of her pupils' drawings at her studio, 1461 Fort street. Until late in the afternoon the room was filled with her friends and those of the children.

The wall was covered with drawings both in charcoal and pencil. All were studies from nature or from still life. A great deal of time must have been spent out of doors for many scenes as well as trees and other objects recall the summer days.

All sorts of things have been used as indoor models. A saucepan and some carrots on a kitchen table formed one little girl's study, a ginger jar another, while still another had succeeded in reproducing cleverly a beautiful plaque.

On a table there were some very good samples of brush drawings, most attractive of all were the Christmas presents. There were three sets of place cards very dainty and delicate. On one of these was painted tiny swans, on another marguerites, while on the third were violets sweet enough to smell.

There were calenders both odd and pretty with little Dutch figures, owls and bright autumn leaves.

Several of the girls had made book-covers of which the coloring and simple designing were so skillfully done as to give the effect of leather. A very clever student had made a picture of a bird which was noticed and praised by many visitors. None of

Miss Earle's pupils have been with her more than two years and most have been studying a much shorter time. Their progress shows that they love both their work and their teacher.

An amusing but nasty trick was played in the early autumn at George W. Vanderbilt's Biltmore estate near Asheville," said a Pittsburgh florist. "A friend of mine, one of the Biltmore gardeners, wrote and told me about the other day."

"It seems that at the entrance to Biltmore there was not a sign that read: 'Please do not pluck flowers without leave.'

"Well, one visitor's day some joker added an 'S' to the sign's last word. As a result every visitor left Biltmore with a delightful simile and an enormous bouquet."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Tenders have been called for the new public school in Paris.

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HARDWARE FIRM HAS A GUESSING CONTEST

Customers of Ogilvie Company Have Chance to Win a Prize

As might be expected, for they have taken particular pains to be ready for the occasion, Christmas is treating the Ogilvie Hardware company very kindly, and those who wish to have a chance to win the big prize will have to do some away up guessing. Their cash register shows the number of purchasers whose money is taken and they have offered a prize of a "Faultless" malleable range to the customer who guesses nearest the number of customers registered during December. If the winner does not want their range, he can take \$50 in cash instead. Every maker of a dollar purchase is entitled to a vote. In October and November the numbers ran between thirty thousand and thirty-five hundred, but if the business they are doing just now is any guide, those figures will not be of much assistance to the guesser.

The windows have been very attractively draped, especially so for a hardware store. In one the fine knives, cutlery and carvers are displayed with a large "Swastika" sign in the background twined around with evergreen and pierced with colored lights. In the other window is a generous display of silver with a huge horseshoe similarly treated behind the whole effect being novel and striking.

Inside are the show cases laden with gifts for every one. This firm did its Christmas buying last June, so they were able to pick the markets over for their customers, many of the goods being made to order. In cutlery many of the best firms of Sheffield, England, are represented, as well as the pick of the German. Knives great and small, are here from the pearl handled ladies' toy to the frontiersman's jackknife, bearing the names of Jos. Rodgers & Sons, Henry Rogers Sons & Co., George Westenholme & Son, L. X. L. and others. In another case are the razors and another the silver and so on, a whole case being devoted to carving sets of the best makes. In silver the favorite make is that of the Oneida Community Co. of Niagara, whose goods are sold in three grades with guarantees of five, ten and twenty-five years, respectively, the latter being said to be the heaviest plate made on this continent. Rogers Bros. 47, and the Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co. are also represented in plain silver and tasteful designs.

Mr. Ogilvie claims with reason that every kind of present for the home is to be found in his store down to the latest patent washing machines, irons, bread makers, etc. They also have a complete line of fancy cooking utensils with imported jelly moulds, pastry presses and so forth. Speaking of the amount of imported goods they handle, Mr. Ogilvie remarked that the British manufacturers were at last beginning to make an organized attempt to get their share of Canadian trade, and that where you would meet one English traveller ten years ago, today you will meet fifteen. He mentioned one firm that has found the Canadian trade so profitable that they have opened permanent sample rooms in Toronto and Vancouver in the charge of men from the home works who understand the goods and their workmanship thoroughly.

Ogilvie & Co. have taken both the basements in the Mahon block in one of which stoves and ranges of many makes are to be seen, the other being used for general merchandise. This firm confirms the verdict of their competitors of the growth of Victoria business. It is increasing with them right along and they have gained many new friends since they moved from their old quarters on the corner of Broad and Yates streets.

VICTORIA GOLFERS WIN FROM SEATTLE

Local Team Victor in Treat Cup Competition by Two Points

Tae Victoria Golf club won another game in the series for the Treat cup yesterday afternoon at the Oak Bay Links defeating the Seattle Golf club team by 4 points to 2. The victory puts the local club in the lead for the trophy with two victories and no defeat. Next Friday the local team will leave for Portland to make the circuit of the other three clubs, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma, and following this will have but one more game at home. The chances of the locals winning the cup seem very good at this stage.

The games yesterday were well played and some splendid golf was shown. Four local players won their games handily, while a fourth, J. A. Rithet, had to play an extra hole with H. W. Treat of Seattle, the donor of the cup, before the latter pulled out a hard-earned victory. C. J. Prior was the only other local player to lose.

The following is a summary of the results:

H. Combe, Victoria, beat T. S. Lipsey, Seattle, by 3 up and one to go.

C. K. Magill, Victoria, beat E. J. Garrett, Seattle, by one up.

C. A. Boyd, Victoria, beat G. L. Munro, Seattle, by one up.

W. E. Oliver, Victoria, beat E. A. Stratton, Seattle, by 3 up and one to go.

Mr. Van Tuyl, Seattle, beat C. J. Prior, Victoria, by two up and one to go.

H. W. Treat, Seattle, beat J. A. the other.

POMMERY

In the open markets of France and Great Britain, where quality fixes the price of champagne,

Pommery Stands First

LAW, YOUNG & CO., MONTREAL - SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

Rithet, Victoria, on the nineteenth hole.	Played	W.	L.
Team	Played	W.	L.
Victoria	2	2	0
Seattle	4	3	1
Portland	4	1	3
Tacoma	2	0	2

DRAW AT WORK POINT GROUND

Garrison and Y. M. C. A. Engage in Interesting Game Without a Score

The Garrison and Y. M. C. A. teams had a hard struggle at Work Point barracks yesterday afternoon, and when the whistle blew for the cessation of hostilities, neither team had been credited with a score. It was a good draw at that. Both teams showed some pretty play and the Garrison had a little hard luck once in not scoring, goal-tender Ed Whyte of the Broad street aggregation, making a clever save, that hid a lot of horse shoes in it. The defences were too strong for the forwards and the play was well distributed about the field. Referee Macdonald kept the players going all the way and the game was clean throughout. This is the way the team lined up:

M. C. A.
Whyte.....Goal.....McDonald
Morris.....Fullback.....Doyle
Struthers.....Warder
Wormald.....Halfback.....Dunn
Danson.....Bayley
Hill.....Sullivan
Korchen.....Forward.....Greenwood
Ferris.....Thomas
J. Sheritt.....Jones
Linham.....Williamson
W. Sheritt.....Buxton
Referee, D. Macdonald.

BOWLING WILL BE PROVIDED VICTORIANS

Vancouver Expert Will Open Up to Date Alleys on Douglas Street

Victoria is to have an up-to-date five-alley bowling establishment in the near future. W. F. Glover, formerly of the Pender alleys, Vancouver, which is the largest bowling alley in Canada and also of the twelve bowling alleys of the Vancouver Athletic club, will have the management of the local alley. The alleys will be located on Douglas street, next to the Victoria theatre, and will open on February 1.

Mr. Glover has had several years experience on alleys and is somewhat of an expert. He is considered to be largely responsible for the high position the Vancouver team, which will go to Cincinnati for this season's tournament, has attained, as he has had the personal instruction of these players since the establishment of alleys in Vancouver. The alleys to be established will be the regulation 200 feet long and 40 feet wide, as endorsed and used by the United and Western Bowling congress during the last two seasons and which have proved very satisfactory to bowlers. Mr. Glover says Victoria is not without talent for besides himself he knows of seven good bowlers in this city and hopes to have a good pin team in the field next season in the International League.

The building which will contain the new alleys is to be finished January 25, and the alleys are now en route from the factory in the east. Mr. Glover expects to cater to the trade of both ladies and gentlemen, as the alleys will be limited to that end in view, so that the ladies alleys will be entirely separate from the men's. All the appointments will be of the latest and best description and the great indoor winter game should prove very popular here.

The Vancouver team which will represent the east will be financed by the merchants of Vancouver as an advertisement to the city and will tour all through the east. The team will consist of W. D. Lukens, (captain); A. L. South, C. Steers, M. Hodges, H. Sharples and R. Scott, (spare). Of these one Charlie Steers is an old Victoria boy and South, Sharples and Scott are Vancouver. Hodges is from Winnipeg and Lukens from Chicago but all are now residents in the terminal city.

MANY AFTER KETCHELL.

Challenges Coming From All Kinds of Fighters.

From Los Angeles comes Sam Langford's unique challenge to Stanley Ketchell and Joe Thomas. He claims a willingness to bet \$1,000 that he can stop the two men in one night, each in ten rounds. Although he has fought heavyweights for years, Langford is no heavier than a middleweight. No reply has been received from either Ketchell or Thomas. The offer is doubtless considered beneath their notice.

Ketchell has received another challenge, on that he will doubtless take more seriously. It is for a fight over the 20 or 25 round route with Mike (Twin) Sullivan. The latter has placed \$1,000 as forfeit with San Francisco writer to meet the challenge. "I am going to meet Ketchell at 150 pounds," said Mike. "I can beat him, and only hope that he won't run away from me. They tell me that he has already got the European bug in his bones. He does not have to go out of his way to get a match. Just let him say the word that makes the bout possible and all hands will be up and run up to San Francisco and talk business with him. Surely my record entitles me to a match with Ketchell."

TWO REVENUE CUTTERS.

United States Government Will Build New Boats—One for Puget Sound.

The United States Treasury department will secure two new revenue cutters in the near future at a cost of about \$119,000. It is contemplated to use these vessels at Savanah and in Puget Sound. The two boats will be sister ships, as they are to be built from the same plans. They are each to be 132 feet in length; width of beam, 31 feet 6 inches, with a depth of hold of 15 feet. They will each be equipped with two Babcock and Wilcox boilers capable of 200 pounds working pressure. The boats will be driven by triple expansion engines, with cylinders of 13, 29 and 47 inches, respectively, and whose common stroke will be 30 inches. Bids will be limited to price named. No bid will be considered which is in excess of amounts appropriated for same, which are \$20,000 for one and \$199,000 for the other.

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LAW, YOUNG & CO., MONTREAL - SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

VICTORIA RUGBYISTS BEATEN AT VANCOUVER

Capt. Meredith and His Fourteen Followers Outclassed by Home Team

Vancouver, Dec. 21.—With a score of 28 points to nil Vancouver today completely smashed the Victoria fifteen in a game which was the best exhibition of the code seen this season. On the slippery ground the Vancouver three-quarters handled the ball with marvellous accuracy. Passes were never missed and the fine work of Fyson and Marpole was chiefly responsible for the big score. Victoria three-quarters displayed little class and the kick was Meredith. Billy Newcombe at halfback was the best man on the Victoria side. Johnson at fullback was outshone by Spencer, the Vancouver custodian, whose playing was something magnificent.

Young was the first score with a fine burst and Springer followed after a scrummage on the Victoria line, Brydon-Jack adding the third try before the interval.

On the restart Gavin Davis scored, Thomas taking the kick and converting. Marpole was next to add points, scoring a penalty goal from a difficult position. He scored again soon after and Young also crossing brought Vancouver's score to 23. Dick Bell-Irving was the last to cross and his effort was majorized by Thomas.

Victoria had not their strongest team, according to Bob Foster, but on the day's play Vancouver would take a lot of stopping. The hard training in preparation for the Stanford games has had a marked effect. There was a crispness and finish to their work which reminded the spectators of Welsh clubs at their best and the display of the three-quarters has done much to restore the confidence of local enthusiasts, as that division was considered the weakest.

SCALER WINS IN NINTH.
Puts Sudden Stop to Billy Snailham at Scarborough.

Sacramento, Cal., Dec. 21.—With a hard right swing to the side of the head, Kit Scaler brought to sudden stop in the ninth round his go with Billy Snailham, scheduled for twenty rounds. Snailham had seemed a beaten man and indicated that he might be the winner. The fight was one long series of clinches with not more than a dozen long arm blows struck. Both fighters took to fighting with great relish and in this Snailham had a decided advantage, particularly in the breakaways. Snailham pushed each round down and as Scaler was being steadily downed he was noticeable after the fifth that he was looking for an opportunity to land the blow that has brought him all his winnings. The chance came in the ninth. Snailham rushed and as he shot his right to a slide over Scaler's head, Scaler countered with a vicious right swing, hitting Snailham in the eye, causing him to drop. The crowd thought it might be another clinch, but Scaler freed himself and Snailham fell to the mat and was counted out. Joe Thomas refereed.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS BOX FOR CANADIAN TITLE

Joe Christie and Vernon Austin Go 15 Rounds to Draw at Port Arthur

Fort William, Ont., Dec. 21.—The fifteen round boxing match at Port Arthur between Vernon Austin, of Port Arthur and Joe Christie of Toronto, for the middleweight championship of Canada, resulted in a draw. The fighting was fierce from the start the Toronto man doing all the leading. Austin was put on the floor three times in the second round and throughout the contest received a severe drubbing. Christie appeared in excellent shape and throughout the entire go dropped Austin at will. Referee Allen decided that it was a draw, but from opinions expressed, it seems that his opinion was shared only by a very few rabid supporters of the Port Arthur fighter.

BASKETBALL AT NEW WESTMINSTER.

New Westminster, Dec. 21.—One of the swiftest basketball games of the season was seen at the Armories last evening, when senior teams representing the Vancouver and New Westminster militia departments finished a hardily contested match in a tie, the score standing 13 all.

INDIAN WRESTLER A WINNER

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 21.—War Eagle, the Carlisle Indian, last night defeated Dan McDonald, the Canadian wrestling champion, in two straight falls. After the match, Rooney of Chicago, challenged War Eagle.

SEATTLE BADLY BEATEN.

Vancouver Hockey Team Wins By a Score of 11 to 0.

Seattle, Dec. 21.—The first hockey match ever played in Seattle took place here this afternoon when the newly formed Seattle hockey club played a British Columbia league game against Vancouver, and was beaten by a score of 11 to nil. The locals tried hard against the visitors, but they lacked the skill and dexterity in handling the clubs which the Vancouver men displayed. Quite a large number of spectators saw the game, which was considerable of a novelty here.

INVINCIBLE SOLD.

Hind Roiph & Co. Buy Old Coasting Schooner.

The old schooner Invincible, now loading at Port Blakely for San Francisco, has been sold to the San Francisco firm of Hind Roiph & Co., by the Port Blakely Mill company, and will continue in the United States coastwise trade on this coast.

The Invincible, like many other of the old wooden American clippers, has had a varied career. She was formerly the ship Invincible but a few years ago her yards were removed and she was rigged as a fore-and-aft. She was built at Bath, Me., in 1873. She registers 1,460 tons gross and 1,275 nts. Her length is 202.4 feet, breadth 40.3 feet and depth 24 feet.

For the past few years the Invincible has been engaged in the lumber trade, usually plying coastwise but now and then being fixed for an off-shore voyage.

Agreements of Sale Purchased

If you have any agreements of sale that you wish to realize on, we will buy them for cash. If you have any real estate that you wish to make a quick sale on, we can sell it if the price is right. We also have a good house and two lots in Victoria that we will exchange for a house and lot in Winnipeg.

Business for Sale

Bakery and Confectionery business, long established, doing fair trade that can be increased, fine central location. Will be sold as a going concern, with all stock, bake ovens, furniture, large range, fixtures, show cases and counters in store, for \$750.

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COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL

MONEY IN DEMAND STOCKS STAY QUIET

The Bank Statement Shows Change for Better in Legal Reserve

New York, Dec. 21.—There was a dull and dragging market for stocks today, as has come to be the rule on Saturday since the rule went into force to postpone the publication of the bank statement until after the close of the stock exchange session. The good impression from yesterday's advance in prices remained, and there was no severe pressure on the market. Loans made on Friday carry over until Monday, so that there is no direct pressure on borrowers on Saturday.

There was little disposition, however, to make extensive commitments in the face of the year end settlement in the money market.

The routine operations are large in themselves, and anxiety is felt over the continued apathy of the demand for mercantile paper. The impaired position of the banks, with the still existing deficiency in the legal reserve requirement and the large volume of outstanding clearing house certificates adds to the delicacy of the situation. Besides these considerations there are some large special requirements to be met, including payments on January first for large installments of subscriptions for Northern Pacific and New York, New Haven and Hartford new stock.

In the longer prospect are recurring maturities of the large issues of short term notes, which were issued on a large scale during the past year by many railroad and industrial corporations.

The substantial repair in the banking position revealed by the weekly bank statement was viewed with satisfaction. The generous increase in the cash holdings was larger than overshadowed by the known movements of money, and the scaling down of loans proved large. The condition of the government finances is attracting increasing attention.

Owing to the heavy decline in the revenues during the two months past, there is a growing expectation of a call on the banks for a return of a portion of the government deposits held by the banks. There was some profit-taking in the late stock market, and the closing tone was irregular.

Bonds were steady. Total sales, par value, \$1,664,000. U. S. bonds were unchanged on call during the week.

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

By F. W. Stevenson.
Chicago, Dec. 21, 1907.
Open, High, Low, Close.

	Wheat No. 2	107	107½	106½	106½
July, 1.	99½	100½	99½	99½	99½
Corn No. 2	58½	58½	57½	57½	57½
May	57½	57½	56½	56½	56½
Oats No. 2	54½	54½	53½	53½	53½
May, old	52½	52½	51½	51½	51½
July, old	48	48	47½	47½	47½
July, new	45½	45½	45½	45½	45½
Pork	12.75	12.75	12.70	12.70	12.70
Jan.	13.25	13.25	13.20	13.20	13.22
Liverpool Wheat	—	—	—	—	—
May	—	8s. 1½d.	8s. 1½d.	8s. 1½d.	8s. 1½d.

Wheat in New York

New York, Dec. 21.—Wheat receipts, 178,000; sales, 1,750,000; spot firm, No. 2 Red, 1,063; elevator; No. 2 Red, 1,076; for afloat; No. 1 Northern, Dutch, 1,242; for afloat; No. 2 Hard, winter, 1,118; for afloat. Further reports of rain in the Argentine, with

Nervous, Weak, Run-Down Women

Thousands of Women, Who Suffered For Years, Have Been Restored to Complete Health by Stuart's Calcium Wafer's.

Trial Package Free

Are you nervous, weak, tired, run-down, dispirited, easily exhausted—in other words, do you feel like a drahag at times? Do you ever have to stop right in the middle of your work to take a rest?



Nearly every woman has these miserable experiences, and many such sufferers seek relief in secret remedies containing harmful drugs and cheap alcohol. If you are doing this, stop it now, before you ruin your health completely. Your condition is bad enough without making it worse.

You need a tonic that will brace up the nervous system, cleanse the blood, liver and kidneys, and enrich the blood. The best, purest, safest preparation to do this is Stuart's Calcium Wafer's.

Stuart's Calcium Wafer's are not a secret remedy. They do not contain harmful drugs, nor do they lose their medicinal power as most liquid medicines do, because these wafers are in tablet or lozenge form, which cannot deteriorate or evaporate.

Stuart's Calcium Wafer's are not a sulphide of calcium, the strongest blood purifier known; also golden seal, quassia, eucalyptus, belladonna, and the vegetable alternatives and laxatives. These ingredients will restore the normal action of the bowels, liver and kidneys; invigorate the nerves and brain; make pure, rich, healthy blood; drive away that tired, wornout feeling and make you feel ten years younger.

You can obtain Stuart's Calcium Wafer's in any drug store at only fifty cents a box, but if you have any doubts as to the merits of these wonderful calcium wafers, why send us your name and address and we will send you a free sample package, so you can give them a fair trial and convince yourself. Write today. Address, F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Street, Marshall, Mich.

strong cables put wheat up a cent this morning. It reacted for a time, but rallied again on export rumors and closed ½c higher. December closed 1,082½; May, 1,13 3-14@1,13½, closed, 1,13½; July, 1,06½@1,07, closed 1,06½.

NEW YORK STOCKS.

By F. W. Stevenson.
New York, Dec. 21, 1907.

	Open	High	Low	Close
Amal. Copper	47½	47½	46½	47
Am. Car Pdy	30½	30½	30½	30½
Am. Cot. Oil	21½	21½	20½	20½
Am. Lead	52½	52½	52½	52½
Am. Smelters	53	53	52	53
Am. Wool	100½	101	99½	100½
Anacoda	29	29½	28½	29
Atchison	71½	72	71½	71½
B. and O.	82½	83	82½	83
B. R. T.	28½	30	29½	30
C. P. R.	151	151½	151	151
Cent. Leather	15½	15½	15½	15½
C. F. and L.	19½	19½	19½	19½
C. G. W.	30½	30½	30½	30½
S. M. and S. I.	104½	104	104	104½
S. T. and T.	5	5	5	5
D. and R. G.	19½	19½	19½	19½
Erie	16½	17	16½	17
Gt. Nor.	116½	117½	116½	117½
Int. Paper	112	112	112	112
I. and M.	92½	93	92½	93
M. S. P. & SSM.	49½	50	49½	49½
N. Y. Cent.	94½	95½	94½	95½
N. Y. O. and W.	32	32	31½	31½
N. P.	116½	117½	116½	117½
People's Gas	12½	12½	12½	12½
Pr. Steel Car	18½	18½	18½	18½
Reading	94½	95½	94	94½
Rock Island	15½	15½	15½	15½
do pfd.	29	29	29	29
S. P.	73½	74½	73½	74½
do pfd.	108½	108½	108	108
S. R.	13½	13½	13½	13½
Union Pac.	118½	119½	118½	118½
U. S. Steel	26½	27½	26½	26½
do pfd.	88½	88½	88½	88½
West. Union	56½	56½	56	56
Money on call	6 per cent.			

STOCKS IN LONDON

Little Business Done on Account of Holidays' Approach—Money Supply Short

STOCKS IN LONDON

London, Dec. 21.—The stock exchange has been comparatively idle and almost without feature during the past week. This has been due, principally, to the indisposition to engage in fresh ventures prior to the holidays. Investment buying served to put first-class securities fractionally higher on the week, but the quotations on speculative issues were barely maintained.

In the foreign section Argentine railroads attracted the most attention on the idea that the splendid crops in that country would considerably increase the earning powers of the roads, but Persian considerations declined sharply on the fear that fresh capital would be required. Diversions weakened with Detbeers, which was particularly flat on the passing of the deferred dividend. In America the shares of the market has been quiet and professional, with a movement of a see-saw character which resulted in an advance of about one point on the week. Outsiders held aloof, because of the unsettled monetary outcome, which more than offset the few satisfactory dividend announcements, and the optimistic reports published in various quarters. Today, however, prices went a fraction over parity and closed firm in anticipation of a good bank statement in New York.

Money supplies are gradually shrinking with the increased year-end requirements of America and the absence of any immediate improvement of the situation in the United States. As was expected, the Bank of England made no change in its rate of discount, which, it is anticipated, will reflect its effect upon other markets.

Taught a Lesson

The youth who knows everything entered the chemist's shop with a jaunty air and displayed to view an ink-spattered white waistcoat.

"Split the marking ink over it," he explained, "and I have just called to ask if you can get it out. I've heard it's possible."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the chemist's assistant—"that is, if it is the ordinary marking ink."

And, taking the damaged article of dress, he proceeded to eradicate the marks, explaining the method meanwhile.

"This solution," he said, pouring some liquid over the waistcoat, and allowing it to lie in a tray, "bleaches the parts affected by the ink."

"Er—yes; just so," said the interested watcher.

In the space of a few minutes the assistant, having rinsed the solution out of the article, handed it, limp but white, to its owner.

"How much?" asked the youth.

"One shilling, please," was the reply. "Too much," remarked the youth. "I shan't pay you more than sixpence."

"Just as you say," returned the assistant, with affected carelessness.

"But I see there is one spot not erased yet. A little—"

and he received the waistcoat back again.

"You see the spot on laying it in another dish, and taking a bottle from the shelf behind him, the solution does not really eradicate the ink, but bleaches it; and this," he added blandly, pouring some liquid over it, "instantly restores the spots to their previous blackness, with perhaps more intensity."

The jaunty youth looked on in dismay while the assistant coolly rinsed the article and handed it back to him, with the remark:

"I am always pleased to show these little experiments, sir, and if you wish to have those ink stains removed again I shall be happy to do so for five shillings."

And as the youth left the shop in a towering rage, the man of drugs went behind his dispensing screen to have a quiet chuckle.

The rules and forms prescribed twenty years ago under the Copyright Act have been revised, and the new act has

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Royal Household, a bag	\$2.00
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Wild Rose, per bag	\$1.75
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Spelt, a bag	\$2.00
Smotkafe, per bag	\$6.50
Moffet's Best, per sack	\$2.00
Moffet's Best, per bbl.	\$7.75
Drifted Snow, per sack	\$2.00
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Bran, per ton	\$30.00
Shorts, per ton	\$32.00
Feed Wheat, per ton	\$12.00
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SWEENEY'S COOPERAGE, 850 Johnson St., Victoria. Phone B906.

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THE COLONIST has the best equipped bookbindery in the province; the result is equal in proportion.

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FRED POSTER—12½ Johnson street. Telephone A1182, makes a specialty of seal garments.

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BRASS, Copper, Bottles, Sacks, and Junk wanted. Victoria Junk Agency, 30 and 32 Store street. Phone 1336.

All kinds of metals, bottles, sacks, canvas, etc., bought and sold. W. G. Eden, 59 Princess ave. Phone A602.

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Phone 307. Henry Atkinson & Son, Landscape gardeners, tennis and croquet lawns, and pruning a specialty. Estimates given. All work guaranteed. Residence, 16 Stanley Ave. Established 20 years. n28

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LODGES AND SOCIETIES

A. O. F. Court Northern Light, No 5935, meets at K. of P. Hall 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. W. F. Fullerton, Secretary.

NATIVE SONS—Post No. 1, meets K. of P. Hall last Tues. of each month. A. Haynes, Secy., Elk of Commerce Building.

K. of P. No. 1, Far West Lodge, Friday, K. of P. Hall, cor. Douglas and Pandora Sts. H. Weber, K. of R. and S. Box 54.

SONS OF ENGLAND—Pride of Island Lodge, A.O.U.W. Hall 1st and 3rd Tuesday. J. P. Wheeler, Pres.; Thos. Gravlin, sec.

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SEWER PIPE, Field Tile, Ground Fire Clay, Flower Pots, etc. B. C. Pottery Co., Ltd., corner Bread and Pandora streets, Victoria, B.C.

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MUSIC—MISS E. H. JONES has removed to her private nursing home from 66 Rue Ste. 731 Vancouver Street.

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TO FARMERS—The new stamp-puller made in Victoria and guaranteed to pull very large stamps. For sale by Duerest Patent, 466 Burnside Road. Parties having land to clear would do well to investigate this.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS

WANTED—An experienced housekeeper wants position; highest references. Box 500, Colonist.

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ARE YOU without work? Would you like employment in the States? Write us your qualifications, inclose ten cents and by return mail you will receive the advice of an expert how to secure the same. Our system has secured employment for others and will secure it for you. It saves time, money and worry. Export Locators Office, 16 Cleveland, Ohio.

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Richardson Street has recently been greatly improved and the location is a very desirable one.

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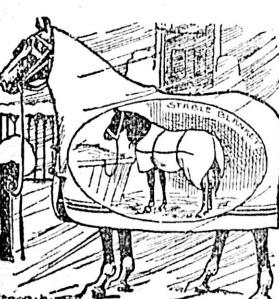
NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Matter of the Estate of James Eliphabet McMillan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of James Eliphabet McMillan, late of Victoria, who died on or about the 13th day of August, 1907, are required on or before the 25th day of December, 1907, to send by prepaid post or to deliver to the undersigned collector for John Pope Burgess, the executor of the will and testament of said deceased their claims against the estate of the said deceased, duly verified by him at the time of such distribution.

H. G. HALL,

Solicitor for John Pope Burgess, 520 Bastion Square, Victoria, B.C.



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Has no terror for your horse, if you provide him with one of those large, equal-weighted Sheep Blankets that we sell at the lowest prices. You'll get as much satisfaction out of it as a horse when you see how he appreciates it. A large stock of trunks and valises on hand.

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656 Yates Street

CIVIC NOTICE

CITY OF VICTORIA.

MUNICIPAL CLAUSES ACT.

Section 59.

WHEREAS, upon an enquiry being held of the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Victoria on Monday, the 16th day of December, 1907, upon the complaint of the City Engineer for the said Corporation into the state of condition of a certain unenclosed excavation upon lands situate and being known as lots "F" and "D," block 57, and part block 58, Spring Ridge, the same being within the municipal limits of the city of Victoria. Upon hearing the evidence in support of the complaint of the City Engineer and upon proof of service of notice of the same being given and of a notice calling upon the owners, lessors and occupiers to abate the nuisance complained of, and upon proof being given by the said City Engineer as to ownership, and no one appearing for the complainant, the payment thereof shall be enforced under the provisions of the above act together with all incidental expenses.

A. J. MORLEY,
(L.S.)
WELLINGTON J. DOWLER,
Clerk of the Municipal Council.

BE IT, THEREFORE, RESOLVED by the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Victoria that the said hole or excavation now existing upon the above-mentioned land situate within the municipal limits of the city of Victoria is, in its present state, dangerous to the public safety and a nuisance, and it is ordered that the said hole or excavation be forthwith paid to the Treasurer of the corporation on demand made by him therefor, the payment thereof shall be enforced under the provisions of the above act together with all incidental expenses.

A. J. MORLEY,
(L.S.)
WELLINGTON J. DOWLER,
Clerk of the Municipal Council.

And in case of default of compliance with this order by and on the part of the said owner, — It is hereby directed that the City Engineer do enter in and upon the said lands and well and sufficiently fence the said hole or excavation and abate the said nuisance at the cost of the owner of the said lands and that unless such cost be forthwith paid to the Treasurer of the corporation on demand made by him therefor, the payment thereof shall be enforced under the provisions of the above act together with all incidental expenses.

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WELLINGTON J. DOWLER,
Clerk of the Municipal Council.

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A. J. MORLEY,
(L.S.)
WELLINGTON J. DOWLER,
Clerk of the Municipal Council.

BE IT, THEREFORE, RESOLVED by the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Victoria that the said hole or excavation now existing upon the above-mentioned land situate within the municipal limits of the city of Victoria is, in its present state, dangerous to the public safety and a nuisance, and it is ordered that Lim Dat, the owner of said blocks 55 and 56, do within five (5) days of the service or first advertisement of this order, well and sufficiently fence and protect the said excavation so as to abate the said nuisance.

A. J. MORLEY,
(L.S.)
WELLINGTON J. DOWLER,
Clerk of the Municipal Council.

And in case of default of compliance with this order by and on the part of the said owner, — It is hereby directed that the City Engineer do enter in and upon the said lands and well and sufficiently fence the said hole or excavation and abate the said nuisance at the cost of the owner of the said lands and that unless such cost be forthwith paid to the Treasurer of the corporation on demand made by him therefor, the payment thereof shall be enforced under the provisions of the above act together with all incidental expenses.

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WELLINGTON J. DOWLER,
Clerk of the Municipal Council.

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H. G. HALL,

Solicitor for John Pope Burgess, 520 Bastion Square, Victoria, B.C.

CIVIC NOTICE

CITY OF VICTORIA.

MUNICIPAL CLAUSES ACT.

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A. J. MORLEY,
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WELLINGTON J. DOWLER,
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Richardson Street has recently been greatly improved and the location is a very desirable one.

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MUNICIPAL CLAUSES ACT.

Section 59.

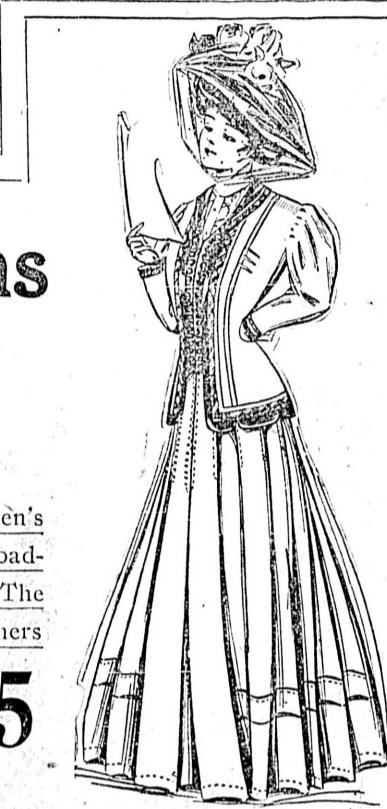
WHEREAS, upon an enquiry being held of the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City

ALL PERPLEXITY BANISHED BY A VISIT TO VICTORIA'S CHRISTMAS STORE

Only Two More Shopping Days Remain

The now important question as to what to give is what is running through the minds of everyone, and as the hours pass by, so does this question in the minds of some people become more difficult to solve, and in a great many instances results in confusion, discomfort and disappointment through not knowing just where to go. By visiting this store and going through the many departments this perplexing question is easily solved. In every department of this store the Christmas spirit reigns and suggestions are shown and displayed in such a manner as to make your Christ-

mas Shopping a pleasure instead of a tiresome drudge. Then, too, our prices are the most important factor to be considered in your Christmas Shopping and you will find that your purse will last longer and go further than in any other store for goods of similar nature.



Monday Ushers in Splendid Bargains in Ladies' High-Grade Costumes

Regular Prices \$40.00 and \$50.00. Monday, \$25.00

This is interesting news for women of taste; as this sale includes the leading and most stunning styles of the season in Women's Ready-to-Wear Apparel. The material used in the construction of these fine garments, Navy Cheviots, Chiffon finished broadcloths, Black and Navy French Wool Venetians, also in shades of Brown and in Tweed effects, all very smartly tailored. The Jackets are both semi-fitting and tight fitting, 26 and 27 inches long and in 3-4 lengths with Roll Collars edged with braid, others with shaped back with straps over shoulder and Collarless, giving the much favored "Gibson" effect. Skirts are nine, eleven and fifteen, gored and pleated and for thoroughness of workmanship could not be excelled. Reg. prices were \$40.00 and \$50.00. Monday, per suit

\$25

This Store the Headquarters for Toys of all Descriptions

You cannot go far astray when coming to this Store for your Children's Toy Presents. Our Toy Department on the third floor is just brimful of pleasing gifts. Then, too, they are to be had at the lowest price that can be found in the city. A visit to this section is convincing. Take elevator to third floor.

Beautiful Fans Make Pleasing Gifts

A fan is an article that forms a most appreciable gift. Every lady loves a nice fan, and here you will find everything that is neat, novel and attractive. They are to be had at all prices, ranging from \$3.50 down to

25c

Christmas Furs the Ideal Gift

What is better than a gift of furs? Pleasing, practical, lasting, a fur piece is the finishing touch which makes the well-gowned woman. The society bud, the wife, the mother, one and all appreciate a gift of furs. The stock of fine furs which are to be seen here, have the quality, style and finish which are necessary in a Christmas gift.

FURS at prices from \$2.50
MUFFS, at prices from \$12.50

Handbags, Purses and Satchels in Abundance Here

Our showing of Ladies' Handbags, satchels, Purses, is complete in every detail. Everything within the limits of good taste is to be had here, made of all the most favored materials and at all prices.

The Home of Good Literature is Spencer's

The Book Department of this store contains everything which will go towards making the spare moments of both young and old happy. What is better, more interesting, when sitting before a cheery fireplace than a good book. Nothing wiles away the time so pleasantly, and HERE you will find all kinds and at all prices.

When in Need of Refreshments

When feeling fatigued after a hard day's shopping, take elevator to third floor and visit our Oriental Tea Room. A good cup of Mem Sabe Tea is sure to refresh you.

The Greatest Values in Men's High-Grade Clothing We Have Offered This Season

Regular Prices \$27.50 to \$30.00. Monday, per Suit **\$9.75**



Monday we are offering some remarkable Bargains in Men's Fit-Rite Suits. These splendid wearables are made up of the best West of England all-wool material that can be procured in exclusive patterns, weaves and textures, and are distinctively stylish without being extreme in design, in single and double-breasted styles. If you stop to think of this High Grade Clothing we are offering you at these prices you will readily see what it means to your pocketbook. The saving being from \$7.75 to \$20.00, and will not waste a moment in being on hand early Monday morning. The regular prices were \$27.50 up to \$30.00. But for Monday they are marked at

\$9.75

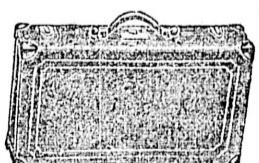


Men's Overcoats Marked Reasonably

Our showing of Men's Overcoats embody all the leading style features of the season in best quality English Priestly Cloths and Craventines, also a splendid line of English Black Cheviots, in plain and with Silk Facings. Prices range from \$25.00 to

\$12.50

Going Home for Christmas

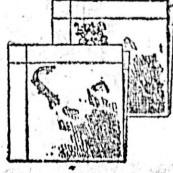


If so, you want a Suit Case, Valise, or Travelling Bag. You will want one for your clothes. If not, what about your presents? Some place to carry them is a necessity. A Suit case is an ideal article. We have them at all prices.

SUIT CASES from \$2.00 to \$45.00
FITTED SUIT CASES from \$35.00
FITTED BAGS from \$25.00

A Complete Stock of Men's Handkerchiefs at Popular Prices

Our Men's Furnishing Department, like all others, is brimful of useful and sensible gifts. Men's Ties, in all the very latest effects and styles, Men's Neck Scarfs, and Handkerchiefs of all kinds, all reasonably priced.



Our Showing of Men's Head-Dress Cannot Be Excelled

Everything that's nobby and stylish is included in this vast assortment. Every face can be suited from this superb stock, which includes stiff and soft styles, direct from the world's foremost manufacturers, such as the Stetson, King Borsalino, Nos-all, and numerous other reliable makes, and it will be greatly to your advantage to favor us with a visit before purchasing elsewhere. Prices range from \$1.00 up to \$7.50



DAVID SPENCER, LTD

Select a Gift of Handsome Hand Painted China

A piece of fine china always makes a pleasing gift, and you cannot do better than inspect the many lovely pieces which are on display in the china department, including berry bowls, sets, nappies, trays, card receivers, rail plates, etc., and all at prices which you will say are right.

Post Card Albums

Just the gift that would be appreciated by card collectors in a large variety of styles to choose from. Hold from 150 to 1000 cards, at prices from each, 35c to \$4.00

Christmas Cards and Calendars

With local views, just the rage, at prices ranging from 10c to \$5.00

Something for the Little Tots COATS RANGING IN PRICE FROM \$1.50

A sensible, serviceable gift for the little one is a nice coat, and we have them here in all styles, shapes and sizes, in velvets, cider-down, white cloth, all nicely finished, and made of good quality material, at prices ranging from each \$1.50

Special Sale of Parlor Suites and Occasional Chairs Monday

These are splendid bargains, and are well worth your while investigating.

THREE-PIECE PARLOR SUITE, comprising One Settee, One Arm Chair and One Reception Chair, spring edge seats, upholstered backs, in best quality English tapestry, heavy frames of solid birch in mahogany finish, regular value \$55.00. Monday **\$37.00**

THREE-PIECE PARLOR SUITE, comprising Settee, Armchair and One Side Chair, spring seats, upholstered in French brocade, strong frame of solid birch in mahogany finish. Reg. \$42.00. Monday \$28.00

ARM CHAIRS, in birch, mahogany finish, spring seats, covered in English tapestry.

Regular \$20.00. Monday \$13.75

Regular \$14.50. Monday \$9.75

Regular \$13.50. Monday \$9.00

Regular \$12.50. Monday \$8.50

Victoria City and the Island of Vancouver

"I have endeavored to give you some small idea of the west coast of this Island. I think very few of us realize today its commercial possibilities. There are undeveloped resources lying dormant, which, if developed, would make our Island a hive of industry, with Victoria as its capital. Far fields look green, but let us not forget the clover patch which we have at home. If pioneers of this Island will pull together and aid legitimate Island enterprise, the day is not far distant when we will surprise even our selves."—Concluding words of the address on Vancouver Island delivered by Mr. Herbert Carmichael before the Board of Trade.

THIS is the closing days of the dying year, we may with profit indulge in a retrospective glance along the pathway we are following in furtherance of our plans for the upbuilding of Victoria and the development of Vancouver Island. Mr. Carmichael has offered us some excellent advice, and though it has a most familiar sound, it is none the less timely and welcome. But Mr. Carmichael has, perhaps all unconsciously, in uttering this admonition, pointed out the one obstacle, which has unquestionably to a greater extent than any other, blocked the consummation of the aims and aspirations of the people of this city. We do not "pull together." To one another we confess it; the stranger speedily recognizes it, and it is cited on almost all occasions by our unfriendly critics to describe the spirit of the community.

It would be useless and impertinent to quote instances wherein the absence of a cohesive spirit in community initiative and enterprise has been shown to be a serious disability; but as the effort to eradicate an admitted evil should never cease, and as our future is very largely dependent upon our ability to succeed in that effort, we may legitimately attempt an analysis of the situation in the hope of discovering the causes which engender this peculiarity, and of eliminating them as far as may be within our power.

As "necessity is the mother of invention," so in many lines of procedure it is often the mother of effort. If it be not vital to our well-being to summon to our aid our full power of energy we do not do it. Is it putting it too strongly to say that in the past the curse of Victoria has been that those in a position to mould public opinion have been too comfortably situated in all that tends to contentment and repose in this life? On innumerable occasions we have witnessed a manifestation of this anomalous spirit pervading the community. Issues have been raised, which, in cities not abnormally constituted, would have been the signal for the exhibition of the most demonstrative enthusiasm and aggressive determination on the part of the people, but here have but kindled a tiny flame of agitation, to be quickly smothered by the wet blanket of apathy.

The case of a mythical Mr. X will serve to illustrate the situation, and indicate the type of the predominant class. He has, we will say, a good position, or is well-to-do in business, has a bank account, a comfortable home. The climate is all that is delightful, the scenic beauties beyond compare, the drives glorious. Why should he disturb himself about community aims and aspirations, community enterprises, community success? There is no necessity for him doing so. He is quite comfortable. And so the voices of Opportunity, Enterprise, Effort fall on deaf ears.

Is the picture overdrawn? The reader must decide. But we may dismiss a moot point as to the genesis of the disability we have had in mind, and turn to a consideration of the present position of Victoria, the trend of developments affecting it, and the fresh duties which will be imposed upon us if we are not again to sacrifice our chances for civic advancement upon the altar of Apathy.

To those who have given the question any thought, it must be apparent that there are forces outside the radius of our own field of action which have been exerted in the past, and will beyond all question be more actively exerted in the future to stay our progress and wrest from our grasp the prizes which are legitimately ours.

In a previous article some attempt was made to indicate what an asset we possess in the strategical position of Vancouver Island on the Pacific seaboard. It was argued that Victoria was so placed as to command the greater portion of the trade—north, south, east and west—if but the proper degree of energy was displayed by its people in establishing those "lines of communication" essential to the enjoyment of the full advantages attendant upon this position.

We will now embark upon an inquiry into what constitutes our chief duty in determining

A Golden Opportunity Beckoning On to Renewed Effort to Secure Extension of Railway to North End of the Island

to pursue a forward policy. At the outset, we are confronted with the fact that under existing conditions Vancouver is most advantageously placed as a competitor for trade which is legitimately ours. It is in a position to deliver goods at numerous points on this Island more quickly than can Victoria. Nanaimo, Comox, the various settlements along the east coast up as far as Hardy Bay (and, possibly, if the attempt were made, Quatsino Sound on the west coast), can be served more quickly by the Vancouver tradesmen than by our own business houses.

Then, take the matter of the trade with the Queen Charlotte Islands and the northern ports of British Columbia—Vancouver is at present the more advantageously situated city. That she is not slow to embrace her opportunities is shown by the fact that several lines of steamers are engaged in trading with the ports mentioned. We repeatedly see announcements

and fogs at certain seasons of the year, and readily recognizes that with the growth of shipping in these waters Seymour Narrows must constitute a constantly increasing impediment to the water-borne traffic on this portion of the north Pacific seaboard.

With these facts in mind, can it be doubted for an instant that there is every legitimate reason for urging the construction of a line of railway to the north end of Vancouver Island or that, with such a line in operation, carrying in the most rapid fashion passengers and freight from north to south, the enterprisers would immediately take a foremost place among the necessary facilities for the handling of the great volume of traffic flowing up and down the coast?

One cannot resist the conclusion that the utilization of Seymour Narrows as a navigable channel will, in the ultimate development of the commerce of these waters, come into being

It is said: "Oh, the C. P. R. is competent to look after the transportation requirements of this island, and can be depended upon to undertake the project when the time is ripe for it."

The C.P.R., conspicuous as may be its position amongst the great commercial enterprises of the world, is managed by men not gifted with a vision beyond the ken of ordinary mortals; they are busy men, finding, to a very large extent, their time fully occupied in handling the business of the moment; and it is probably demonstrable that in very many instances branch lines have been run and auxiliary enterprises undertaken by this company more often because of a demand on the part of the people of a particular locality, than as a result of voluntary initiative.

Take, for instance, the case of the erection of the Empress Hotel in this city—an enterprise involving the expenditure of possibly \$1,000,000. At a meeting of the board of trade

route, but I will give you what I consider the cheapest route.

That is, starting at Wellington on the south shore of the coast—that is where the best grade could be obtained; some distance from the shore a good grade could be found along the hillside and hugging the Beaufort range up to the Campbell River. Then from Cumberland, close along the edge of the coal measures, you follow the base of Mount Washington, the most level portion of the island, then bending to the left, up to Campbell Lake, then by a steeper incline down from the south side of the mountain to an over to the summit; then following a branch to Gold river; thence to Alberni; and from there crossing the divide to the Bear River; then following down the Bear River to the Karmutzen lake, thence along the southeast shore of the lake; thence to Eliza Bay, and this section of the country is comparatively level, and there will be no difficulty in running a line there. The most difficult section will be, I think, along the Karmutzen. Mr. G. H. Smith estimated that the railway will cost £1,000,000 in the neighborhood of \$20,000 to \$25,000 per mile. That, I think, will be the most expensive portion of the road. Starting from Wellington, it will go through the very centre of the island, and at this point. Then for much more expense running up the Cowichan valley, along the north shore of Cowichan Lake, then striking over to the Nimpkish river, following the Nimpkish river up to the headwaters of the Nimpkish river, then across the old divide through to Alberni. This line will be rather an expensive one, but the greatest expense would be in climbing over the divide between Alberni and the branch leading to Nitinat river. This line runs down very deeply through the mountains. Another route, or one which could be to come through by Chemainus Lake and over the divide between Alberni; but we have a great difficulty in crossing over the divide. The elevation is 1,300 feet, and that has to be made in a short distance to cross back to Alberni. We may also consider Alberni from Cumberland by running a line along the shores of Comox Lake and down the narrow valley behind the Bear River up to Alberni. There are no special difficulties in this way except along Comox Lake, which would mean the expense of rock cutting.

Then, going further out, we could easily go from the main line down to the head of the Nimpkish river arm to Gold river. This is another possible route from Karmutzen Lake down to the West coast. From Karmutzen Lake you have no difficulty whatever in branching down toward Gold River into Juan de Fuca Sound. This country is comparatively level. The distance from Wellington to Juan de Fuca Sound, a distance of 120 miles, is about 230 miles.

No portion of Canada affords better inducements to business men than British Columbia, and no section of the province presents more favorable opportunities than Vancouver Island. True, all the farming land is claimed and comparatively small areas remain which of it is heavily timbered, though as an offset it is remarkable that a few acres cleared and systematically cultivated will yield a comfortable living.

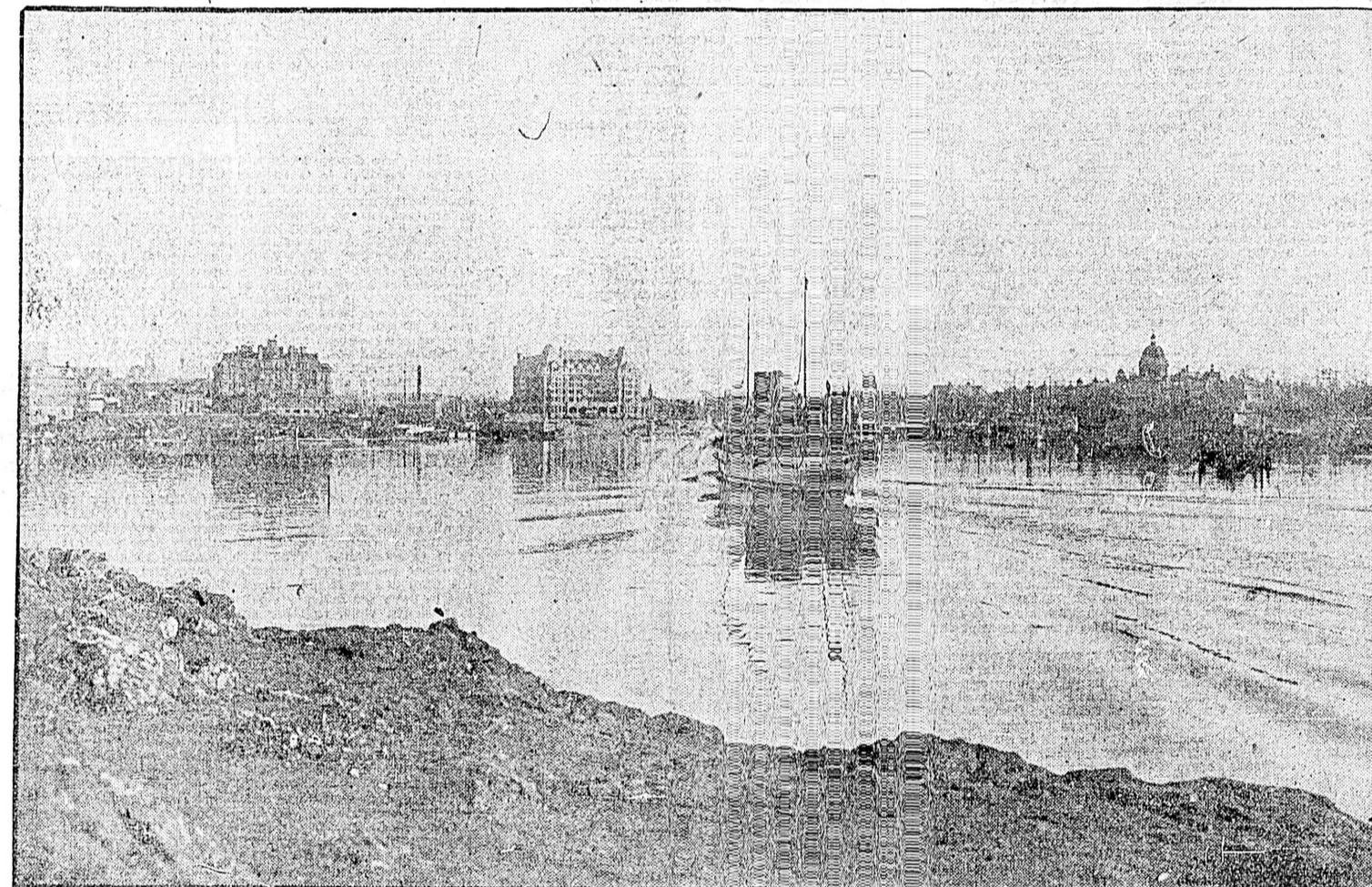
All the cereals grow perfectly, and various plants, roots and vegetables, produced in the temperate zone, grow to a large size and of excellent quality. Apples, pears, plums, prunes, cherries, and all kinds of small fruits attain great perfection, while peaches, apricots, nectarines and grapes, if given special care, can be produced successfully. Many varieties of nuts, almonds, filberts, walnuts, hazelnuts, coconuts, and chestnuts, grow well.

Flax of fine quality is grown, and the fibre produced is long, fine and strong, yielding from two to three tons per acre. It grows luxuriantly, and yields from seven and one-half to nine tons per acre.

Cattle, sheep, swine and poultry flourish on the Island, the climate being particularly favorable to them, the mild winters permitting them to roam at large and pick up a abundance of green food practically free.

Dairying is a profitable and growing industry, Vancouver Island affording extremely favorable opportunities to the farmer. The local market is sufficient to supply the present output and is still far from being fully supplied, while the progress of mining, fishing, and lumbering is constantly creating new demands and the Oriental trade, always in fancy, assures a continuation of good markets for many years.

The farmer, once established on Vancouver Island, can live better and more comfortably than in most countries. He is within easy reach of a home market where long and good prices for his produce, and is thus in touch with the world through newspapers, telephone, railroad and steamboat.



THE GATEWAY TO THE "ISLE OF THE EAST." View of Magnificent Approach to City of Victoria, showing Parliament Buildings, C.P. Building and Post Office and Customs House.

in the local press to the effect that such and such a steamer, after calling at Hardy Bay and other ports on the east coast of the island, debarked her passengers at Vancouver, before coming on to Victoria.

A line of railway from this city right through to the north end of the island would change the whole aspect of the case—putting Vancouver "out of the running," not only for the entire trade of this Island, but of the northern British Columbia ports and the Queen Charlotte group.

A factor of supreme importance in the solution of the problem of transportation on this coast—and by "coast" is meant the seaboard extending from Puget Sound to Alaska—is the water-course termed Seymour Narrows. That

it will some day be spanned by bridges, affording all-rail connection with the mainland, is not doubted for a moment by those who are able to discern the tremendous necessity which will ultimately exist for such a connection; but we may dismiss that project from immediate consideration, and deal with Seymour Narrows as a navigable channel.

But the process of piling argument upon argument in support of the feasibility of extending the railway to the north end of Vancouver Island has gone on so long that the majority hope by continuing it to materially hasten the consummation of the enterprise. It may be affirmed, however, that where a policy of aggressive determination to achieve some practical results embarked upon and closely maintained, success would assuredly attend this particular aspiration.

Surely it is superfluous to say that there are innumerable instances where communities greater than those which exist on Vancouver Island have, by the pursuance of just and sound policy, succeeded in carrying out plans no less

prudent than those which have been advanced.

There is an old saying to the effect, "he who would be king must think of nothing else." "Well, should we not be neglectful of our magnificent opportunities, 'think of nothing else' but the completion of a scheme so vital to the full enjoyment of the natural advantages which thrust themselves into view on every hand."

In every city, town and hamlet on the island, in the halls of the legislature, or the floor of parliament, it ought to be declared with iterative insistence that the construction of a line of railway to the north end of Vancouver Island is not only a project worthy of the most serious consideration, but that the inhabitants of this section of the province of British Columbia will not "cease from troubling" nor "be at rest" until it shall have been accomplished.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy made the statement that until the matter had been repeatedly pressed upon his attention, he had not seriously taken into consideration the question of erecting a hotel in Victoria!

Allusion has not been made on this occasion to the numerous other avenues open for the exercise of the initiative and energy of the people of Victoria and the Island, but sufficient has perhaps been herein outlined to suggest a need for us all to enter upon the New Year imbued with a new spirit—the spirit of unity in purpose and action, the spirit of determination to succeed in accomplishing those enterprises which hold out such golden promise for the development and progress of Vancouver Island and the upbuilding and advancement of the beautiful city of Victoria.

—C. A. GREGG.

Apropos of the question of the construction of a railway to the north end of Vancouver Island, Mr. W. J. Sutton, M.E., F.G.I., made some interesting statements respecting the route. He said:

I shall point out what I consider to be the best route for a railway, after studying the geography and topography of the country. I am not a railway engineer, but a mining engineer, and understand considerable about surveying being a practical surveyor.

Well, starting from Wellington, I would continue it along to the east of the Beaufort range. When I speak of the best route for a railway I mean, of course, the cheapest way of reaching a certain point. There are many things to be taken into consideration in the location of a railway. It does not necessarily follow that the cheapest route is the best

Feminine Fancies and Home Circle Chat

QUIET WEDDINGS

OME one in a contemporary has been saying that honeymoons are going out of fashion! It is not the first time that a whisper of this kind has reached us. The idea seems in the air, and may fairly be discussed. For some time past a notion has prevailed that wedding fads, including presents and all the rest of it is absolutely overdone. Many people, numbers of them in fact, who are contemplating marriage cry loudly: "Oh, how lovely it would be to have a quiet wedding—just go to church in our ordinary clothes, get married and be done with it." This is what they say, therefore we must conclude it is what they really mean. It is generally the bride's mother and her relatives who object to the course most strongly, and at the last moment the bride's courage fails her and she has to give in. "Why should darling Mary—or whatever the darling's name is—be deprived of the glories as a bride?" Why should "our" child be married in a hole-and-corner way? demand relations and friends, who don't want to be deprived of a show and thoroughly enjoy seeing other people spend their money. So really considerable strength of mind is required to brush away these stupid ideas. If the bridegroom ventures to say too much against it, he finds himself a most unpopular person. He may naturally think that the two most interested in the ceremony should be the first consideration, but he will be a wise man if he keeps his opinions severely to himself. Largely on account of what it is feared Mrs. Grusby may say, money is wasted, trouble is taken, though nobody is one whit the better for it and certainly the bride and bridegroom derive no pleasure from it. Convention, too, plays just as much a part as regards the honeymoon. What a number of people would enjoy going straight to their own pretty homes instead of setting forth to some outlandish place immediately after all the excitement attending on a wedding ceremony. And alas! how few have the moral courage to do it. How much more comfortable—especially for the winter bride—to enjoy one's ain fireside! And put off the more important holiday till longer days and sunny weather, make honeymooning, or any other kind of mooning pleasant. Can it possibly be supposed that honeymooners never get bored with each other? Are they never to be seen looking out of windows of dreary foreign hotels, with nothing to do but count the rain drops, or sit in a stuffy room reading the advertisements in the newspaper. Does not George often long in his own heart for another man to talk to? And does not Maud sigh for feminine gossip, or some of the many enjoyable occupations so dear to women, doubtless waiting for her in her new home. Many of us will rejoice when quiet weddings become the fashion and honeymoons—at all events compulsory honeymoons, are doomed to disappear—to dash off with the girl of your choice in a motor car, and after a day or two whir her into blissful home life. There is an up-to-date wedding, if you like, and to many it would indeed be an ideal one. So many girls find matrimony a little disappointing, and though many confess the fact, they rarely see that they may themselves be to blame. A honeymoon and a marriage may both be ideally happy, the wedded pair harmonious in tastes, temper and temperament; nevertheless, in fifty-nine cases out of a hundred, the early stages of married life often present a "but," some stumbling block which forms the bridge to a weeping fit of tears, and sends the young husband off to his daily toil with a set face and red-bolted in his heart. When a girl is engaged she is always careful about looking her best, that her lover may admire her. She alas! too often fails to do the same for her husband. This is a mistake; men like to always admire their wives, and they will do so all the more when they see that other people admire them too. The untidy, dowdy woman may have solid virtues, but one has to remember that fact as an excuse for her appearance, and the man who is mentally apologizing for his wife's short-comings is in danger of finding someone else more attractive than she is. Then there is a great mistake which many young wives make, and that is to drop their old friends and expect their husbands to do the same. The married lovers may for a time be too intensely happy in each other's society, but sooner or later, outside interests will be missed, and if happiness is to continue they must both mix with their fellows and take their share in the pleasures and the work of the world. Wider interests will not make either less fond of the other, and the woman who wants to keep her husband's love will not do so by expecting him to spend all the time he can spare from his business within the four walls of home. A wife should not merge her individuality in her husband's, and she should stick to her own opinions and ideals. It is fatal to argue, but a little fact prevents the necessity. The ideal marriage is one in which husband and wife care more for the other's happiness than their own, and they must not demand too much from each other. A woman often seems to imagine she has married a semi-angelic being, but it is with a shock she discovers (before very long as a rule) that her husband is every bit as human as herself, and generally a little more so! However it is a shock to be smiled over, as how would an angel, or a semi-angel be satisfied with such an ordinary person as herself? No doubt husbands are horribly "tryng" and "unreasonable" creatures, but then unfortunately, so are wives. Therefore, if marriages are to be happy a good understanding and sympathy will result if a kindly spirit of "give and take" exists between husband and wives, and perfection not expected on either side.

FASHION'S FANCIES

In this week's article I am going to deal with the subject of evening dresses, which for the moment seems of far greater importance than fashion. Partisan for out-door apparel. A lovely dress I have lately seen was composed of filmy white chiffon, pleated full from the waist and finished with a wide hem of white satin. Above that runs a scroll of lemon-yellow chiffon application embroidery which also forms long lines inset from waist to hem. The bodice has shoulder straps of chiffon, outlined on either side with satin bands and embroidered with white silk in macaroni scroll. A similar band outlines the top of the bodice beautifully.

A dinner gown is of chiffon, in the palest shade of blue, the pleated skirt being hung on white satin. Down the left side and right round the chiffon skirt is a satin band headed by white silk floral embroidery. In front are two twists of faded rose velvet ribbon and round the whole dress at intervals are bunches of large roses made of shaded silk. The bodice has bands of lace and chiffon outlined with satin over an under-bodice of pale rose, satin roses are at the left side, and a large white tulip rosette in front. Another charming dress is of pale blue pleated chiffon with a folded bodice. Over this is worn a loose full length empire dress of chiffon the color of a cobweb and as transparent, showing cloudy shades with every movement. It falls from a Zouave of the finest black lace which also forms inset bands, round the over dress and lengthwise. The whole is outlined with brown silk-leaf design embroidery and the sleeves are open from shoulder to elbow. The transparent vest and full undersleeves are of cream lace, the sleeves caught under the elbow with double twists and falling acorns of brown silk. An evening dress is very lovely in ruby chiffon edged with a thick band of sequins. Bands of sequins also run from waist to hem. The bodice is loosely folded and has also bands of sequins, with lace folds of satin. Rosettes of pale heliotrope and blue satin appear in the left side of the bodice and again in the waist behind a necklace of large rubies in the same shade as the gown exactly, is a perfect finish to the toilette. A pretty afternoon house gown I must describe before closing this article, and which would be charming for indoor wear at Xmas time. It is composed of ivory white cloth closely fitting and falling in long lines. The bodice clings, but springs open with double revers in front and single ones at the back to show a blouse of ivory net. The blouse fits very closely, has scroll embroidery just at the back and full length crossover folds with narrow black velvet drawn through. The net sleeves are full

from shoulder to elbow and are run with insertions and narrow fillets of valenciennes lace. Fitting tightly from elbow to wrist they are outlined with lace and tied with net bands.

Ideas for Fancy Dress

The passion for dressing up has always exercised a strong fascination over children of all ages, and the opportunities the winter affords in the direction of fancy dress balls and parties are always eagerly looked forward to by old and young. Free scope can be given to individual taste in the matter of design or coloring, and we have the huge storehouse of the past to draw upon for any costume out fancy favors. Of course, for gorgeous colorings we most naturally turn to the far east, or to the remote middle ages, the magnificence of the Tudor period and the brilliancy of the Elizabethan age. What could be more charming than an Elizabethan costume? The underskirt being in yellow silk, while the bodice and looped over overskirt are of rich purple velvet, though if economy is a consideration velvetine may be substituted quite as effectively. The broad-trimmed hat is carried out in purple, with a narrow piping of yellow silk cord round the edge, yellow silk ribbon and silver buckle. The ruff is of the ordinary white starched variety. For a young boy's fancy dress, the Chinese costume is wonderfully quaint and pleasing, consisting of a loose wide-sleeved coat of salmon-colored silk, with turned-back cuffs, over which is worn a sleeveless shirt of emerald green silk, the cap to match being ornamented with dragons. The tapering trousers are carried out in emerald green silk, white socks and green and white shoes completing a charming costume. From these vivid tints it is somewhat a relief to turn to more staid but none the less dainty dresses of the early part of the nineteenth century, the little boy in quaint top hat having on a simple frock of cream silk gathered under the arms into a waistband, the hem exhibiting a succession of dainty pintucks reproduced again on the roomy funnel-shaped pantaloons. Very sweet and girlish is a demure little maiden in the style of attire which our grandmothers effected. The quaint cap with its double frills of kilted silk and the ample silk skirt form admirable folks for the effective display of the lace sleeves and dainty lace petticoat peeping out below the edge of the skirt, and the simple coal scuttle bonnet makes a fitting frame for a modest face. A "Butterfly" dress may be made of chiffon gauze in rainbow tints arranged over foundation of soft white oriental satin, small butterflies daintily worked in silk embroidery or stenciled upon the gauze, appearing on the hem of the skirt and round the soft heading of the bodice. The brilliant coloring of their wings forms a charming contrast to the material without in any way detracting from the simplicity of the rock. For a boy the Greek costume is decidedly picturesque and affords a capital opportunity for an effective color scheme. The zouave is of green cloth braided in gold over a scarlet tunic with loose silk sleeves. The kilted skirt should be preferably in dark green or blue. A wide sash in green silk completes the costume. The little Dutch maiden should wear a plain blue skirt and bodice with a scarlet crossover, and an apron and cap composed of fine white starched linen. The Hollander boy should be clad in the conventional red coat and baggy trousers of Dutch blue and a black cap.

HOW TO LOOK ONE'S BEST

How to look one's best at a Christmas party is sometimes a difficult problem, because at no time of the year is the season so trying for the skin and complexion as during the months of mid-winter. In the summer one has certainly to contend with such minor afflictions as sunburn, tan and freckles, but the summer air is balmy and genial and there are no sudden changes of temperature to be reckoned with such as one must experience in winter when passing from heated ballrooms and drawing rooms into the cold bleak one of a December or January night. Then when dancing in over-heated rooms the skin has a tendency to become flushed, and although a pretty pink blush is becoming to most people, the knowledge that one's face is gradually assuming a scarlet glow more suggestive of a lobster than a rose, is anything but reassuring.

The cold east winds of winter, too, play havoc with sensitive skins and unless the circulation is in excellent order, chilblains are apt to make their appearance upon the hands and feet and sometimes also upon the ears. The great point therefore, if one would look one's best at Christmastide, is to take special care that the circulation of the body is in good order. If the blood courses vigorously through the veins one can to a great degree, defy the elements, and there is then far less likelihood of the appearance of mottled skins, red noses, chapped faces or chilblained hands. Active exercise, is of course a sine qua non if you wish to encourage a healthy condition of the circulatory system, but ordinary walking exercise is seldom sufficient to overcome imperfect circulation. Physical exercises directed towards the exercise of the various groups of muscles in the body including the leg muscles, arm, neck and shoulder muscles should be regularly practised morning and evening.

Chapping of the skin which is such a usual accompaniment of winter weather, affects some people more than others; this is due to the fact that some skins are much thinner and therefore more susceptible to cold than others. In localities where the water is very hard the skin is especially liable to suffer from the effects of cold winds and a low temperature. I have frequently advocated the use of distilled water for washing the face, and it is by no means expensive, while it must be borne in mind distilled water is one of the finest natural cosmetics in the world, and if used constantly summer and winter, will go far towards keeping wrinkles at bay. Where there is any difficulty in securing distilled water it is advisable especially in places where the water is hard to obtain an automatic domestic still, which if placed upon the kitchen stove, will produce about a quart of pure distilled water per hour. Such water is the purest and softest that can be obtained and is suitable for either toilet or drinking purposes. Almost all skins require the application of an emollient cream during the winter months, and if a good toilet cream or skin food is used every night on retiring and distilled water is employed for facial ablutions, there will be little need to for soreness or chapping of the skin. There are so many excellent toilet creams now-a-days to choose from that there seems an unlimited choice of emollient preparations. In the morning after washing the face, a liquid emollient lotion may be used to advantage. The following recipe is an excellent one, and has the advantage of being inexpensive. Banzole acid, half a drachm, borax, one drachm, distilled water one and a half drachms, white wax, half an ounce, spermaceti, half an ounce, pure glycerine three quarters of an ounce, essence of white rose sufficient to perfume. The borax and acid are dissolved in the glycerine and distilled water, and very gradually added to the previously melted and mixed wax spermaceti and oil, with constant stirring the perfume being added when almost cold.

A useful hint for Christmas party-goers when the skin is inclined to redness or consciousness of appearance is to use a good liquid powder. This hides many imperfections and if of a good quality improves the condition as well as beautifies the skin. A little artificial color for those who have pale cheeks is quite permissible for evening dress. A point of importance, however, is to be careful this is perfectly pure and innocuous. Another important point is that it should be applied artistically and judiciously. When lavishly applied rouge is detected, and instead of adding to one's charms, detracts considerably from them. If the eyebrows are scanty or not clearly defined, this defect is easily remedied by the use of an eyebrow pencil, and lastly, the lips may be lightly touched with a little ruby lip salve.

NOVELTIES FOR WORKERS

In these "emancipated" days one might not naturally suppose that the gentle art of working with the needle must give way to more strenuous pursuits. But notwithstanding the average life of the woman of the present day and how full it is, she yet finds time to exercise her skilled fingers to such advantage

that both pretty and useful items are turned out with surprising celerity. Indeed, though "advanced" her progress has been no more rapid than the art of needlework, for such a variety of first-rate materials in such beautiful colorings are available today that their manipulation proves as soothing to the varied, artistic eye as to the nerves. For example, the pre-walling silk motor scarf, which looks so sweet and neat if nicely made from good materials, is selected by numberless women, who excel at crochet, and knitters seem never to tire of making the narrow silk ties for men. Such handy and satisfactory items of work. Then, upon hand-knitted and crochet waistcoats alone a whole article could be written. They may be said to have taken the imagination of the home needlewoman by storm. Knitting and crochet, however, by no means sum up the subject of "fancy" waistcoats, for therein lies also the opportunity of the embroiderers. The most ambitious waistcoats are evolved from silk huckaback, embroidered with "Emperor" waistcoat silk, but charming and successful examples result from far less expensive materials. For golf, shooting, and so on, hand-knitted stockings are ideal, and gifts which men like hall with joy. Charming presents can also be made of silk purses and bags, both hand-knitted and also made in crochet. Motor vests, jerseys, golf coats and hand-knitted gloves, bedroom slippers and motor caps; the hand-crochet rugs and coverlets, and cosy garments for infants, are all fairly easy to make, and will come in as useful presents and also make the long winter evenings pass both pleasantly and profitably.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN

(Lady Dorothy Nevill)

"The rights of women, what are they?
The right to labor, love and pray;
The right to weep with those that weep,
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear;
The right to smooth the brow of care,
To whisper comfort in despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The right when earthly hopes all fail,
To point to that within the veil.

The right the wanderer to reclaim
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the Little ones to guide
In simple faith, to Him who died
With earnest love and gentle praise,
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys
And wing its flight to heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love,
The right to die that love to prove;
The right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones

Are these thy rights? Then use them well;
The holy influence none can tell
If these are thine, why ask for more?
Thou hast's enough to answer for!

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not
That woman's mission is thy lot;
Improve thy talents God has given;
Life's duties done—thy rest is heaven.

THROUGH THE TELEPHONE

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Who are you, please?"

"Watt."

"What's your name, please?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes; what's your name?"

"I say my name is Watt."

"Oh! well I'm coming to see you."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No; I'm Knott."

"Who are you then, please?"

"I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name, please?"

"Watt Knott."

"Why won't you?"

"I say my name is William Knott."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"Then you will be in if I come round, Watt?"

"Certainly Knott."

Then they were cut off by the exchange and Knott wants to know if Watt will be in or not.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS AND RECIPES

A Dainty Menu for a Christmas Dinner

Clear Oxtail Soup. Sole a la Normande.

Supremes of Sweetbread.

Roast Turkey. Quails with Grapes.

Iced Chocolate Souffle.

Mushroom Canapes.

Sole a la Normande.—Trim the fillets from a pair of soles, brush them over with warm butter, then fold them over and arrange them in a saute pan which has been liberally buttered; pour a quarter of a pint of white wine over the fish, cover it with buttered paper, and let it cook in a well-heated oven for quarter of an hour. Have at hand some fish broth, which has been previously prepared and nicely flavored with vegetables, herbs and spices. Cook an ounce of butter and flour together for a few minutes without letting the latter acquire any color; then pour in by degrees half a pint of the broth, add the liquor in which the fillets were cooked (keeping them hot while the sauce is made), and stir the broth with the fillets until it is boiled and thickened; then add half a pint (less two tablespoonsfuls) of cream, and when the sauce is on the point of boiling, stir in the yolks of two eggs, which have been beaten up with the two tablespoonsfuls of cream which were reserved. Ascertain that there is sufficient seasoning, and add a dessertspoonful of finely-chopped parsley; take care the sauce does not boil after the eggs have been added to it. Brush the fillets over with sufficient of the sauce to mask them, and arrange them on the platter in a hot dish; then on each fillet place a white creole of chopped truffle, and in the middle two button mushrooms, a prawn and a blanched oyster (the garnish excepting the truffle, must be made hot in a little of the fish broth), and pour the remainder of the sauce round the dish.

Supremes of Sweetbread.—Soak and blanch a few slices of sweetbread, then dip them into a buttered dish with sliced "soup" vegetables (prepared as for a braise), a small blade of mace and some salt and pepper; place the pan on the stove for five minutes, then pour in just enough veal stock to cover the sweetbreads; put a buttered paper over the top to prevent the butter melting, and then cover the dish with the lid of the pan, and let the contents cook in a moderately hot oven for half an hour; at the end of that time remove the sweetbreads and press them between two flat dishes with a weight on the top until they are quite cold, then wipe them, and after cutting them into moderately thick slices, stamp out with a sharp round cutter of medium size as many rounds as are needed, and put aside until they are wanted. Pass the trimmings from the sweetbreads and sufficient of the white meat from a cooked chicken to make up eight ounces (these quantities are sufficient for eight or ten rounds) twice through a fine mincer, and then pound in a mortar with two ounces of panada, a large tablespoonful of nicely-flavored thick white sauce, a dessertspoonful of minced ham, a dessertspoonful of thick cream and the whites of three raw eggs; season the mixture well with salt, pepper and

nutmeg, add a few drops of lemon juice and rub it through a sieve. Cover the rounds of sweetbread with the peppered mixture, moulding it neatly into the shape of a dome, and cook in a moderate oven. In a buttered saute pan covered with a buttered paper, for about a quarter of an hour. Arrange the supremes on a border of chestnuts, brush them over with warm glaze and surround with a clear thick sauce made from the broth in which the sweetbreads were cooked, and flavor with sherry.

Quails with Grapes.—Poach as many quails as are required in some very well-flavored veal and chicken consomme for fifteen minutes; put a tea-spoonful of white wine into as many fireproof caskets as there are birds, then pour in a dessertspoonful of warm butter, and put one quail into each little casket; surround it with white grapes, which have been divided, peeled and freed from seeds, then fill the remaining space with some moderately thick, clear, brown sauce, made from game stock, and place the caskets in a well-heated oven for ten minutes. Serve with a small piece of watercress on the top of each bird.

Iced Chocolate Souffle.—Blanch four ounces of sweet almonds, chop them and put them in a saucepan containing four ounces of melted loaf sugar, which has turned a golden color. As soon as the almonds are evenly powdered turn them from the saucepan onto a dish which has been lightly rubbed over with butter; spread them out and leave them until they are cold, when they must be pounded in a mortar until they are reduced to a fine powder. Make a pint of chocolate, strain it and pour it gradually into a basin containing the yolks of ten eggs which have been beaten with an ounce of powdered sugar, pour the mixture into a steamer and stir patiently over a low fire until it thickens sufficiently to coat the spoon. Place it in a clean basin, which should be surrounded by broken ice, and whisk it

NOW FOR TWO STIRRING DAYS!

A Fitting Finale to a Record-Breaking Holiday

Business at

YOUR BIG HOLIDAY STORE



The Offerings of
THE CURTAIN DEPT.
Are Interesting This
Xmas Season

The Christmas offerings of our Curtain and Drapery Section have been the wonder and enjoyment of hundreds of visitors during the past few weeks. The wealth of pretty and shapely gifts shown here makes this department one of the most interesting of this great store. The Curtain Section offers you the most handsome assortment of new curtains and curtainings we have ever shown. Many charming and exclusive patterns are offered; in high, medium and low priced varieties. There isn't a homekeeper anywhere who wouldn't appreciate a pair of pretty curtains for Xmas.

Then the Carpets and Rugs, the Linens and the Oriental Goods sections are close by with their equally interesting gift suggestions. Come up to the second floor, by all means.

\$1.00

BUYS BETTER VALUES IN

Sterling Manicure Pieces
Sterling Perfume Bottles
Sterling Vaseline Jars
Shaving Brushes
Shaving Mug and Brush
Silver Mounted Vases
Silver Toast Racks
Silver Pickle Forks
Silver Sugar Shells
Silver Nut Cracks
Silver Olive Spoons
Silver Sugar Shell and Butter Knife in Case
Austrian Bisque Figures
China Cups and Saucers
China Flower Vases
Glass Flower Vases
Pretty Jardinières
Child's Rockers
Misses' or Youth's Chair
Mission Book Rack
High-Backed Dining Chairs
Brass Card Trays
Pretty Cushion Covers
Stylish Table Covers
Tray Cloths
Lace D'oylies
Bed Spreads
Napkins—Per dozen

We could continue this list until the whole page was filled and still there would be more pretty things for \$1.00.

Just come down tomorrow with dollar and see what you can carry away for it.

\$1.50

BUYS BETTER VALUES IN

Book Shelf for Wall
Paper Rack in Oak
Tea Cloths
Tray Cloths
Sideboard Covers
Oriental Brass Vases
Mohair Rugs
Misses' Arm Rockers
Child's Arm Rockers
Child's Commode Chair
Kitchen Rockers
Dining Chairs in Oak
Tabourettes, Mahogany finished
Jardinière Stands, Mahogany finish. These are very pretty and useful pieces, and would make a very desirable present to any homekeeper
Pillows, fancy ticking
Sterling Sugar Tongs
Child's Silver Mugs
Silver Toast Racks
Silver Food Pushers
Silver Souvenir Spoons
Salts and Peppers, Pair
Silver Mounted Vases
Silver Mounted Combs
Glass Flower Vases
China Flower Vases
China Cups and Saucers

The variety of useful gifts at \$1.50, is so great it is useless to itemize further. Hundreds and hundreds of most sensible articles are displayed here.

\$2.50

BUYS BETTER VALUES IN

Oriental Brass Vases
Linen Tea Cloths
Connemara Lace Centres
Axminster Rugs
Pretty Table Covers
Mission Oak Rockers
Large Arm Chairs
Arm Rocking Chairs in Mahogany or Golden Oak Finish
High Back Rockers
Extra Strong Arm Chairs in Golden finish. These are reinforced by iron rods
Jardinière Stands, Mission Oak Bookshelf
Mission Bookshelf
Extra Quality Pillows
Andirons in Black
Silver Child's Mugs
Silver Toast Racks
Silver Breakfast Cruets
Silver Pie Knives
Gilt Picture Frames
Umbrella Stands in Earthware. New arrivals that are very handsome
Child's Sets. Superior quality sets consisting of table and two chairs. In red and blue finishes
Rocking Chairs
Folding Card Tables
Dining Chairs in Oak
Office Stools, Oak, Seat adjustable to any height
Jardinière Stands in Oak
Child's Cradles
Willow Bassinettes
Feather Pillows. Sanitary grey goose feathers with superior Art Ticking cover
Parlor Table in Mahogany finish. A handsome table style at a ridiculously low figure
Japanese Draft Screens. Nicely decorated four fold screen. This is very special value at \$3.50
Silver Child's Mugs
Silver Toast Racks
Silver Card Receivers
Silver Butter Dishes
Silver Marmalade Jars
Oak Biscuit Jars
Silver Cake Dishes
Silver Berry Dishes
"Libbey" Cut Glass Nappies, Vases, Open Salts

The Sterling Silver Department holds many pieces at this price. These are the finest efforts of the foremost workers in silver. Don't forget to visit the Sterling department.

In China there are hundreds of articles around this figure that will delight you.

\$3.00

BUYS BETTER VALUES IN

Dainty Tea Cloths
Pretty Hearth Rugs
Oriental Brass Jardinières
Drawn Sideboard Covers
Sterling Sugar Tong
Silver Salt & Pepper
Silver Dinner Bells
Silver Child's Mugs
Silver Pie Knives
Gilt Picture Frames
Umbrella Stands in Earthware. New arrivals that are very handsome
Child's Sets. Superior quality sets consisting of table and two chairs. In red and blue finishes
Rocking Chairs
Folding Card Tables
Dining Chairs in Oak
Office Stools, Oak, Seat adjustable to any height
Jardinière Stands in Oak
Child's Cradles
Willow Bassinettes
Feather Pillows. Sanitary grey goose feathers with superior Art Ticking cover
Parlor Table in Mahogany finish. A handsome table style at a ridiculously low figure
Japanese Draft Screens. Nicely decorated four fold screen. This is very special value at \$3.50
Silver Child's Mugs
Silver Toast Racks
Silver Card Receivers
Silver Butter Dishes
Silver Marmalade Jars
Oak Biscuit Jars
Silver Cake Dishes
Silver Berry Dishes
"Libbey" Cut Glass Nappies, Vases, Open Salts

The small sum of \$3.00 will pick up many interesting gift pieces here. Always remember that no matter what the price paid here, you are getting merchandise of "Weiler Quality."

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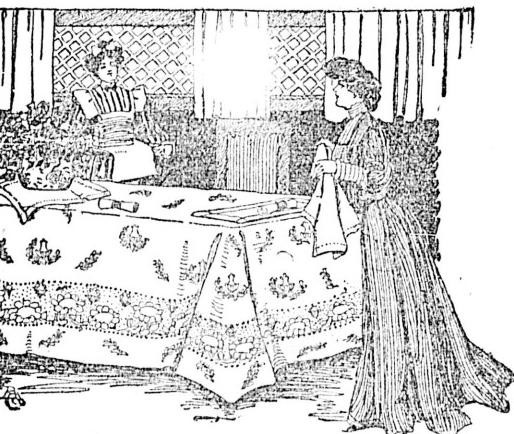
\$3.50

BUYS BETTER VALUES IN

Handsome Cushions
Pretty Wilton Rugs
Oriental Brass Jardinières
Drawn Sideboard Covers
Sterling Sugar Tong
Child's Reed Arm Chair
Child's Reed Arm Rocker
Solid Oak Arm Chair
Arm Diner in Mission
Folding Go-Cart
Large Arm Chair
Reed Cake Stands
Magazine Stand in Mission Oak. Has 3 shelves and handle to carry about
Child's Crib. Wood
Iron Bedstead. A pretty style in White Enamel, 3 ft. wide. Just the thing for the younger folks
Folding Meat Safe
Parlor Table in Mahogany finish. A handsome table style at a ridiculously low figure
Japanese Draft Screens. Nicely decorated four fold screen. This is very special value at \$3.50
Silver Child's Mugs
Silver Toast Racks
Silver Card Receivers
Silver Butter Dishes
Silver Marmalade Jars
Oak Biscuit Jars
Silver Cake Dishes
Silver Berry Dishes
"Libbey" Cut Glass Nappies, Vases, Open Salts

Pictures. Beautiful Auto-type Engravings framed

15c



Fine Linens for Your Xmas Table

A snowy white, satiny background is indispensable as a setting for the dinner service and if your linen isn't "correct," no matter if all other appointments are perfect, this feature mar your efforts. We have an immense stock fresh from the Bleach Fields of Ireland—the home of "Linen Betterness." The assortment comprises made up cloths and serviettes to match, Table Damask by the yard; smaller articles in plain and hand embroidered linen for table centres, sideboard covers, tea-cloths and d'oylies. Handsome Gift pieces in the showing. Come in.

\$4.00

BUYS BETTER VALUES IN

Eiderdown Quilts
Handsome Lace Curtains
Connemara Cushion Covers
Axminster Rugs
Child's Walking Chair
Old Hickory Arm Chair
Large Arm Rocker
Reed Cake Stands
Ladies' Bedroom Rockers
Dining Chairs in Oak
Tabourettes in Oak
Jardinière Stands, Oak
Iron Bedsteads, pretty designs and full size
Folding Meat Safes
Pictures. A great variety of choice Artotype engravings framed with 3 inch oak, mission finish, frames. Size 27x34. A variety of high-class subjects
Fire Sets in Brass, 3 pieces, shovel, tongs and poker
Wire Spark Guards
Silver Mounted Oak Biscuit Jars. Pretty Styles
Silver Cake Dishes
Dozen Silver Coffee Spoons
"Libbey" Cut Glass Nappies. Pretty styles

The China Department offers you a very wide choice of gifts at \$4.00. Space does not permit of our listing them here. Some of the most stunning creations are to be seen this season in this department. A special offering of this department is a 40-piece China Tea Set at \$4.50. See this offering.

In Sterling Silver we have many items of interest marked at this price. Hand-some designs.

\$4.50

BUYS BETTER VALUES IN

Handsome Bed Spreads
Japanese Rugs
Tapestry Panels
Dainty Cushion Covers
Axminster Rugs
Child's Combination, high and low chair and carriage
Upholstered Dining Chair
Office Stool in solid oak, screw seat adjustable to any height
Parlor Table. A handsome style in mahogany finish
Fire Set in Brass. Three pieces, shovel, tongs and poker
Fender in Brass and Iron
Sterling Open Salts and Spoons in pretty case
Silver Pickle Dish
"Libbey" Cut Glass Vases and Nappies. Pretty styles

The China Department offers you a very wide choice of gifts at \$4.50. Space does not permit of our listing them here. Some of the most stunning creations are to be seen this season in this department. A special offering of this department is a 40-piece China Tea Set at \$4.50. See this offering.

In Sterling Silver we have many items of interest marked at this price. Hand-some designs.

\$5.00

BUYS BETTER VALUES IN

Mohair Rugs
Newest Lace Curtains
Eiderdown Quilts
Axminster Rugs
Reed Reception Chairs
Reed Ottomans
Sea Grass Ottomans
Oak Arm Chairs
Arm Rocking Chairs
Child's Reed Rockers
Music Racks in Oak
Child's Table Chair
Dining Chairs in Oak
Upholstered Arm Chairs
Medicine Cabinets, white Washstands in Fir
Parlor Tables in Oak
Tray Stands in Oak
Fenders, Brass & Iron
Silver Card Receivers
Silver Bon Bons
Oak Biscuit Jars
Silver Sugars and Creams
Silver Cake Dishes
Silver Berry Dishes
"Libbey" Cut Glass Colognes, Bon Bons Vases and Oil Bottles

There are hundreds of other useful articles at this popular price. Every department has its quota. You'll get better value for your money here. Just come in tomorrow and test this by looking over our five-dollar offerings.

A "GIVE-AWAY" SALE OF TARDY ARRIVALS IN CHINA

Though orders were placed months ago for these the unusual business enjoyed by the potteries this year prevented their shipping these on time and the past week has witnessed the arrival of china, bought specially for Christmas Trade, that should have been on show a month ago. We do not want to carry this past Christmas, and to that end have marked it at ridiculously low prices. You'll find these three tables loaded with the best china values ever shown.

15c

Decorated China Spoon Holders
Decorated China Children's Cups and Saucers
Decorated China Children's Mugs
Decorated China Flower Baskets
Decorated China Shaving Mugs
Decorated China Cream Jugs
Decorated China Dessert Plates
Decorated China Ash Trays
China Bisque Ornaments
"Happy Hooligan" Ash Trays
"Happy Hooligan" Match Holders
Decorated China Fruit Saucers

In many instances the values on this page are better than you would expect to receive for 25c and more. Many people have a great many presents to buy and with a limited purse it is a "question." With a special view to their wants we have made this interesting counter.

25c

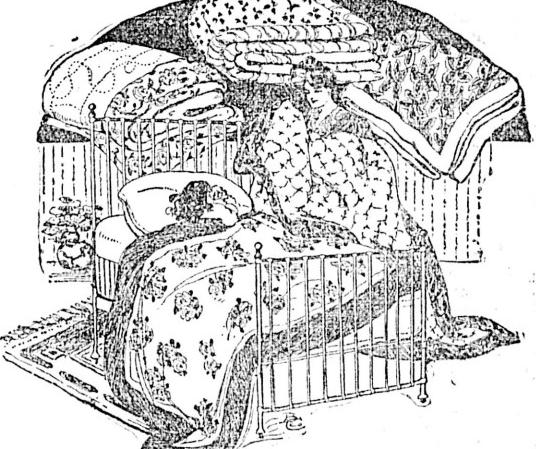
Decorated China Cake Plates
Decorated China Celery Trays
Decorated China Flower Vases
Decorated China Covered Sugar Bowls
Decorated China Syrup Jug and Plate
Decorated China Candlesticks
Decorated China Spoon Trays
Decorated China Sugars and Creams
Decorated China Cup Saucer and Plate
Decorated China Cups and Saucers
Decorated Mustache Cups and Saucers
Children's Fancy China Mugs
China Porridge Sets—Plate, Bowl and Jug
China Milk and Cream Pitchers
China Bisque Figures
Children's Pig Banks
Large size Majolica Jugs
Majolica Jardinières
Ruby Night Lamps
Children's Decorated Enamel Mugs
Crystal Glass Flower Vases
Bretby Art Vases

Never were offered such values as this 25c counter contains. It is better though, to dispose of these tardy arrivals now than to hold them until way into summer time and perhaps longer, so they are placed on this counter to clear. The next two days will see all disappear.

50c

Decorated China Nut Bowls
Decorated China Caberets
Painted China Cake Plates
Decorated China Cups and Saucers
Decorated China Butter Dishes
Decorated China Biscuit Jars
Decorated China Marmalade Jars
Decorated China Celery Trays
Very Handsome Bisque Figures
Large Majolica Jardinières
Decorated Bohemian Glass Vases
Bretby Art Vases
Pretty Decorated Teapots
Decorated China Bedroom Candlesticks
Decorated China Cheese Stands
Ruby Night Lamps with Ruby Globes

Never were offered such values as this 50c counter contains. It is better though, to dispose of these tardy arrivals now than to hold them until way into summer time and perhaps longer, so they are placed on this counter to clear. The next two days will see all disappear.



Beds and Bedding for Xmas

What middle-of-Winter gift could be more useful than a handsome, cosy, warm comforter? One of our McLintock down-filled quilts covered with handsome figured chintz can be purchased for \$5.25. It is an ideal gift suggestion. Then, too, the bedding store offers dozens of other equally interesting items. Going up to the "Floor of Beds," we find an assortment of the very finest creations in brass and iron beds. Prices range from \$3.00 up to \$110.00. In dainty cribs for the children we have some stylish low priced designs. Look these offerings over!

SPECIAL

"LIBBEY" CUT GLASS BOWL'S \$7.15

In. Price

SPECIAL

4-PIECE SILVER TEA SET \$14.25

satin finish, at

SPECIAL

A 40-PIECE CHINA TEA SET, green floral \$4.30

FRILLS.

SPECIAL

CUSHION SILK VELVET SATIN FRILLS. \$3.35

Price

SPECIAL

A GENUINE LISKURU RUG, 54 x 24. Price \$4.75

Per pair

SPECIAL

PRETTY SWISS LACE CURTAINS. \$3.80

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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR



"ARGOSIES OF THE AIR"

Every one knows by sight the dark, heavy clouds, to which meteorologists have applied the name, "nimbus," to signify that they are clouds par excellence. A nimbus is a wonderful thing. Charged with, perhaps, millions of tons of moisture, it is borne by the winds athwart the sky, and as its contents, when deposited upon the earth in the form of rain or snow, are the source of our springs and rivers, and of such incalculable value to mankind, they have been compared to great ships freight with a priceless cargo, and one writer has called them "the argosies of the air."

Science has not yet ascertained by what marvelous architecture these great water-carriers are constructed. When we have built an airship that will stay aloft and carry a burden, we think much has been achieved, but these vast ships of the skies take up loads from the Equatorial oceans and deliver them on the slopes of northern mountains with the same facility as a bird seeks in winter a home in a warmer clime. And how it is done, how this wonderful process, which seems to set at defiance all the laws of gravity, is carried on with a constancy that is almost invariable, is an absolute mystery. So, too, is it a mystery how the clouds discharge their tremendous loads. When we consider the vast weight of a rain-cloud, the gentle way in which its contents, as a rule, are deposited is a veritable marvel. A cubic foot of water, that is, 1,728 cubic inches, weighs 1,000 ounces. That means that an inch of rain over a square mile would weigh over 1,000,000 pounds. But a rain-cloud or nimbus frequently extends over hundreds and sometimes over thousands of square miles, and even after it has deposited an inch of rain in one locality moves away to another and there lays down more of its burden, so that it may really hold suspended in the air a weight of millions of tons. If this were to descend in a mass it would carry devastation with it. Sometimes it does so over small areas, and we then speak of it as a "cloud-burst." In this we have an illustration of how frequently popular notions are in advance of science, for the latter has not suggested how a cloud can "burst." A bursting implies an envelope that can be broken, and those who have seen a cloud-burst will bear out the statement that it acts as though something had given way. The ordinary reference books cast very little light upon this interesting subject, and what works on meteorology that we have at hand are equally silent; but Bullen, in his "Heritage of the Seas," a little book to which we have often referred, tells us something about nimbus clouds, and also about waterspouts, which, though unscientific, is so interesting and suggestive, that we propose to quote freely from it. After all, meteorologists are necessarily under a handicap in dealing with these phenomena. Few of them can have ever seen a waterspout or a cloud-burst. Few of them have ever witnessed the fury of a tropical rain. They have to take their facts second-hand and be on their guard to avoid being misled by unintentional exaggeration. Only those, "who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters," and of these only those whose vessels are propelled by the wind alone, and hence are often carried out of what may be called the beaten tracks of the ocean, have an opportunity to observe the wonders of the deep. Mr. Bullen was one of the latter, and while he evidently knows more of the scientific side of meteorology than he cares to admit, he treats his subject in a popular way. Speaking of the nimbus cloud, he says: "It is not the least of ocean mysteries, the way in which its bitter waters are suddenly, in a few minutes, converted into sweet drinkable fluid and elevated to the sky by thousands of tons. There it is received and retained by immense reservoirs of mobile shape, of entirely intangible material, and conveyed by the agency of the winds to those regions where it is needed. Pause a moment and think of the utter marvellousness of this miracle!" He tells us that there is nothing very wonderful in the light vapor of the cumulus clouds, but asks us to try to comprehend, if we can, how these great aerial lakes, wherein there are sometimes frogs and fishes, are kept suspended in the air, carried for perhaps thousands of miles, and gently dropped where the water is required for the use of man, beast and vegetable life. We quote in full his description of a waterspout, which is that of a man familiar with the appearance of these wonderful things:

"Let me briefly recapitulate the process in the most superficial manner, which is all any one can do, since the inner workings are hidden from our eyes in the arcana of Nature. All the conditions being favorable, one of them being obviously a great amount of solar heat—since the development of a waterspout never takes place in cold weather or at night—a collection of clouds approach the sea. There is little wind, for it is obvious that a swiftly-driven cloud would be quite unfit for the leisurely sucking up of a great mass of water and the dark masses of specially prepared vapor lower over the surface of the comparatively smooth sea. It would appear, too, as if the sea was specially prepared in some strange fashion for what is about to take place, for whenever or wherever the long pendant or tube of cloud approaches the sea surface, the latter becomes violently agitated in a circular direction, looking, indeed, as if it were striving to reach upwards to the sky. Quite a mound of water appears, to the summit of which the pendant of cloud, which has apparently excited this sympathy, presently reaches and joins itself, when immediately the process begins. There is now a flexible column reaching from sea to cloud, so flexible indeed that it may be seen swaying about; so tenuous that through its walls the water may be observed rushing upwards with a spiral movement as plainly as if the observer were watching the operations of a gigantic pump whose receiving-pipe was of glass. Only in this case there is no spasmodic pulsation of the water such as a pump compels, there is a steady upward movement in obedience to some irresistible suction. While this is going on, the lading of the cloud above is clearly evident. It spreads, grows baggier, blacker, and more threatening in appearance, until at last its limit of storage capacity being reached, there is an automatic cessation of the great machinery. The tube dwindles rapidly until it becomes a mere thread, then continuity ceases—I cannot use the harsh word 'break' in this connection—and with that cessation of the juncture between sea and cloud, there is a closing up of the pipe, almost a hermetic sealing as it were, and the disconnected tube shrivels away, until at last it is even as a mere excrescence upon the bottom of the sagging cloud above. Presently even that is smoothed out, and, like some richly-freighted argosy, the cloud sails majestically away upon its beneficent errand."

"Accidents happen, of course; what situation is free from them? Sometimes a sudden shock of lightning or thunder will break the tube in the middle of its work, and cause a terrific return of the raised water to the sea with a roar like that of Niagara. This is occasionally brought about by human agency, and proves conclusively the amazing tenacity of the cloud which can yet sustain so vast a weight of water. The master of a vessel, nervous for the safety of his ship, in close proximity with the waterspout, will cause a gun to be fired, not necessarily at the spout, but in any direction, and in the concussion of the atmosphere the radiating air-waves strike against the water-laden cloud column, break it, and all the mass of water, both raised and in

process of raising, returns to the sea with a tremendous crash. The idea may be a very fanciful one, but I have often wondered whether it might not be possible to trace the ruin and misery of the inhabitants of some inland town or village enduring a water-famine to the nervous act of some petty skipper fearful for the safety of his ship, who, by some such act as I have described, has destroyed the celestial water-bearers whose mission it was to supply that faraway community with the indispensable gift of water. The idea does not seem so far-fetched after all, does it?"

Surely this is very wonderful, even if we allow something for the poetic imagination of the writer. Then think of what becomes of this vast floating reservoir. It may be borne along for thousands of miles without a drop of its contents being lost. Perhaps by some of the inexplicable processes of the mid-air, the water is dissolved in the atmosphere, to appear later on at a high altitude as a fleecy mass, which we know is composed of fine ice particles. Perhaps in its course it meets a mountain range over which it cannot lift all of its burden, and some of it falls in rain, and higher up some of it in the form of snow. Later the water finds its way to the sea again, after first acting as the life-blood to a great land. So Nature performs her daily miracles. We are so accustomed to them that we scarcely ever think of them, but they far surpass the greatest achievements of men. Indeed, in comparison with them, our greatest works and processes seem little different from the bungling efforts of children.

MARGARET OF NAVARRE

Marguerite d'Augonleme, otherwise known as Marguerite de Valois, but most commonly spoken of in English as Margaret of Navarre, was daughter of Charles d'Orleans, and sister of Francis I, King of France. She was born in 1492. At the age of seventeen she married the Duke d'Alencon, who was killed in the Battle of Pavie. Later she married Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre, by whom she had a daughter, who was mother of Henry IV. of France. Her second husband died in 1549, and after his death she administered the affairs of Navarre. She died in 1549. She encouraged literature, and was herself quite a prolific writer. Her chief work was the *Heptameron*, which seems to be a series of historical or semi-historical tales, framed in a dialogue after the general style of the *Decameron*, and somewhat like the plan of literary construction adopted by Moore in "Lalla Rookh." The tales of the *Heptameron* are sometimes coarse, but there is a good moral in most of them. They are told without much embellishment, being, in fact, what they are intended to be, stories that might be related in the course of a conversation. Many of them have to do with incidents arising out of the Crusades. Europe at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century was yet living under the influence of this great movement, which, for nearly two hundred and fifty years, had occupied the attention of all the princes of Christendom, and had been the greatest factor in the regeneration of Europeans from the intellectual night of the Middle Ages. For centuries Europe was enshrouded in a darkness, of which we can form only a very inadequate idea. Learning, such as it was, was confined almost wholly to the ecclesiastics, and they devoted their time and talents chiefly to the development of abstruse speculations on religious subjects. With the inauguration of the Crusades began a literary movement, and nearly synchronous therewith Dante appeared, and later came the era, when the stories of El Cid and many romances made their appearance. The period of the Renaissance was followed by that of the Reformation, and the latter was indeed its legitimate successor. Margaret in a sense represented both. Her literary tastes were mediaeval; her human sympathies were influenced by the spirit of religious toleration. One of her biographers says of her, referring to the time of her marriage: "Free and gay in speech, eager and joyous in spirit, she amused herself with the brilliant life and with her would-be lovers, and at other times occupied herself with her books—books often on divinity, studies that were molding her character." Erasmus, in a letter to her, written later, said: "Long have I admired the many excellent gifts that God has endowed you with. He has given you prudence, chastity, modesty, piety, invincible strength of mind, and a marvelous contempt for temporal things." The letter from which this extract is taken was written in Latin, but Margaret was familiar with that language, and such an accomplished Greek scholar that she read the writings of Plato in the original.

Her life was a sad one, full almost to overflowing with domestic troubles. She was truly in love with her first husband, and his death was a great blow to her. She was inspired by a devotion to her brother, the King, that was akin to worship. This feeling she extended in a great degree to his wife Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, and of the Romans, Seneca and Cicero, paved the way for Christ, that His thoughts were to a great extent affected her, and a few months after one of the little princesses, a lovely eight-year-old girl, whom she nursed through weeks of weary illness, died in her arms. She tells in one of her writings how this death affected her belief in immortality, and how she sat by the bedside of one of her waiting-women, whom she greatly loved, striving to catch some indication that a soul was leaving the body. On the heels of these blows came the defeat and imprisonment of her brother, the King. Two months later her husband, the Duke d'Alencon, was slain. Her marriage with the King of Navarre is described as one "of passionate affection" on her part, and there is no doubt that he loved her well enough at first, although they afterwards became estranged, but not until after a daughter had been born to her. The court of Navarre was far from brilliant, for the King had little more than his title; yet Margaret surrounded herself with scholars, poets and the most brilliant men and women of her time. It was said of her that "when in pain herself she could comfort others; when weak, she could protect; when poor, she could enrich." She died in 1549, her heart having been broken by the death of her brother, two years before. She was loved in her lifetime by all who knew her, and is honored by all who have studied her life story and her writings. Even the *Heptameron*, coarse in places though it is, is far in advance of the spirit of her times. Following is an extract from one of her poems, which illustrates the depth of her religious feeling:

Grif has given me such a wound
By an unbearable sorrow,
That almost my body dies
From the pain it feels in secret.
My spirit is in torment,
But it leans
On Him, who gives the pain;
Who, causing the pain, comforts it.

The *Heptameron* professes to be the account of the sojourn of five ladies and gentlemen at an abbey, where they were detained by heavy rain, which prevented them from proceeding on their journey. One of them, the Lady Oisille, suggests that they should pass their time in pious meditation and in hearing the story of the life of Christ. The others clamored for tales of romance, and in the end a compromise was reached, the morning being devoted to the serious subjects, and the afternoon to lighter amusements. The *Heptameron* relates what was told

during the afternoon, with some running comments, nearly all of which are exceptionally clever, many of them inspired by a lofty spirituality, and some tinged with delicate satire. The following is a portion of one of the critiques upon the story of a woman and her unhappy husband:

"I think that one who loves perfectly, with a love in harmony with the commands of God, knows neither shame nor dishonor, save when the perfection of her love fails or is diminished, for the glory of true love knows not shame." And again: "It is true that a heart, pure towards God and man, loves more strongly than one that is vicious, and it fears not to have its very thoughts known."

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

In the early days of Christianity, the festival of the nativity of the Saviour was usually held in April or May. We are told quite decidedly in the beautiful Bible story that the shepherds were in the fields watching their flocks by night; but as December is one of the months of the rainy season in Judea, the shepherds would hardly be out of doors then. It is very easy to see how the date came to be fixed upon the 25th of December. Long before the Christian Era, the nations of Northern Europe, among them the Huns, of whom it is said that they were a race of glorious giants, fair-haired and blue-eyed, far stronger in physique and greater in stature than the Gauls or the Romans, celebrated as their most important festival the winter Solstice. Men of the forest were these long-ago Northern people. Cities had no place in their world. Life was too free a thing, too grand and great a thing to be limited and harassed by the bonds and conventions of civilization. They loved Nature and worshipped her as have the primitive people of all countries; and the most wonderful and the most important time of the year to them was the period of the Winter Solstice, the twelve darkest nights of the whole year, when the forces of Nature begin to take upon themselves renewed life and activity. During this period it was supposed that the gods and spirits descended upon the earth, while Woden himself, the supreme of all the gods, or in his absence, the chief goddess, Holler, led the great procession of spirits through the air. This festival was called the Yule Feast. It is very probable that as the Winter Solstice had been so long the occasion of the heathen festivity, it was decided that the celebration of the Saviour's birth should take place at that date, thus also to a great extent reconciling the two festivities. Some of the old heathen beliefs and usages connected with the feast have survived until the present day.

But after all it makes very little difference what day or days we may set apart as a time for joy and the practice of unselfishness in memory of the birth of Him, Who, though a "Man of Sorrows," was destined to bring peace, enlightenment and gladness to the millions, who have heard and understood the message God sent Him to bring unto the world. All miracles apart. He lived His life, a life of incomparable courage, steadfastness and purity; He delivered His message and He has gone; but as the procession of years passes on into eternity, the Truth that He lived and died to prove becomes more and more the ruling power of the whole civilized world.

There has not been within the knowledge of mankind a religious or a philosophical sect that has met with more persecution than Christianity. This was no doubt due, in great measure, to the Christians' intolerance of every other existing religion; but in spite of all possible justification, the fact remains the same, that from the earliest of the sacrifices, that of Jesus Himself, the victims to the cause of the Nazarene have exceeded in number the adherents of any other faith, who have died in defense of their principles. And yet in spite of this, in spite of the countless martyrs entombed by its advancement, so that a history of Christianity might well be written in blood, the Message of Christ comes down to us today, joy-giving, triumphant, eternal: "God is Love." And because this was His message, this living, breathing, glorious Truth, that makes life a paradise upon earth, for those who can see the Love of God in all His handiwork—because this was His message, in every land under the sun, in three days shall be celebrated the birth of Him who first showed us the way to happiness. There have been others, many, many others—prophets, priests and teachers, noble men who have lived and died for the cause they preached. And their causes have been noble—worth living and dying for, and the world has advanced under the influence of their wisdom, as it must advance under the teaching of any man, if his principles be sound and his life consistent, whether he be the instructor of a handful of little children or the counsellor of a king and an empire. Indeed, it might well be claimed that the wise men who went before Him, among them Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, and of the Romans, Seneca and Cicero, paved the way for Christ, that His thoughts were to a great extent affected her, and a few months after one of the little princesses, a lovely eight-year-old girl, whom she nursed through weeks of weary illness, died in her arms. She tells in one of her writings how this death affected her belief in immortality, and how she sat by the bedside of one of her waiting-women, whom she greatly loved, striving to catch some indication that a soul was leaving the body. On the heels of these blows came the defeat and imprisonment of her brother, the King. Two months later her husband, the Duke d'Alencon, was slain. Her marriage with the King of Navarre is described as one "of passionate affection" on her part, and there is no doubt that he loved her well enough at first, although they afterwards became estranged, but not until after a daughter had been born to her. The court of Navarre was far from brilliant, for the King had little more than his title; yet Margaret surrounded herself with scholars, poets and the most brilliant men and women of her time. It was said of her that "when in pain herself she could comfort others; when weak, she could protect; when poor, she could enrich." She died in 1549, her heart having been broken by the death of her brother, two years before. She was loved in her lifetime by all who knew her, and is honored by all who have studied her life story and her writings. Even the *Heptameron*, coarse in places though it is, is far in advance of the spirit of her times. Following is an extract from one of her poems, which illustrates the depth of her religious feeling:

A gay young rat went poaching on the preserves of a sullen, vindictive clam early one morning behind the raw bar of the Hotel Kerman, and came to sudden grief. He is now held in a viselike grip by the clam, which is determined to die rather than release its hold on the invader of its household. A clam is usually known as a quiet, inoffensive animal of the bivalve species, and seldom figures in our life excepting at the end of a fork. But this particular bivalve has constituted itself the latest novelty in the rat trap line.

When "Charlie" White, the colored bar man in the Kerman cafe, went to the oyster box this morning at 8 o'clock to arrange his work his eyes almost popped

from his head when he found a medium-sized rat

struggling to draw its right front paw out of a round

hole in the partition almost large enough to accommodate its body. "Charlie" was puzzled for an instant, but soon observed that the cause of the rat's distress was a large clam on the other side of the hole that held its foot fast. The clam could not follow the rat, so the rat was pulled through after the clam, placed in a canary cage and set on exhibition at the bar.—Baltimore News.

—O—

It is a growing opinion among medical specialists that the dangers associated with the use of alcohol even as a medical remedy overbalance its undoubted temporary advantages. There are certain types of nervous systems in which alcohol creates a craving for its continuous use, with results, physical and moral, that are simply disastrous. We know that alcoholism creates a predisposition to disease by the lowering of the temperature of the body below the normal, is responsible, in whole or in part, for about sixty per cent. of the more serious homicidal offences, and is one of the primary causative factors in the alarming increase of suicide. In proof of this last assertion it is a striking factor that the only country in Europe with a declining suicide rate is Norway, owing to the operation of the Gaol system, there is also a decreasing rate of consumption of alcohol to the person.—Boston Transcript.

—O—

A small boy, returning from school one day, inquired of his father what people meant when they spoke of the "law of compensation." The father, in the course of his explanation, cited the fact that if the senses is lost some one of the others receives a corresponding development; as, for example, if a man's sight became impaired his sense of touch or of hearing would become more acute, and so on.

"Oh, now I see why it is," interrupted the little fellow, "that when one leg is shorter it ought to be the other is always longer."—Harper's Weekly.

—O—

First Farmer—"And wat do 'ee give yur pigs?"

Second Farmer—"Oh, I gives 'em plenty o' straw."

First Farmer—"Ah, but 'ow do 'ee goo on when it's a bad year for straw?"

Second Farmer—"Well, when it's a bad year for straw, and there ain't much straw about, well, there be aye."

First Farmer—"Ay, that's right enough."

Second Farmer—"But when it's a good year for straw, and the harkspur that dances and nods."

Blue. And I like forget-me-nots dainty and fair,

The color of baby's bright eyes,

Am blue as the harkspur that dances and nods.

And rivals the deep summer skies.

Violet. And I am the color of violets shy

That hide at the foot of the trees,

Whose fragrance is sweeter than lily or rose,

And floats on each wandering breeze.

All. Yes, six little candles so shining and bright,

A gay little rainbow are we,

And here we will shine like six beautiful stars

To brighten the fair Christmas tree.

—Punch.

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Bishop Cridge Recalls Memories of the Past

N essaying to write an account of my first Christmas at Victoria, I am met at the beginning with the inconvenient fact that I kept no journal, my only written records relating simply to my ministry or to things purely personal or domestic. What I write, therefore, is not a history, seeking materials from any and all sources of information, nor a biography, dealing with the writer's proper business in life, but a narrative of incidents occurring to memory, interesting to the reader only because they refer to the early history of our beloved city.

Another thing has to be considered, namely, that, after fifty years and more, the remembered incidents of a particular day or season would occupy but a few lines to relate, such a season may properly be regarded in its relation to things going before and things following after.

In this view, my memory carries me back to a very happy day, April 1, 1855, when the good sailing ship *Margius* of Bute, chartered by the Hudson's Bay Company to bring its freight and passengers, including myself as chaplain and district minister of Victoria, my wife and servants, to this far-off island, calling at Honolulu by the way, cast anchor off Clover Point, so terminating a voyage of about six months' duration from London. The next day, having moved to the inner harbor, we made our first acquaintance with several Victorians, who came on board to give us and our compatriots a cordial welcome. That same morning we received an invitation from His Excellency Governor Douglas to luncheon, who also sent a boat to take us ashore; the boatman was good John Spelde, concerning whom I curiously remember my wife telling me that her domestic, Mary Ann Herbert, referred to him later in the day as the "man with the fingers," he having lost three of those members in the firing of a salute on some ceremonial occasion.

After the luncheon, never to be forgotten for the cordial welcome of His Excellency and Mrs. Douglas and their interesting family, not to say the delicious salmon and other delicacies after shipboard fare, we were conducted to the Fort, which was to be our temporary abode till the Parsonage, which then began to be built, should be finished. I have no recollection of the impression produced on my mind as we entered by the south gate the large square fenced in by tall palisades and frowning bastions, only I am certain that I had no fear of being imprisoned in this stronghold of the great Adventurers; on the contrary, I distinctly remember that as, proceeding past the central bell-tower to our rooms, on the north side, east of the main entrance, we entered the spacious, though empty, apartments destined for our reception, my wife fairly danced for joy at our release from the long and tedious confinement on shipboard. The very emptiness of the rooms was a charm. It was the new home to which from her mother's house in London only a few days before sailing together to the other end of the world, I had brought her, and what bride does not joy to see her world awaiting her, though the house be empty and bare? With the help of our two servants, and local carpenters, supplies from the company's stores, and our own ample outfit, she soon effected a transformation.

I remembered also, something of the evening and night of that first day; the tea and fresh milk and bread and butter; and how, when settling ourselves to sleep for the night, we saw a large white rat crossing the stovepipe which ran through our bedroom from the great Canadian stove in the sitting room. It is curious how trifling things cleave to the memory, while the monotonous things of everyday life, which are our proper business, give no signal.

The next morning I was introduced to several officers and cadets of the company messsing at the Fort, W. J. Macdonald, now our well known representative in the Senate; B. W. Sangster, Farquhar, Mackay, Newton, Sangster (Sangster's Plains postmaster), also to Chief Factor Findlayson, who lived in a house in the southwest corner of the Fort; and Dr. Helmcken, now, for reasons of state, the Hon. J. S. Helmcken, residing with his wife in the house which he still occupies; later J. D. Pemberton, who returned from England, bringing his sister, Miss Pemberton.

Looking back now to my first Sunday service, I have no recollection of it as distinguished from other similar services to follow. From my written records only I find that the text of my sermon on the occasion was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and that I referred in the conclusion to the Crimean war just ended; but there is pictured in my memory the figure of a man coming past the bell-tower with a prayer book under his arm, "going to church." Him I was afterwards to know as good John Outall, a dear and faithful friend to me as long as he lived.

The church services were held in the messroom. There was no instrument and no organized choir. Of those whose voices contributed to this part of divine worship I think only Mrs. W. J. Macdonald survives.

As to my first Christmas Day, which this year ('55) fell on a Tuesday, while I remember nothing of it as distinguished from other Christmas days to follow (more than fifty in number); but my records say that my text was, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." But where we dined, what we had for dinner, or how we spent the day, my wife might have told, but I cannot. I know that we spent many Christmas evenings at the Governor's very pleasantly, and this may have been, and probably was, one of them. I remember that one New Year's Eve there was a violent snow-storm, which hindered me from holding a service at Craigflower, as I had intended, but my records show what I do not in the least remember, that I preached at Craigflower on New Year's Day. I also remember that by Christmas Day we had moved into the Parsonage, and that my two sisters, who had arrived at Esquimalt from England, a week before, were with us on that day.

I remember good deal about the Parsonage in those early days. It was almost in the country. As it was at first, unfenced, my wife was often afraid at noises. One night we heard a scraping, and she was sure that someone was breaking into the house. I tried to persuade her that burglars did not announce their presence in that open fashion. However, to reassure her, I reconnoitred, and found it was only a sow rubbing her back against an old shed nearby.

The Parsonage ground was all wild, but the soil good, and as it was my future home, the task of trying to make it a worthy appendage of the district church was a pleasant one. My servant, James Rahey, was a good gardener, but rather more inclined to the useful than the ornamental. When my wife wanted to enlist his interest in flower gardening, he remarked that the flowers he liked best were cauliflower. However, she had her way, he nothing loath. Dr. Helmcken liberally supplied us with a variety of flowers from his well-kept garden, among which I remember daisies—not the few modest crimson-tipped flowers, but variegated beauties, gorgeous through ages of culture. There was not a wild daisy in the country; but now they are spreading everywhere, as if when left alone they preferred their natural state. The Governor also took kindly interest in the work, offering valuable hints as to the planting of fruit trees, etc. Mr. Wark, of Tilliside, also sent me a fine lot of young ornamental trees, which flourished well. A good gardening tool was loaned me of the company—a long loan, I think, as I have possession of it still.

So the garden, though nothing to boast of in the artistic point of view, yielded abundance of fruit.

But if it were pleasant to get into the Parsonage, it by no means follows that life in the Fort was dreary; on the contrary, some of our happiest hours were spent there. Besides my satisfaction with the present and hopes for the future, coupled with the companionship of one who had full possession of my heart and life, we were forming and cementing friendships which were to endure for many a long year. Not only this—there were pleasant musical and social evenings. There were voices and instruments; Mrs. Mouat, with the piano brought out with her from England; Mr. Augustus Pemberton, lately arrived from Ireland with his flute; Mr. B. W. Pearce, with his violin; I did what I could with my cello, the instrument my father had and played when a boy.

It was also during those early days that we, my wife and I, had our first experience of the Governor's

delightful riding parties on Saturday afternoons, when the officers of the company and friends, their wives and daughters, rode merrily across the country unimpeded by gates or bars. I remember the first, when my wife, who did not ride, had her first drive in the Governor's carriage—a homemade vehicle, without springs, as befitting the times and the place; our destination was Cadboro Bay, which we reached by a trail which, beginning near the Fort, lay all through open country without a house or field till we arrived at the company's farm at that beautiful spot; and though I cannot remember what we did there on that day, I remember well that on many another day I had to send man and horse there for meat for my family.

On another occasion our ride lying along the Saanich trail, when near the North Dairy farm the Governor called a halt; a man stepped out and fired up into a tree and a grouse fell dead; he reloaded and fired up into the same tree again and another grouse fell dead. I, if not one else in the party, was astonished at conduct so different from that of birds in civilized countries. Whether it was the proper time for grouse-shooting I know not, for I have no record of the date, nor, indeed, of the occurrence. Perhaps the Natural History society might be able to explain why the second bird behaved as it did. I think it was in the same ride that another halt was called, it being reported that a bear was in a thicket near the trail. All listened and looked, and when I remarked to the Governor that I thought I heard the creature roar, His Excellency said, "Bears do not roar!" I believe he was right, for though we read in both versions of the Bible, "We all roar like bears," I have reason to believe that the translation is incorrect, besides believing also that the man whose life is largely spent in the wilds is more likely to be right on such a point than the scholar in his study. Perhaps the Natural History society may throw some light on this question also: "Do bears roar?"

In those early days there were frequently several men-of-war in Esquimalt harbor at once. Being the only protestant clergymen then in the Island, I often visited them and had much pleasant intercourse with the officers. But my memory serves me little as to particulars. I find the following entries:

"Aug. 28, '55.—Attended a prayer meeting on board H. M. S. *Trincomalee*."

"Sept. 9, '55.—*Trincomalee* sailed and President arrived."

"Oct. 28, '55.—The Reverend Holme, Chaplain of H. M. S. President, preached for me in the afternoon on the past the central bell-tower to our rooms, on the north side, east of the main entrance, we entered the spacious, though empty, apartments destined for our reception, my wife fairly danced for joy at our release from the long and tedious confinement on shipboard. The very emptiness of the rooms was a charm. It was the new home to which from her mother's house in London only a few days before sailing together to the other end of the world, I had brought her, and what bride does not joy to see her world awaiting her, though the house be empty and bare? With the help of our two servants, and local carpenters, supplies from the company's stores, and our own ample outfit, she soon effected a transformation.

I remember also, something of the evening and night of that first day; the tea and fresh milk and bread and butter; and how, when settling ourselves to sleep for the night, we saw a large white rat crossing the stovepipe which ran through our bedroom from the great Canadian stove in the sitting room. It is curious how trifling things cleave to the memory, while the monotonous things of everyday life, which are our proper business, give no signal.

The next morning I was introduced to several officers and cadets of the company messsing at the Fort, W. J. Macdonald, now our well known representative in the Senate; B. W. Sangster, Farquhar, Mackay, Newton, Sangster (Sangster's Plains postmaster), also to Chief Factor Findlayson, who lived in a house in the southwest corner of the Fort; and Dr. Helmcken, now, for reasons of state, the Hon. J. S. Helmcken, residing with his wife in the house which he still occupies; later J. D. Pemberton, who returned from England, bringing his sister, Miss Pemberton.

Looking back now to my first Sunday service, I have no recollection of it as distinguished from other similar services to follow. From my written records only I find that the text of my sermon on the occasion was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and that I referred in the conclusion to the Crimean war just ended; but there is pictured in my memory the figure of a man coming past the bell-tower with a prayer book under his arm, "going to church." Him I was afterwards to know as good John Outall, a dear and faithful friend to me as long as he lived.

The church services were held in the messroom. There was no instrument and no organized choir. Of those whose voices contributed to this part of divine worship I think only Mrs. W. J. Macdonald survives.

As to my first Christmas Day, which this year ('55) fell on a Tuesday, while I remember nothing of it as distinguished from other Christmas days to follow (more than fifty in number); but my records say that my text was, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." But where we dined, what we had for dinner, or how we spent the day, my wife might have told, but I cannot. I know that we spent many Christmas evenings at the Governor's very pleasantly, and this may have been, and probably was, one of them. I remember that one New Year's Eve there was a violent snow-storm, which hindered me from holding a service at Craigflower, as I had intended, but my records show what I do not in the least remember, that I preached at Craigflower on New Year's Day. I also remember that by Christmas Day we had moved into the Parsonage, and that my two sisters, who had arrived at Esquimalt from England, a week before, were with us on that day.

I remember good deal about the Parsonage in those early days. It was almost in the country. As it was at first, unfenced, my wife was often afraid at noises. One night we heard a scraping, and she was sure that someone was breaking into the house. I tried to persuade her that burglars did not announce their presence in that open fashion. However, to reassure her, I reconnoitred, and found it was only a sow rubbing her back against an old shed nearby.

The Parsonage ground was all wild, but the soil good, and as it was my future home, the task of trying to make it a worthy appendage of the district church was a pleasant one. My servant, James Rahey, was a good gardener, but rather more inclined to the useful than the ornamental. When my wife wanted to enlist his interest in flower gardening, he remarked that the flowers he liked best were cauliflower. However, she had her way, he nothing loath. Dr. Helmcken liberally supplied us with a variety of flowers from his well-kept garden, among which I remember daisies—not the few modest crimson-tipped flowers, but variegated beauties, gorgeous through ages of culture. There was not a wild daisy in the country; but now they are spreading everywhere, as if when left alone they preferred their natural state. The Governor also took kindly interest in the work, offering valuable hints as to the planting of fruit trees, etc. Mr. Wark, of Tilliside, also sent me a fine lot of young ornamental trees, which flourished well. A good gardening tool was loaned me of the company—a long loan, I think, as I have possession of it still.

So the garden, though nothing to boast of in the artistic point of view, yielded abundance of fruit.

But if it were pleasant to get into the Parsonage, it by no means follows that life in the Fort was dreary; on the contrary, some of our happiest hours were spent there. Besides my satisfaction with the present and hopes for the future, coupled with the companionship of one who had full possession of my heart and life, we were forming and cementing friendships which were to endure for many a long year. Not only this—there were pleasant musical and social evenings. There were voices and instruments; Mrs. Mouat, with the piano brought out with her from England; Mr. Augustus Pemberton, lately arrived from Ireland with his flute; Mr. B. W. Pearce, with his violin; I did what I could with my cello, the instrument my father had and played when a boy.

It was also during those early days that we, my wife and I, had our first experience of the Governor's

church in London), it having been opened and divine service held therein the month before.

"Aug. 30, '56.—The Governor went in the *Trincomalee* to Cowichan to demand the Indian who had lately shot a white man." The wounded man was brought to the Fort, where I visited him. He re-

lived.

Parsonage, with Mr. Cook, the gunner, and Mr. Price,

midshipman, both of the *Trincomalee*.

"Aug. 24, '56.—Held a prayer meeting with Mr. Cook, of the *Trincomalee*, in Craigflower school-room."

From the above records it would appear that the *Trincomalee* was in these waters over a year at this period. I think her presence had to do with the Russian war. It was after Admiral Price shot himself on account of some error he had committed in the war. I remember the Governor saying to me one day, that he had received instructions from the Home government to build a hospital at Esquimalt for some wounded sailors expected down from Petropavloski, but had not been told where the money was to come from. The hospital was built, however, but I do not remember that any wounded were brought; but I remember visiting afterwards a sick Victorian, who died there. The present naval hospital is, I believe, the one I refer to.

About this time I remember an American ship-of-war coming with a United States commissioner on board to settle with Governor Douglas the boundary between the British and American territories on the mainland, and his attending divine service in the district church, and my including the United States President in the church prayers.

I remember also my wife's inviting Lieut. Parry, of one of H. M. ships, to stay a few days with us at our rooms in the Fort, in being a delicate health and having just heard of the death of his father, Sir Edward Parry, the celebrated Arctic navigator and explorer. As the latter died in July '55, the visit referred to would be shortly after this. I have still the gold pencil case he gave me as a memento of his visit. He died not long afterwards, and I had some correspondence in reference to the sorrowful event with Bishop Parry (his brother, I think).

I remember also, though the names escape me, the captain of one of the ships telling me a thrilling story of his recently finding the remains of a Captain Gardner and his party, who had been starved to death on some shore in the neighborhood of Cape Horn, a tragedy which caused widespread interest and pity at the time.

At this time there were no local newspapers, Mails were received from England once a fortnight, fetched by canoe from the American side; ships from England once a year. The opening of the annual box from friends there was an exciting event to my wife. The *Otter* (Capt. Mouat) was occasionally sent to San Francisco for requisites. In the same vessel I remember our going with Governor Douglas to San Juan Island, then in possession of the British, and Mr. Griffin, the company's officer in charge there, presenting my wife with a beautiful fawn, which we brought back with us.

I know not what the population of Victoria might be at that time, though I think two hundred would

be the outside; the population on the whole Island being about 600. You could, I think, count the houses on each of the four principal streets—Government, Fort, Yates, Johnson—on the fingers of one hand. I only remember three on James Bay side, to reach which, there being no bridge to connect with Government street, you had to go round by where the Church of Our Lord now stands.

For reasons which will presently appear, I regard the Christmas season of 1855 as the ending of a first chapter of the very remarkable history of this province of British Columbia, to be followed by another in the ensuing year destined to include events which the most far-seeing at the time could not possibly have imagined. I write simply as an observer, included, indeed, in the great movement, but not, strictly speaking, a working part of it. A time was coming, as we now know, when a flood of people was suddenly to overflow our city, sweeping onward to the great ocean of life; but whether it was by some fortunate chance decree of an overruling Providence, it did not come till the city was better than of old, and prepared to deal with it.

The time had now come when the dual government—the imperium in imperio—was to cease, and the people to stand in direct relation to the sovereign. Influenced, as we have reason to believe, by complaints of the settlers, it was decided by the Home authorities to grant them a free constitution after the English model, so far as popular representation was concerned. And so it came to pass that within eight months after Christmas, 1855, the newly-elected representatives of the people were, in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, called together by the Governor in a room within the Fort, and by him, with counsel and prayer, commanded to the long-coveted duties of legislation. Thus was a small colony of an Empire unsurpassed for the freedom of its subjects well and truly planted in the western shore of the vast possessions of Great Britain, this side of the provinces in the East, and now did the people, rejoicing in their freedom, begin to look for expansion and progress. But with what hope? What was the prospect of their reaching the conditions which we see today?

Looking at the more than twenty years it had taken to reach their present population of six hundred souls; looking at the inaccessibility of the Island to all but a few adventurous or wealthy immigrants; allowing also full force to the new attraction of a land whose people enjoyed the privilege of self-government; I think the most sanguine in that event could not have expected such a result as we see today in a less period than centuries to come. To us who know what brought it to pass; to us who know that the real efficient cause of the marvelous effect was the strongest passion and incentive to adventure that ever actuated the mind of man, it all seems natural and easy; but to the six hundred in 1855 it would have seemed a dream. At the same time it must, I think, be admitted that such a sudden influx must have endangered, if not the independence, at least the peace and order of the community on which it fell. For what, we may ask, might have been the consequence if the cry of gold for the picking up had been raised earlier, in the time, say, of the dual government, when, as is well known, the people were discontented with a government which, excellent as it confessedly was for the times, had its own profit first of all to be considered, instead of coming, as it did, to a people which, rejoicing in its newly-found freedom, was not to be reckoned on for favoring any schemes of wilderness or riot? I do not suggest any danger of invasion or overthrow of the government when hundreds of thousands of gold-seekers from the neighboring country filled the streets of our little city; England's far-reaching arm sufficed to cope with that; but I do suggest danger to law and order afterwards. For this the presence of warships in Esquimalt harbor could afford but slight remedy. The remedy must be in the people themselves, and in the administration of law. A little leaven leavens a great lump, but in this case the leaven of discontent being removed, the lump remained uncontaminated. That this was how order was restored will appear from what followed after the suppression of the disorder which broke out among the miners at the beginning.

Mr. Augustus F. Pemberton, commissioner of police, was staying at my house when, after he had gone to bed, a message came from the chief of police that the town was in an uproar, and that the miners were threatening to take the city. Mr. Pemberton immediately repaired to the Governor's and reported. His Excellency's first impulse was to fix on his sword; but he changed his mind and sent a messenger express to order a gunboat from Esquimalt. Meanwhile Mr. Pemberton went into the city and conferred with the miners till the gunboat arrived, and thus ended the matter.

As I went with Mr. Pemberton to the Governor's house and to the city on this occasion, I write as an eye-witness. I may say that my impression is that there was no serious intention on the part of the miners as a body to take the city by force, I knew too many of them afterwards, of good and peaceful conduct, to think it. But it was well that the disorder thus restored. The miners at this time to the number, it was computed, of some ten thousand, were encamped in the open spaces of the city, waiting for the most suitable time for proceeding to the mainland in their search for gold. I do not remember how long the time was that they waited, but it was certainly some weeks. And what I wish emphatically to say is, that this interval afforded them a unique opportunity of learning what British law and order meant. Mr. Pemberton was their teacher. Fearless, unflinching and vigilant, he suppressed every disorder as it arose. There was need.

A man was killed in a duel on Church Hill. Thenceforth it was at a man's peril to be found with a revolver on his person, and so the odious practice fell into disuse.

The effect of this practical education in obedience to law on the thousands thus gathered together in one place can easily be imagined. Not only did they become peaceable and orderly, and even friendly, while here, even meeting in a body to hear the Governor's advice as to their movements, but wherever they were scattered abroad on the mainland, lawlessness was a thing unknown among them as a body, and they wrought as if they remembered the Governor's parting words, which still seem to sound in my own ears: "There is gold in the country, and you are the men to find it."

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The Lineage of British Trees

EOR many centuries the soft and temperate climate of these islands has provided a congenial home for many kinds of trees which did not form part of the original native vegetation of a tract of land so remote and outlying in position. Parks and gardens, especially in the warm southwest, can be seen stocked with species from far distant and more southerly latitudes; and continued experiments in acclimatization almost annually enrich a new corner of English soil with trees beautiful or curious to the eye, or of possible economic value. Most of the species thus introduced, even those of old standing and free and hardy growth, retain clear traces of their exotic origin in the way in which, though common for generation after generation even in rudely-tended cottage gardens, they refuse to spread beyond the limits of the sheltered pale or to merge themselves in the general vegetation of the countryside. The lilac, for example, has never strayed into the open woods, under the care of Nature alone. The laburnum in this country is never seen lining the long gash of the hillside torrent with downpoured gold, as it delights the eye in its home among the spruce forests in the Alps of the Valais and Savoy. On English ground the acacia does not run wild in scrubby thickets outside, though near to, the margin of tended soil, as it does no further away from us than in Northern France or Belgium. But behind these obviously naturalized species there stands another group of acclimatized trees and shrubs, containing many kinds which we consider as among the most typical natural objects in English scenery; and these, although no less exotic in origin, have spread far and wide amongst the species native to the land, and have obtained so firm and assured a footing that few persons ever think of them as being other than native British trees. There is something very fascinating in surveying any familiar tract of well-wooded English landscape on a day in autumn when the changes in the foliage draw all eyes to the trees, and in distinguishing between such kinds as are age-old dwellers on the soil and those others which, though of very ancient English lineage, were not always present in these scenes.

Foremost among the naturalized species which have been absorbed into the inmost character of English landscape is the common elm. Though it is difficult to gain certain evidence on a point so distant in date, the elm is supposed to have been introduced by the Romans, who began the long process of acclimatizing foreign trees and plants in Britain which has lasted to the present day. Not even the oak itself is now so deeply characteristic of many lovely and familiar landscapes of Southern England as the lofty and noble elm, with the crowding fulness of its rounded upper foliage standing into the sky like the canvas of a full-rigged ship under sail, or the contours of a white May cloud. From its characteristic habit of growth, the elm is supremely fitted to be the typical tree of such a country of hedgerows as England; for it demands just that measure of space and freedom about it which a position in a hedgerow gives, and will tolerate crowding far less readily than the oak or beech. There is hardly such a thing as a wood of elms. It is well known how the elm is absent in the more northern parts of the country, its place there being partly taken by the genuinely native wych-elm, which is also general in the south. But it is highly remarkable that in all the centuries since it became a British tree the common elm has never succeeded in extending its range more widely through the island. It still seems to cling to those southern and eastern parts of the country where the Roman power held strongest and longest hold; while, as the traveler goes north today by rail, it is very noticeable how elms suddenly vanish from their conspicuous place in every hedgerow as the train approaches the historical boundary of the Trent.

No revolutionary botanist has yet arisen to declare that the oak is not a true British tree, but doubts have been seriously cast upon the claim to a place in the native list of a species only one degree less familiar among our forest trees of the first order—the beech. It seems highly improbable, however, that the beech is actually an alien. It is much more widely distributed over Britain than the elm, and there is the strongest presumption, on both historical and natural grounds, that the large tracts of beech forest which have clothed the Chiltern Hills and many other upland districts for time out of mind are the remains of primeval woodland. From the commonness of the place-name Buck-holt or Buck-hold (which is simply beech wood in another shape), and similar local forms, it is clear that woods of beech formed one of the most conspicuous elements in English scenery at the time of the Anglo-Saxon invasions. It seems impossible for the tree to have become so plentiful at that early date if it had been merely a naturalized species. One of the strongest inducements for the acclimatization of an alien species of tree is its value for purposes of food; but the edible qualities of beech-mast are even in the most favorable years scarcely high enough to make it likely to have been introduced for this reason by Roman epicures, or even by any of the dim, successive waves of immigrant population in prehistoric times. There seems little doubt that the dark woods of unmixed and close-growing beeches which cover many slopes of our chalk and limestone hills present one of the completest pictures of primeval England which survive to the present day. Here life has been unchanging and continuous; the few flowers and scanty verdure which grow beneath the beeches' infertile shadow are the same as were plucked by the pit-dwellers' wild-eyed young. Only the forms and voices of the larger birds and beasts of prey are lacking to give the woods the same character in all respects as they possessed so many ages ago.

In few other types of English woodland has there been, however, the same complete absence of change either in the prevailing species of tree or in the fashion of its growth. In order to reconstitute the primeval picture of most wooded landscapes we have to allow for very many deductions, additions, and alterations of distribution and habit. There are many woods in all parts of the country which are altogether artificial, in the sense that the trees of which they are composed are neither native to the soil nor growing as they would grow if removed from this forced juxtaposition. It by no means follows that woods of this mixed character are displeasing in themselves, or inharmonious elements in an English landscape. A woodland of mixed conifers and deciduous trees is often singularly pleasing to the eye, and full of the grace of a nature of second growth. In all the southern parts of England coniferous trees of every kind are aliens by extraction. The Scotch fir seems never to have been a native species south of the Cheviot moors; while the spruce and larch, now everywhere so familiar, are among the most modern additions to our common woodland trees. The sweet chestnut tree, on the other hand, which

often grows freely both in copses and larger woodlands, especially in the southeastern counties, is one of the most ancient of our naturalized species. Very probably it was added to the number of the food-bearing trees of Britain by the Romans, since in Italy from the earliest times the chestnut held an important place among the means of subsistence. It was also much valued by English builders for the excellence of its timber; and the beams in many ancient houses are made of chestnut wood, which is scarcely, if at all, inferior to oak in durability, and hardly distinguishable from its color and grain. The horse-chestnut tree, on the other hand, which was introduced many centuries later, offers its sole attraction to the eye; its timber is valueless, and its fruit inedible. A favorite tree, which is sometimes claimed as a native, but which is probably another early introduction, is the lime. It has been said to grow wild in a certain wood in Worcestershire; but it is almost impossible to determine the native character of a species from its occurrence in a single locality, where it may easily have spread from a cultivated stock. The lime, moreover, is noticeably a tree which is rarely found growing in a perfectly wild situation, in woodlands far from the sites of houses, or among the hollies and hazels of a natural brake or thicket. It seems habitually to cling to the near neighborhood of parks, gardens, and the bordering fields where appearance, as well as utility, has been kept in view; and this absence of the lime from the unintended thickets and copses presents a strong suggestion that it is a species which has never perfectly established itself beyond the range of the gardener's protective care. The plane is obviously a denizen of gardens; but the kindred sycamore has every appearance of being a native tree, and actually seems to prefer exposed or northern situations, flourishing in the steep valleys of moorland countries where the elm is never seen. Yet the sycamore is an importation, and a comparatively

a place in English landscapes. Century by century many of the old, infertile species of the swamps and thorn-wastes have drawn back, giving place to the favorites of cultivation, and the offspring of more fruitful soils. Where the alder leaves once flickered over the sighing sedge crowns of the marsh, for league after league the cattle feed in a firm pasture, and the tilled earth bears corn and fruits for man. The birch and rowan have withdrawn to the scars and hillsides, and the dark juniper flecks only the remotest and steepest faces of the southern downs. Yet even in the counties where traces of the ancient nature of the land are fewest, here and there we may come upon some scattered hillside wood, or some remnant of gnarled thorn brake in a place where three tracks meet, and recognize that we are in face of a relic of antiquity which is older than any monument of man. Not only is the vegetation before us all of the ancient kind, but it springs in the old, unordered way from a soil which has never before known the scythe or plow, or been stubbed, or drained, or dug. Hollies and hoary thorn trees will be there, or the stag-horned oaks will moulder above the waist-deep bracken on the green. The unchanged habit of antiquity is visible in such places in every line; and between these pictures or primeval vegetation on English soil and the aspect of the young larch covert, set rank by rank, there is the history of innumerable centuries.—London Times.

In the Garden

One of the most skillful of rock garden-makers and planters of walls was the late Mr. Meyer, whose contributions on the subject to our contemporary, the *Garden*, we hope soon to publish. A correspondent wishes for information on the treatment of existing dry walls, and Mr. Meyer's advice is so sound and practical that we give it for the benefit of these

these holes for large plants at regular intervals, or—still worse—in lines, but in such a way that the plants when in position would form an irregular and natural group. They should be sometimes close together, sometimes further apart, or scattered singly. For an example in Nature let us note a wall, say, in a shady country lane, which is bedecked with the luxuriant growth of hart's-tongue and other ferns, as well as all sorts of flowers. The remarks about the larger plants also apply to the small ones, except that these naturally should be placed closer together in irregular colonies merging into each other, but never in lines. When building a wall we do not pretend to imitate Nature, but so construct a piece of artificial work that no one could possibly mistake it for anything else than that of man. When, however, we adorn this wall with plants and flowers of various descriptions, the planting should in all cases be natural, not in the selection of kinds, for that would mean decoration by wild flowers only, but in the disposition of the various groups follow Nature's lesson, arranging some in large irregular colonies, others in smaller groups, and others again singly, while some portions of the wall might be left bare altogether. To obtain good effects we must have bold masses of certain kinds, though it would be a mistake to let the chief aim in planting be to cram as many varieties of plants as possible into the space at disposal. A hundred plants of five or six kinds, in irregular natural groups, will be a thousand times more effective than a hundred different things scattered over the same space. It cannot be denied that when

Planting an Existing Wall

the actual operation is more difficult than it would be if the planting were done as the wall is being built, because in the former case one is not quite sure that the soil is suitable, neither can the roots be spread out so easily. In many cases, therefore, we should have to be content with smaller plants; but, on the other hand, arranging them on a wall

actually put in. When the arrangement of the sticks and twigs is complete, stand back and look at it. Probably one group is too regular and another too small, and it will be a trifling matter to readjust the sticks to our entire satisfaction; but it would not be so easy to rearrange matters once the things have been properly planted, neither would it be easy to judge of the effect by simply writing the names on labels or slips of paper and putting them into the wall. When a dry wall has been carefully planted and the plants have become established, it may be still thought desirable to increase the list by sowing seeds of annuals and biennials into some of the chinks and fissures, or even some of the larger joints. Now is a good season to sow, and also in quite early spring, and also to plant seedlings.—Country Life.

Decorative Plants for Winter Use

The assertion that plants having variegated foliage have greater decorative powers than flowering plants, will, probably, brand the one who makes it as a heretic; but it is made after growing many plants of both classes. Admitting all that can be claimed for the beauty of the blossoms of the one class, there yet remains the fact that very few plants are continuous bloomers, and their beauty is but for a season (frequently a very short one), while plants having beautifully variegated foliage have it, in almost every case, during the entire period of growth, whether it is weeks or years.

Among the ornamental-leaved plants there are many rarely beautiful varieties, which never will become general favorites because of the special conditions required for their culture; but there are others so easily grown that any person may succeed with them, and it is for this latter class I make my plea.

In the vine family we have the Japanese honeysuckle, with its beautifully marked green-and-gold foliage, which becomes almost entirely golden in color when grown in a position where it has plenty of direct sunlight. The leaves are variegated from the time the first unfurled until the last one is killed by frost.

The vine and roots need some light protection during the first winter, but after that it is hardy in any but the most extremely cold climates.

Another very desirable vine is the green-and-white Japanese hop, which is a self-sowing annual, and requires little care beyond a string to climb on. The growth is so very rapid that the vines make a fine showing early in the season.

The Japanese ivy is similar to the hop in colors and markings, but has a perennial root, which, like the honeysuckle, needs protection until well established. The more water the plant has the more white there is in the foliage, and in very strong sunlight there come both red and blue tints. The seed clusters are like tiny bunches of grapes, and are blue in color, giving an added beauty to the vine—if that is possible.

Any one of these vines makes a strikingly beautiful object when grown alone, and one mingling with the foliage of an all-green vine heightens the effectiveness to a degree which must be seen to be realized.

The ordinary all-green ivy-leaved geranium is a beauty while it carries its tufts of pink, or white flowers; but the variegated sort, the leaves of which have white markings and margins which turn a deep rose-pink in strong sunlight, is beautiful all the time. The plant is adapted for use on a trellis, or trailing from a basket or vase, and makes a remarkable show grown in either way.

The green-and-white and green-and-gold vines, and *tricolor* (sometimes called Wandering Jew), are all plants which are naturally trailing in their habit of growth, and are very showy in baskets, vases, window or porch boxes.

The geranium family furnishes many varieties with beautifully marked foliage, from the dainty little Madam Salter, with its silvery green-and-white foliage, up to the larger-growing sorts with brilliant tricolor leaves. The first named is usually grown as a border plant in the garden, or as a drooping plant in pots, while the others are used for specimen plants, in baskets and vases, as bedding plants, or wherever fine color effects are needed continually.

The old-time green-and-gold abutilons (flowering maples) were, and are, altogether desirable; but the newer green-and-white sorts are even more so, as they are as easily grown and much more showy because of their larger leaves. On the ones with which the writer has had experience, three-fourths of the leaves were more than half white, with uneven green markings, and a plant would fill an ordinary window when one year old.

Begonias need no recommendation, as every flower-lover knows how many beautifully colored leaves may be found among them, and all are particularly suited for window culture.

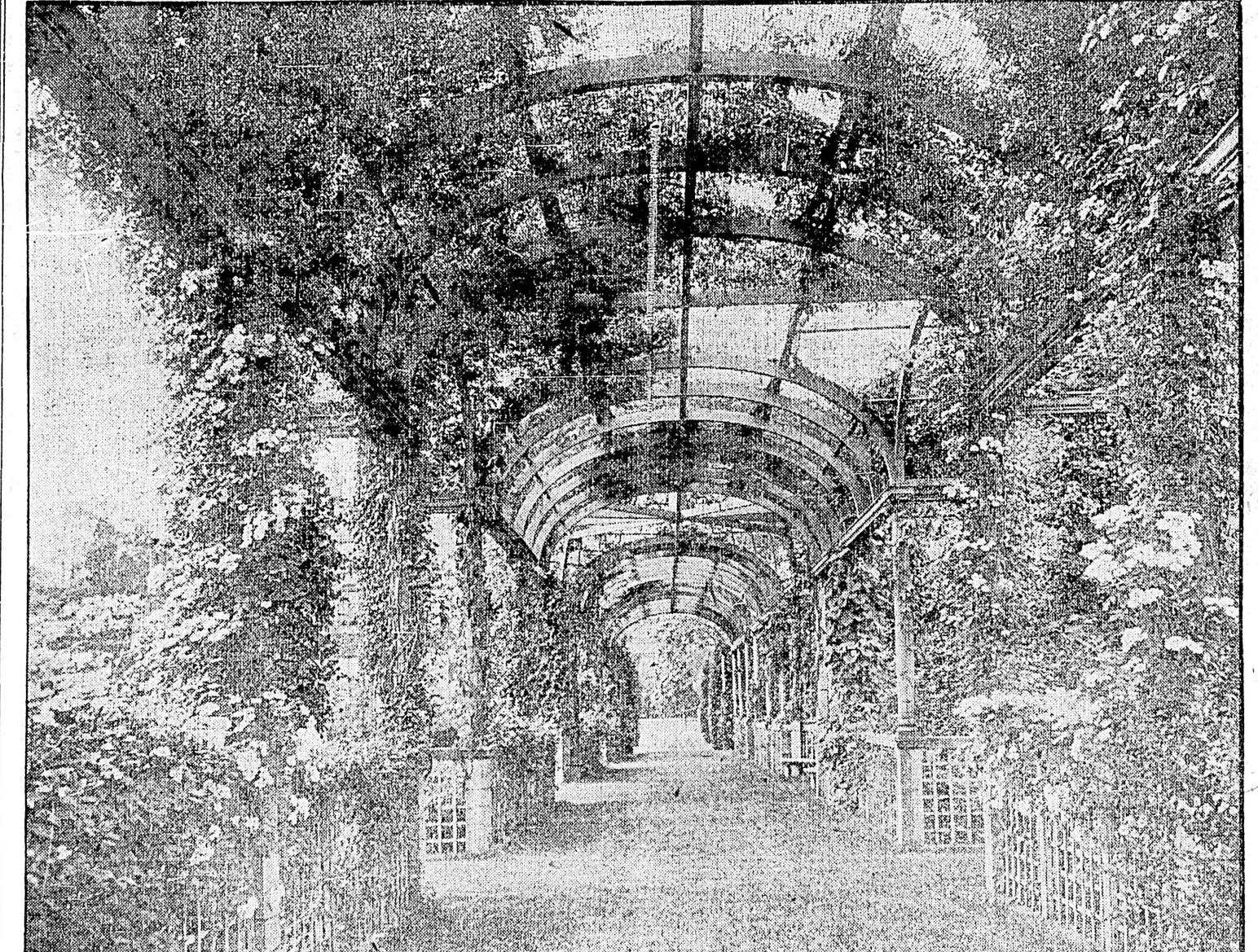
The coleus has been termed "the gardener's paint-brush," and the vividly brilliant effects secured by its use make the term very appropriate. The effects secured by using the coleus as a bedding plant are too well known to need comment, but many labor under the mistaken idea that the plants are hardly worth while in the window-garden. It is true that they need the very strongest sunlight to keep the colors bright in the red and brown sorts, but those with green-and-gold leaves retain their beauty in any ordinarily bright window.

During all of last winter, plants of this class were kept with others in my living room window, and the immense, fluffy-edged leaves were as strongly variegated as any grown in the garden.

For a low-growing, perfectly hardy decorative plant which will thrive under almost any conditions, the *Cleista maculata* is almost phenomenal. The leaves are silvery-green and cream-white in all sorts of combinations, and come directly from the root on a stem from four to six inches tall. For corners where nothing else will grow, along foundation walls, in solid masses on the open lawn, or wherever planted, it forms a dense mass of shimmering, silvery-looking foliage, which is pretty the entire season through.

No complete list could possibly be given; but any one who wants fine color effects throughout the season can find something suited to meet every demand, and that, too, among plants which the veriest amateur can easily grow to perfection.

Ryman Gaillard.



—Courtesy of Country Life.

The above illustration shows an elaborate effect coupled with simplicity of construction. For a small garden, a pergola erected in an even simpler style would add greatly to the beauty of the home grounds.

late one; there is a tradition that it was introduced from France into Scotland in the time of Queen Mary, and that the first specimen seen in the country was planted in the garden of Holyrood Palace. Some confirmation may be found for this story in the fact that the sycamore is a characteristic northern species, and a favorite and conspicuous tree through all the hills and dales from Forth to Humber. The daffodils swinging in the orchard hedge are no surer a token of spring round many grey and lonely farm houses of the Pennine chain than the bursting of the green sycamore leaves by the gable window, on the soft April morning when all the flagged path is littered with the sheaths of the out-shaken buds.

Except the true aspen, all the British poplars are probably aliens by birth. The broad-topped black poplar, of the brittle boughs, is a wanderer of which no one seems with certainty to know the origin, though it has long been widely spread through many lands; while the tall rod-like Lombardy poplar is merely an artificial variety of the same species, first propagated beside the turbid water-courses of the great alluvial plain of Northern Italy. The white poplar, with the downy undersides to its leaves, has very doubtful claims as a native species; the true aspen, on the contrary—smaller in growth than all the rest, and with the undersides of its leaves pale green, and smooth—is as thorough a British tree as any in the land, and has its place among the freest and wildest vegetation of the torrent-gorges of the northern hills.

If all the naturalized species of English trees were removed in an instant by some miraculous power, in many landscapes there would seem to be but few trees left. It is hardly possible to imagine some of the broad grass vales of the west without their innumerable hedgerow elms, which to the distant eye make a forest of the pleasant pasture land, or to picture the great skies of the Fen country without the poplars quaking towards the zenith. Yet, it is by virtue of the number of individuals, not of species, that our trees of foreign origin fill so large

who contemplate making a flower garden in such positions. The walls we have in mind are those not built for wall gardening, but which may be adapted to that purpose. In many gardens there may be several walls of that description, either dry stones or those of masonry, which were originally built to mark a boundary or a division in the grounds, and would lend themselves admirably to artistic adornment. Sometimes, too, such walls are of great age, having the surface of the stones or bricks covered by years of exposure, and are, perhaps, even partly covered with moss and lichen. Such a wall might be, by careful treatment, greatly beautified. Take the dry walls first.

We will imagine that we have to deal with an old dry wall, and that from the soil between the joints of the stones weeds of all kinds have sprung. It should be fairly easy to eradicate such weeds by raking out the joints with an iron bar or a large chisel. Where exceptionally robust weeds have taken possession, it might even be advisable to use the iron bar as a lever for removing a few of the stones altogether, and either replacing them after the weeds are rooted up, or, if the absence of such stones does not seriously affect the stability of the wall, by filling these comparatively large holes with good soil, making them suitable for border plants. Rock cistus, heaths and alpine rhododendrons are suitable for such a purpose, or if the wall is in shade, large ferns might be used with advantage. An important matter to be observed during the operation of planting is that the surface of the wall where the large holes were made must be again made good with small stones around the plants. This will keep the roots moist, and prevent the soil from crumbling away and falling out after frost. Stones more or less wedge-shaped are best for this purpose, and after planting they should be firmly driven in with a strong wooden mallet. This, if heavy enough, is preferable to an iron hammer, which would be likely to break the stones.

Natural Grouping of the Plants
Care should, of course, be taken not to make

already completed is easier and requires less skill than if the flowers were placed in position during the construction of the wall. The reason for this is that in the latter case it is more difficult to picture in one's mind what the completed group of plants would be like, and plants put in during the progress of wall-building cannot be altered or rearranged without trouble. Then again, if the layers of wall stones are anything like or even thicknesses there will be a strong temptation to put the plants too much in lines. Mr. Meyer always found it a good plan in such a case first of all to review the plants at disposal which are to be "built" so to speak, into the wall as the builder's work proceeds; then, secondly, on a piece of paper to make a rough sketch how the kinds chosen should be arranged, whether a group should be large or small, and where this or that color should predominate so as to harmonize with that of the adjoining group; finally, where late or early flowering things should be so as best to ensure a succession of bloom. Such a sketch need not be elaborate, nor need it be drawn to scale. Let a dozen crosses represent, say, a group of a dozen aubretias, twenty dots a group of arabis, and so on. A few colored crayons may help to facilitate distribution of color, etc. Armed with such a sketch, however roughly done, we can feel sure of effects beforehand.

More Advice on Planting

Arranging plants on a wall already built is much easier, though the planting is more difficult. The best practical method consists in having twigs and sticks of various sorts and sizes, which might be stuck into the wall to indicate where the plants should be put. For instance, a cluster of laurel twigs might be placed where we consider a batch of *alpinum* would be most desirable, ordinary wooden stakes might stand for a group of *campanulas*, bamboo sticks for *helianthemum*, and so on. In this way we might arrange on the wall itself where the principal and most effective groups should go, and how the plants should be placed before anything is

To soften paint brushes which have become hard, soak them in raw linseed oil for twenty-four hours, rinse in hot turpentine, and repeat the process, if necessary, until clean.

THE SIMPLE LIFE



Forcing Bleeding-Heart for Easter Bloom

NE of the best flowers for forcing for Easter decoration is the well known bleeding-heart. It has been the custom for a number of years for florists to force this flower, but it has usually been done after a method which seems to me a rather difficult and somewhat expensive one. About ten years ago, I happened upon a method of potting bleeding-heart which seems to me by far the best that I have ever

come across, for not only can I raise in this way more shapely plants, but at the same time I retain the old root to raise more stock from.

The old method, so long in use, was to take up the entire root and divide it into pieces according to the size of the pot to be used, and then bring into the greenhouse to be forced into bloom for Easter. Many people will tell you that this is, perhaps, the only way in which good results may be secured, but, although I am only an amateur, I may say that for some ten years I have successfully followed my own method, and should like now to explain to others how they may do it as well. The following directions will show the method which I have had so much success in following.

In early winter, before hard-freezing weather, between the middle of December and Christmas for this part of the country, take up one or more roots, according to the number of pots to be used (preferably one at a time), which have not been disturbed for at least two years. Shake off as much of the loose dirt as possible without damaging the root—presuming of course, you have selected a time when the soil will shake off readily. Carry to your potting-bench, as the work can be so much more easily done there. Now, if the soil has left the upper part of the root sufficiently clear, a number of shoots or crowns, from an inch to an inch and a half long, and from the size of an ordinary lead-pencil to that of a man's little finger in diameter, will be observed, each with a number of white roots attached; these produce the flowers the following spring.

With a thin, sharp knife cut each crown off close to the old root, using care not to injure the new white roots. Pot each one (the tip to be one-half inch below the surface of the soil) in a separate pot; if a great many are wanted, using a 3½-inch for smaller and a 4-inch for larger crowns; or, if fewer are needed and stock roots are plentiful, three crowns may be placed in a 5-inch plain pot, and will make a better show. Use ordinary potting soil and water well; plunge in coldframe with at least twelve to fifteen inches between top of pot and glass, and cover with two to three inches of straw or hay—but no manure. Do not put any other covering on until it begins to freeze pretty sharp, then only the boards,—and they should be taken off in clear weather while the sun is shining, and replaced as the sun goes down. About the middle of February, take off the straw or hay cover, and put on sash as well as boards, and work just as you do a coldframe regularly. Should Easter come unusually early, as it does some years, the glass will have to be put on sooner,—or if the winter is especially cold.

Should it be desirable to keep them over for another year, it can easily be done, and will make a much finer show the second year than the first.

Those that have done duty as decorations, if not ruined, should be given a good soaking, oven head and all, and plunged in an open border for a month or six weeks, watering when necessary; then, if the roots are in good, healthy shape, repot, using a pot two sizes larger—i. e., for a 3½-inch use a 5-inch, for a 4-inch use a 6-inch, and for a 5-inch use a 7-inch.

If watered well while growing (and bleeding-heart needs plenty of water when growing), the pots will be well filled by fall. They should be plunged in the open border when repotted. At the approach of winter, take up from the ground and remove the dead top, using knife to cut, rather than risk injury by trying to twist or break off, and with a dull-pointed stick remove as much soil as possible without injuring the roots. Fill up with good potting soil to which a pint of ground bone (to a bushel of soil) has been added, and proceed as suggested for the new crowns—save that, as these are stronger and more vigorous, the roots will have to be watched more closely and not forced, or you will have them in bloom before they are wanted.

It is more than likely that the larger pots (7-inch) would require some sort of support to keep the plants in shape, and I would suggest a wire after the manner of the carnation support, only it would need to be larger, of course.

As to the number of crowns which can be taken from one root, that will depend on the age, number of years undisturbed, and treatment given. Take off all you can see, and replant the old root in a fresh place; you will be surprised by the show it will make the next spring. The first one I manipulated, I took off twenty-nine crowns, and then replanted. The following spring there were twelve or fourteen shoots which came up from the old root, each giving a spray of flowers—and the twenty-nine crowns I had potted also gave a spray of flowers on each. It was left undisturbed two seasons and lifted the second, when I again took off over twenty crowns,—making fifty or more plants raised from that one old root, and I still had the root intact to raise more. That particular plant had been in the one place three or four years before I lifted it the first time, and by generous treatment had become good-sized, thrifty and vigorous. It is better to let the roots recuperate before lifting a second time. As I have already said, I have had very considerable success for a number of years in potting the bleeding-heart in this way. I think the reader will find that my method will bring fully as satisfactory results as when the whole root is taken up, and it is also more satisfactory in that one may have far more plants in bloom.—Fred Handley, in Suburban Life.

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Beautiful Winter Greenery

There is no more appropriate green, aside from holly, for decoration at the holiday season than the sturdy evergreen Christmas fern. This fern is familiar to every stroller in rocky woodland or hillside pasture from New Brunswick to Florida. The thick glossy fronds of this hardy fern are easily cared for, so that you may gather as large a quantity of the ferns as needed.

Collect all sizes of the ferns, from the longest polished fronds, to delicate little "fingerlings," being sure to pick the ferns before very cold weather comes, as it has the effect of weakening the stems so that the fronds will no longer stand erect.

Pack the ferns in a box, alternating with layers of moist paper, then place a weight on top to give a moderate pressure to prevent the ferns from curling. Ferns treated in this manner, if moistened occasionally, may be kept in a beautiful fresh condition for months, and as pleasant as when freshly gathered. This process for preserving ferns is so sure that no hostess need lack one unfailing resource for creating, in connection with bright colored berries, flowers or fruits a variety of decorative effects for winter festive occasions.

For a growing green which is beautifully decorative in the home in winter, there is nothing more satisfactory than ivy. There are so many artistic ways of arranging the ivy, and the English variety, particularly, is so hardy that it cannot fail to grow. Artists have painted it and poets sung of it—the romantic ivy green.

With a pot containing the ivy standing-on table, floor or shelf, the creeping branches may be trained in any direction about the room. Have the vine clamber up the window-easing, and the green and leafy screen through which you can look out upon a wintry landscape will make it seem less bleak. Stand the jar containing the ivy on a bracket-shelf at one end of the mantel, and let it wander, with skillful training, up over mantel and walls, stray tendrils drooping gracefully over pictures and the like.

Ivy may be trained over the archway which divides rooms, and no portieres will be needed. There is also the more delicate German ivy, which requires gentler handling. It will grow effectively without soil. I saw one growing in a large bowl of water,—the kind of glass bowl used for small aquaria. The ivy grew over the sides of the bowl, festooning itself in tangled masses of vivid green, which gave a living beauty to the whole room.—T. C. C.

The Earliest Azaleas

The Indian azalea, in certain varieties, can be had for Christmas, but generally the hard wooded plants, including rhododendrons and roses, are not easily moved into growth before Easter, when, however, the chief demand is for white flowers.

Naturally plants with bright red berries are welcome at Christmas. Of late years the skimmia has been seen in greater numbers than before. It has large feathery dark green leaves and bright egg-shaped berries larger than those of either the holly or the ardisia. The skimmia, like the azaleas, are imported from Europe, none are grown in this country. The azaleas, however, are flowered after they arrive.—Leonard Barron in the Garden Magazine.

Fattening Farm Chickens

Mr. A. W. Foley, Poultry Superintendent in Alberta, in the first bulletin published by the Alberta Department of Agriculture, deals especially with the question of fattening chickens in the following words:

"A visit to almost any store or market handling poultry will demonstrate that a large amount of the dressed poultry offered for sale is poorly fleshed and equally poorly dressed. This is not because the demand for poultry is small, but through ignorance of the best method of fattening and dressing birds. The fact is that in but few cases have the birds received any particular attention in the way of preparing them for market. Of recent years it has been demonstrated that poultry should be specially fattened in much the same way as beef, mutton or pork, in order to produce the best results. It is just as reasonable to confine poultry when being fattened as the larger animals. The simplest method of doing this is by the crate-feeding system outlined below, but many a farmer can obtain improved results if the birds intended for sale were only confined in a suitable shed with a clean floor, good ventilation, and such foods as would be fed the birds being fattened in crates. The crate system is much the better plan, however, and it is advisable to adopt it whenever possible."

During the past few years the crate feeding of chickens for market has been introduced from England, and has made substantial progress in Canada, because it has proved to be the most satisfactory means of preparing poultry for market. The work of fattening is readily conducted in the crates. The gain in live weight made by the birds ranges from one to three pounds per chicken during the fattening period. The confining of birds in crates also tends to render the muscular tissue less tough, and in properly-fattened birds there should be an almost entire absence of such tissue.

To illustrate the gains which can be obtained by crate feeding, the following figures, taken from the results obtained at the Dominion Government Breeding Station, Bowmanville, Ontario, are given:

Number of chickens fed, 434; cost of purchase, \$93.24; cost of feed, \$23.65; total cost of chickens and feed, \$116.59; amount received at 15 cts per lb., \$255.95; profit over cost, \$119.06.

How to Decorate for Christmas

The four most distinctive Christmas decorations are the Christmas tree, the holly wreath, the sprig of mistletoe and Christmas bells; and I believe I have named them in the order of their importance.

Clearly the most important thing to be decorated is the Christmas tree, because it furnishes the prettiest way of presenting gifts to children and, of course, Christmas is for them. The best tree for the purpose is the balsam and the best way to decorate it is not to overload it. The greatest mistake that is made in connection with Christmas is putting too much upon the tree. No wonder the little ones often turn away from it in honest boredom! Let the natural beauty of the tree shine forth. Try your best not to surfeit the children.

Every year the country is shocked by accounts of children burned to death at Christmas tree celebrations. The first thing to do is take every precaution against fire. If you have electricity in your house, it will pay you to inquire about the little electric lights that are made especially for Christmas tree decoration. They are now to be found in almost any electrical supply store in the land. If this method is impractical, do at least be careful where you put the candles, and don't use any cotton snow, for it is extremely inflammable.

The most important decorative material is holly, because it is the oldest, most distinctive and the best fitted to express the religious significance of the day. Mistletoe may be just as old and just as peculiar to Christmas, but it is a pagan symbol, while holly was called "Christ's thorn" by the early Christians, then "holy tree," and finally "holly."

The one thing we all desire most about holly is have as many berries as possible, but we gener-

ally realize this after we have bought our supply. However, in British Columbia we have no difficulty in this matter.

The most distinctive way of using holly is in the form of wreaths and the best wreaths are those that are faced with berries on both sides, so that when they are hung up in the window they will give pleasure to passersby as well as the faintly.

One sprig of mistletoe is enough for most people, because it is not pretty in itself. The Southern mistletoe is a very different plant from the mistletoe of England. It does not even belong to the same genus.

Those big red bells of tissue paper that fold up like a stocking have now become almost a national institution. We must have bells at Christmas, and red is the merriest color. There may be some people who affect a mild scorn of these folding paper bells, but can they think of anything better? If so, a fortune awaits them.

The universal material for roping is ground pine, also called bouquet green or club moss, and the most important fact about it is that there are two grades of it. The first is a good lively green; the second is dull and yellowish. Be sure you get the best. Many people believe that hemlock makes the prettiest roping. It is darker, more resplendent, looser and more graceful; ground pine is compact and formal. It takes longer to make hemlock into ropes and is harder on the fingers; also it begins to shed its needles in two or three days.

The cheapest way to decorate is to collect native material, especially branches of evergreens. No practical way, so far as I know, has been found of preventing them from shedding their needles.

The best centerpiece for the Christmas table is usually a flowering plant from the florist. The best pot plant for room decoration during the holidays is the baby rambler. There are three reasons. It is a rose; it is red; it will bloom nearly all the year round in an ordinary dwelling house.

The most interesting green spray for vases is leucoleothe. It has evergreen leaves, set in double array. Tell your florist now to get and save half a dozen branches for you.

Right now, while the matter is fresh in mind, I want you to make a resolution for next Christmas. The most remarkable discovery in connection with Christmas decorations that has been made in many years is a very simple and easy way of saving autumn leaves in all their gorgeous colors for Christmas decoration.

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As stated elsewhere in this bulletin, the type of bird that is capable of producing the best results in egg production is also the best type of bird to produce

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Island's North End

Interesting Article by Walter B. Anderson



R. Walter B. Anderson recently made public some very interesting views respecting Vancouver Island and adjacent territory. He said:

"Terra incognita, by which I mean the northeastern portion of Vancouver Island, the adjacent mainland and the great inland islet dotted sea between these two lands, is not 'unknown' in the strict sense of the term, for the trader, the lumberman, and the fisherman have for many years exploited it, but these men, who periodically leave civilization and are for months lost sight of, as completely as is a pebble dropped into a pool—these men rarely give their experiences to others than of their own callings, after the manner of their kind, hence the tourist hunter, the traveller seeking for new and strange surroundings, pass by, utterly unaware of the proximity of one of the most delightful parts of the world, speaking in the sense of natural beauty, wildness, and healthfulness. Many residents of Victoria, and chance visitors, are well acquainted with that part of the Gulf of Georgia between Ten Mile Point and Nanaimo, and of late years the salmon fishing off the mouth of Campbell river has attracted many to that place. Many and loud are the praises sung of the beauties of this truly lovely stretch of water, with its numerous pretty islands, gradually being occupied by settlers, but of the coast beyond and north of Campbell river on this island, and of Lund, across the gulf on the mainland, the average resident of Victoria and Vancouver, and the casual visitor, know nothing. He probably pictures it as a wild, inhospitable region, tenanted by treacherous Indian tribes and white outlaws, a rendezvous for cutthroats and smugglers, a land of snow, and rain, and fogs. Such at least is the impression given me by some who have inquired about this country, and who have been much surprised upon being assured to the contrary. To the jaded city resident, looking for a few weeks' rest in a beautiful quiet retreat, to the mountain climber seeking for new worlds to conquer, to the sportsman in search of unfrequented rivers where he may fish the trout undisturbed, of remote swamps where the 'ells still swarm, of mountain gorges where the grizzly may be found, this 'unknown land' is a paradise."

Leaving Victoria, the business man, tired to death of the ceaseless grind of commerce, his system shaken from breathing impure air, his nerves unstrung by months of anxious business tension, takes boat for Van Anda, on Texada Island. He has determined to take a long promised holiday, has left his affairs in competent hands, and with two companions, a naturalist from Ottawa, and a sportsman friend from England, is seeking the spring of health, as did DeLeon the fountain of youth. Poor Ponce failed in his quest, but our jaded seeker will find the spring. Nay! has found its rills already.

In the steamer's hold is an assortment of foodstuffs, clothing, guns, cameras, fishing tackle, a good tent, and all the other necessary impedimenta for a comfortable camp in the wilds. A good power launch, with a small tender punt, form part of the outfit; and so carefully has the wary old camper, the naturalist, chosen the supplies, that when the launch is loaded at Van Anda wharf, every necessary is found in place, and no unnecessary cumber the craft.

The first objective point after leaving Van Anda will be Powell river, the outlet to the lake of the same name, on the mainland, just across. Arriving there, camp is made, sufficient necessities taken ashore, the rest left in the launch, which is securely moored, and left with canvas covering properly adjusted. A stay of three days is made here, during which time the voyagers explore the lake—a lovely sheet of water fifty miles long and about two miles wide, whose waters teem with trout, rainbow and cutthroat. The river is short, about three-quarters of a mile from outlet to seawater, a series of beautiful falls.

On the shores of the lake, and in a large tract of country lying between it and the Gordon Pasha chain of lakes, are some of the finest timber claims in British Columbia today, most of which have been held in reserve for years, but which will soon be logged. Several attempts have been made to log on Powell lake, but with indifferent success, owing largely to a mistaken policy of spending too little money initially. When proper preparations are made, the venture will prove easy and profitable.

Upon the fourth day three very different looking men from the world-worn travelers who had embarked for Van Anda some days previously, struck camp, and with cargo snugly stowed, headed the launch north. Along the coast they are now skirting, fine beaches line the low-lying shores at intervals. Dense forests prevail, and further back, the gigantic peaks of the Coast Range thrust snowy fingers into the blue of the sky. To the left lies Texada and Harwood islands, protecting the travelers from the westerly wind, which here is but a soft, health-giving breeze, the true breath of heaven.

Passing through the narrow gap dividing the mainland and Savory Island, they enter the basin formed by Hernando and Cortez islands and the main crossing thus Malaspina and Toba inlets are passed. Raza island thrusts its bold rocky dome into view, with giant Reponda on its flank. Stops are made at various

points en route, sometimes for a day or more, sometimes merely anchoring for the night in some sheltered nook. Toba and Bute are visited, the hunter securing several mountain goats, grizzlies, and black bear on the majestic mountains rising from these great canals. Deer were at all times available, it being sufficient to merely keep a sharp lookout in early morning or towards evening on the rocky shores skirted on their way. Many of these animals can be seen, especially on the islands, and a rifle shot and true aim only were required to bring the quarry tumbling to the water's edge.

In due time the Euelatou rapids are entered. These are, at certain stages of the tide, dangerous, but quite safe at slack. The travelers are now in a stretch of water which is perhaps destined to play an important part in Vancouver Island's history, for here a bridge must be built as part of the system connecting us with the mainland, if ever the Bute Inlet-Seymour Narrows scheme becomes a fact. As, however, the C. P. R., according to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's recent utterances, are not at present considering this work, it is fairly safe to assume that it will not materialize in the near future, though in these days of swift and sudden changes there is always a likelihood of some other railway undertaking and pushing through the work.

While in the rapids the "lead fish" and hand-line were brought into action, with the result that a couple of the black ling were soon aboard. These fish, and the red cod (Sebastichys) are readily caught in all the northern rapids and deep waters close to bold cliffs. The operation simply consists in lowering the lead fish, which, as implied, is a leaden fish-shaped lure, with a short hook protruding from its head, to the bottom; then drawing it up with a series of short jerks, the fisher is quickly rewarded with a tremendous tug from some runaway fish which has swallowed the shining deceit.

After leaving the Narrows they voyage over a lovely inland sea, past Upper Valdez and Thurlow islands, slip through Green Point rapids, and soon enter Johnston's Straits, the highway for the northern coasting ships.

A few miles farther north, and they turn in towards Knight's Inlet, where, in a beautiful cove, with a lovely stream at its head, they make a permanent camp, and from whence, for a month, make excursions to various places as the spirit moves them. Their little cove is sheltered and out of the line of travel. They awake each morning to see the pure, clear sea like a mirror, reflecting each crag and tree distinctly and the sun, sporting through latticed boughs, picturing nymphs and fairies in the opalescent spray of the waterfall behind. They drink in deep draughts of sweet, pine-perfumed air, and thank God they are alive in this beautiful spot of a beautiful world. All is quiet and peace, rest and content. Before them lies an inland sea, perfectly sheltered, studded with hundreds of islands of every size and shape, among which one may drift for hours, or days, or weeks, according to one's pleasure. Every point rounded reveals new and greater beauties, every reef and shoal passed over is a garden of sea-weed, anemones, shells and polypis, among which swim myriads of fish.

Though now in soft September, many beautiful wild flowers and ferns still adorn the damp crevices and shady spots, for these islets, in the early summer, are each a blaze of lovely bloom.

Wild bees drone in happy harmony, gay butterflies and beetles tempt the naturalist to acts of murder, our hunter has kept the larder stocked with venison and birds, our city man has ransacked the streams for trout, the sea for shell and other fish, the clear, warm seawater has given him new life with each morning's plunge; he is brown as an Indian, and strong as a horse, and so at last, camp is broken and preparations made for the home voyage. They have explored their sea of islands as far north as Alert Bay. The mighty islets have been visited, and many mountains climbed. Vancouver Island has been penetrated by the hunter, who, with two Indians from a neighboring village, brought out a giant elk, so now, in duty bound, yet, oh! so loth, they say farewell and steer again to the south, and passing Port Neville, they have on one hand the shore of Vancouver Island, and on the

other that of the mainland, but three miles apart, the only point at which these two lands nearly meet, and passing here, the naturalist, who has traveled much, makes mention of the almost certain fact of a railway in the not far distant future, crossing the Chilcotin plains, passing by the head of Bute Inlet, and making for the coast at this point in an almost straight line, at which point a powerful steam ferry boat will swallow up engine, cars, and all, and in a few minutes place her valuable freight on the rails across the narrow strait on our island, from whence a quick run to Victoria gains hours to the westbound traveler. And further, he told them of the sudden rise of one of the richest islands in the world—Vancouver, only awaiting a railway to develop her immense resources inland, and minerals, and timber, and fisheries, which are now in her northeastern and richest portion, practically untouched and lying hidden; and in conclusion he said: "Victoria's whole aim should be concentrated towards the attainment of this end, for her ultimate success as a large city is on this largely dependent, and the railway which first takes advantage of and pushes a road to Vancouver Island's shore by the route I have spoken of, will hold the key to Pacific commerce, and when in after years that commerce is a certain factor, and when your island has given her treasures to the world, then your bridges over Seymour Narrows, which we are now entering, and the other bridges over the other waters we have passed, will be built, and a diversion of the old line will be made at the head of Bute Inlet to connect with these bridges, and you then will be an undivided portion of the North American continent. This upper part of your great island is the richest portion. Great areas of valuable timber still remain, but better than this, because of greater permanency, are the large tracts of valuable land, much of which can easily be rendered fit for fruit growing and for dairy ing. The fertile valleys of the Campbell, the Mahon, the Mintisk, and

Hudson Bay Days

Reminiscences by Hon. J. S. Helmcken

mistletoe and mulberry tree! Spreading of course from British Columbia, but in sober earnest to the immortal Charles Dickens' works, particularly the Pickwick Club and the annual "Christmas Stories."

The holly now, as in England, generally used, is not indigenous, but grown from introduced seed chiefly. The berried holly is now in great demand all along the Pacific shores, and American purchasers are eager to buy it. Curiously, it grows well in Victoria and neighborhood, but fails as it grows south. Mistletoe, a parasite, used of old in the mystic rites of the Druids, does not grow here, but a species thereof comes from the States, which serves its usual purpose, in spite of all moral reformers and the scientific maxims of the dangers of bacteria (bacteria of love) incurred in and by osculation. Who cares about this kind of danger when under the mistletoe at Christmas—the fun and pleasure of obtaining it or at "blindman's buff," and the pretended wish and effort not to be caught. None of this in Victoria in 1850. How soon after?

Oh, the merry days when we were young! Turkeys were rare, but Dr. Trimble had a turkey which he kept on his premises on Broad street. Daily he and Mrs. Trimble would visit his treasure, who with his fantail erect and feathers vibrating and with a gobble-gobble and proud step would show his pleasure at the meeting, but the doctor and wife although admiring and loving the proud and handsome bird, had murderous thoughts in their innermost and declared he would be a splendid bird by Christmas for dinner, so in due course he invited some half dozen friends to eat the turkey on Christmas Day. A few days before Christmas, the doctor and wife, on their daily visit, found the turkey had vanished. Inquiries were made for it, and the invited friends were assiduous in helping to unravel the mystery and concluded in the end that it had been stolen. They condoned and sympathized with the bereaved and tried to assuage the grief by telling Trimble and wife, that they would give him a dinner on Christmas day instead! The grief-stricken parties accepted the invitation, as the best thing to be done under the unfortunate circumstances. So on Christmas Day they assembled very jollily. The earlier courses were eaten with fizz, etc. Now comes up the principal dish, which being uncovered displayed a fine cooked turkey! Trimble was a good natured fellow, so you may easily foretell what followed. Who stole the turkey? The echo of their laughing intertwining shadows reply Who-o-o?

A NEW MAGAZINE

A new magazine appears this month under the title of "The International." It is termed "a review of the world's progress," is edited by Dr. Rodolphe Broda, and is published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. As well as an English edition, there will be French and German editions, published respectively in Paris and Berlin. Each of these will be adapted to the peculiar interests of the country of issue. Thus, in the first English number, Sir Charles Dilke writes upon sweating and a minimum wage, and asserts:

"All parties now in almost all civilized countries accept the provision that the law may properly deal with many of the conditions of labor, including in some cases hours, and in all certain methods of payment of wage. Outside Australia and New Zealand there has been little legislation anywhere to deal with the amount of wage payable to the worker. There seems to be no line of principle to be drawn which can exclude the latter consideration from the purview of the law. In the United Kingdom we have not hitherto dealt directly with wage, but we have gone so far as to enforce the determinations of voluntary arbitration, itself sometimes official under permissive powers of the law. A Board of Trade arbitrator has been called in in the case of some of the most complicated trades, with the most varying classes of work and the most varying wage, such as the Nottingham lace trade and the boot and shoe trade of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire. His careful and detailed determinations have been universally accepted and completely carried out."

In conclusion, Sir Charles Dilke declares that there is little trace to be found in Great Britain of any opposition on principle to dealing by law with the amount of wage in those feeble or "sweated" trades which cannot successfully deal with the matter by organized effort, such as that of which the coal miners have shown themselves capable, and says he looks for the declaration of a policy upon the subject by Government before the middle of the session of next year.

A teacher in one of the primary grades of the public school had noticed a striking platonic friendship that existed between Tommy and little Mary, two of her pupils.

Tommy was a bright enough youngster, but he wasn't disposed to prosecute his studies with much of a vengeance, and his teacher saw that unless he got a hustle on him before the end of the year he wouldn't be promoted.

"You must study harder," she told him, "or else you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this grade another year and have little Mary go on ahead of you?"

"Aw," says Tommy in a blase tone, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



View Showing Fort Street in January, 1867.

other rivers, besides many large intervening tracts, simply lie dormant for want of railway communication. In addition, the immense basin lying between the mountain chain near the West Coast, and the east side of the island, is practically one huge coal bed, and many valuable mines will be discovered and operated in the future, not to mention the known deposits of metals in that same chain of mountains."

CRIMINALS AND CRIME

In the Nineteenth Century Sir Alfred Wills states that he has long viewed with regret, not unmixed with alarm, the enormous multiplication of petty offences. He does not for one moment depreciate the work that has been done in the way of sanitary and other social legislation, all of which must be enforced by penalties, but he thinks there are a good many cases of over-legislation, both general and municipal. Dealing with the indeterminate sentence, which in the case of persons between fifteen and thirty-five years of age, has been tried in certain parts of the United States with success, he contends:

"America is the land of big experiments and big undertakings. Whether their subject be a Panama Canal, Tammany, trusts, or 'grafting,' those who embark on them seem to be deterred neither by novelty, expense, nor difficulty. We are less enterprising. It would be difficult in England to induce the legislature to vest in a board of five persons, taken from the ordinary walks of life, the power of releasing a burglar, a bank forger, or a highway robber after twelve months' detention, if satisfied that he had become in that space of time so thoroughly reformed a character that he might safely be returned to the walks of civil life, still less to provide that on such a board English political parties should be represented, and that the personnel and the proportionate representation of parties should be subject to change upon the defeat of a Ministry or the result of a general election. Yet in Ohio, which claims to be exceptionally successful, such is actually the law."

The Missouri board of railway commissioners have cut express rates 21 per cent.

Sweeping Reductions for Christmas

We are pleased to take this opportunity to offer SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS GOODS at greatly reduced prices. The articles enumerated below serve to show the sweeping reductions which are being made in many of our lines:

RANGES

	Regular Price.	December Price.	
"Her Majesty" Range, No. 8, with warming closet, size of oven 20 x 20 x 13, weight 450 lbs., each....	\$65.00	\$47.50	
"Her Majesty" Range, No. 8, without closet, size of oven 20 x 20 x 13, weight 400 lbs.....	50.00	39.50	
These ranges are guaranteed satisfactory. They are asbestos lined, and are manufactured by The Buck Stove Co., Brantford, Ont.			
"Black Beauty" Steel Range, with high shelf	16.00	14.50	

This is a serviceable range for a small family.

HEATERS

	Regular Price.	December Price.	
Winner Oak Coal Heaters, No. 14..	\$16.00	\$13.50	
Alberta Oak Coal Heaters, No. 15..	13.00	11.00	
Prime Coal Heaters, No. 11	11.00	8.50	
Prime Coal Heaters, No. 10	9.50	7.00	

These Heaters are unexcelled values.

ENAMELWARE

We were never in better position to supply your wants in this line.

	Regular Price.	December Price.	
Preserving Kettles, No. 36	\$1.15	\$.90	
Preserving Kettles, No. 3485	.70	
Preserving Kettles, No. 3270	.60	
Preserving Kettles, No. 3065	.50	
Preserving Kettles, No. 2860	.45	
Preserving Kettles, No. 2650	.40	
Preserving Kettles, No. 2440	.30	
Cereal Cookers, No. 103	1.15	.90	
Stock Pots with brass taps, No. 3600	6.50	5.20	
Stock Pots with brass taps, No. 180	5.50	4.40	
Milk and Rice Boilers, No. 54	1.25	1.00	
Milk and Rice Boilers, No. 53	1.00	.80	

20 per cent discount off all granite ware not listed, during December.

POCKET CUTLERY

200 Different Styles of Westenholm's and Humphrey's best Sheffield brands of Pocket Knives for Christmas Gifts

	Regular Price.	December Price.	
Gentleman's Pearl Handle Pocket Knife, with nickel plated tips, brass nickel plated linings, with large and small blades, corkscrew and champagne opener	\$2.50	\$1.90	
Gentleman's Vest Pocket Knife, with all pearl handle and nickel plated lining, nail file and three blades..	2.50	1.90	
Gentleman's Vest Pocket Knife, with mother-of-pearl handle, nail file, scissors, and large and small blade.	2.50	1.90	
Lady's Pearl Handle Knife, with brass linings, large and small blades, and scissors	1.00	.75	
Lady's Pearl Handle Knife, with brass linings, button hook, large blade and two small blades.....	.75	.60	

We have many other styles with pearl, bone, and buck horn handles, beautifully finished, ranging from 25c. to \$2.50.

We Also Have a Large Amount of Pocket Cutlery of the famous Joseph Rodgers & Co's Manufacture

	Regular Price.	December Price.	
No. 1547 Knives, each	\$.50	\$.30	
No. 2636 Knives, each65	.40	
No. 714 Knives, each75	.50	
No. 2561 Knives, each50	.30	
No. 5140 Knives, each75	.50	

STEEL TABLE KNIVES AND FORKS

	Regular Price.	December Price.	
No. 132, per dozen	\$4.25	\$2.00	
No. 3325, per dozen	5.75	3.50	
No. 172, per dozen	3.25	1.75	
No. 4150, per dozen	3.50	1.75	

You will find samples of the above numbers displayed in our Broad Street window. Watch for them.

We Are Importers of and Dealers In Bar Iron, Pipe, De Lavel Cream Separators, Fencing, Agricultural Implements, Gasoline Engines, Windmills, etc.

CARVERS

100 Sets of Carvers to choose from, assorted, in polished oak, English made cases, also in Morocco leather cases, lined with silk and plush

	Regular Price.	December Price.	
5-piece Sets, with buck horn handles and sterling silver ferrules and tips, best Sheffield steel blades....	\$17.00	\$12.75	
4-piece sets with ivory handles, sterling silver mountings, best English make	11.50	8.65	
3-piece Sets I X L Brand, with genuine buck horn handles and sterling silver mountings	10.00	7.50	
3-piece Game Sets, I X L Brand, with genuine buck horn handles and sterling silver mountings	7.75	5.80	
2-piece Fish Sets with lovely pearl handles, silver plated blades and sterling silver mountings	13.00	9.75	

Also 25 other styles, with ivory and buck horn handles, beautifully mounted, best Sheffield make, from \$4.00 to \$20.00.

RODGERS' FAMOUS 1847 GOODS

These Goods are All Plated on Nickel Silver

	Regular Price.	December Price.	
Table Spoons, per dozen	\$ 8.00	\$ 7.00	
Dessert Spoons, per dozen	7.00	6.00	
Tea Spoons, per dozen	4.00	3.00	
Medium Forks, per dozen	8.00	7.00	
Dessert Forks, per dozen	7.00	6.00	

Extra Heavy Silver Plated Goods, Classic Pattern, 25 Year Guarantee

	Regular Price.	December Price.	
Table Spoons, per dozen	\$13.00	\$10.00	
Dessert Spoons, per dozen	12.00	9.00	
Tea Spoons, per dozen	6.50	5.00	
Dessert Forks, per dozen	13.00	10.00	

Colonial Silver Plate, 5 Year Guarantee

	Regular Price.	December Price.	
Table Spoons, per dozen	\$6.00	\$4.75	
Dessert Spoons, per dozen	5.00	3.75	
Tea Spoons, per dozen	3.00	2.25	
Medium Forks, per dozen	6.00	4.75	
Dessert Forks, per dozen	5.00	3.75	

B. C. HARDWARE CO.

Phone 82

Corner Yates and Broad Streets

P. O. Box 683

A Gallant Girl

By Julia Magruder and Frances Leeds

JN Holland, where the roadways are so often water instead of land, the "trekschuit," or canal-boat, takes the place of our wagons and electric cars. In many cases, also, these boats constitute the only homes of the poorer people, who are born and bred and live and die in these traveling houses.

It is an unusually pretty sight to watch these "trekschuiten" gliding along the narrow waterways, which run like some intricate lace-pattern over this land.

All the work of a simple household is done as they move on, laden with the burden of traffic, or stopping to take up passengers going from one village to another. Little gardens are often made to sprout with beauty on the banks, a bed of tulips opening their brilliant cups in the moist air, or lettuce-heads and other vegetables making squares of greenery in the broad boxes filled with earth, which are placed midway of the flat decks.

In the cold season these "trekschuiten" remain motionless for months, looking like monster birds alighted amid snow and ice to wait in patience for the return of spring.

Toward the latter part of a November, not so very long ago, a "trekschuit" from Friesland ventured to the lower country with a cargo of peat for Dordrecht. Good Jan, the owner of the boat and father of the family living there, had hoped to return to his northern country before the winter set in; but just as they were nearing their destination, Jan, with Jeffrow Donka, his wife, Joost, and Katinka, the twins of twelve years, Trudchen, the girl of nine, and little Flulin, aged four, found himself held fast by a mass of ice. With a sinking heart the father, who knew the signs of winter well, realized that months must pass before the boat would be freed from its bondage.

What must be done? Jan himself could get work in Friesland, where he was known, and so could Joost, the boy; but it was hard indeed for them to leave the mother and the little ones. Twas the only way, however, and so it was decided that they should go, taking with them the old gray mare Jetchen, that had towed them with such patience along the weary miles.

When Jan had given his parting kiss to his wife and left her sobbing, with Flulin in her arms, he turned to take leave of Katinka, who stood outside with Joost. Putting his hands upon her shoulders, he looked at her earnestly and said:

"Remember I look to you, Katinka, to take care of mother and the little ones. You are strong and brave and good, and when I am far away I shall not think of you as a helpless girl, but as my little man, who takes Joost's place."

Katinka's heart swelled with pride. No companion could be so dear, no incentive so strong to her.

That winter was the hardest that Holland had known for many years. Jan found it very difficult to send a sufficient sum of money for the actual necessities of the dear ones in the ice-locked boat so far away. Jeffrow Donka fell ill, too, so that more than the usual amount was needed.

Every day Katinka would skate down to Dordrecht for medicines and food. Her skating was, even in her own land, almost unparalleled for swiftness. She had practised with Joost from their earliest years, and had often beaten him in a race.

As she sped along, her basket on her arm, her cap with its stiff little frill like a band of hoar-frost under the tight-fitting red hood, she darted like a bird past the sleepy old windmills, which turned their wheels as if to ward off the fierce November blasts, and hurried like some spirit of the winter wind along the icy path. Over and over again she would pick out some skater far ahead and set herself the task of passing him. This, in most cases, she did with an ease that made her feel exultant.

One day, returning from one of these expeditions, a heavy basket on her arm, and her little heart almost as heavy within her, for the home cares seemed to be increasing every day, Katinka became aware of large, highly colored advertisements posted all along her way, which announced a skating match to be held on the Oude Maas the next day.

There was to be a prize of fifty florins for the first race, and after the announcement were the words, "Contestants from ten to thirteen years." This was to be followed by races among the Leyden and Utrecht students. His Highness, the Count of Waspik, was to award the prizes.

"Oh," thought Katinka, "if Joost were only here! He would show these heavy Southerners what real skating is. How our Myneher Caef, the champion skater of Friesland, would have chuckled over his pipe if Joost were here and won this prize—as who would? How much pains he took to teach Joost and me, and how he used to laugh and clap when I would beat Joost!"

Katinka's brain reeled with a sudden thought, "Oh, to win that fifty florins for the dear ones at home, in such sore need! Why should she not enter the race disguised as Joost?" The posters did not say that the race was only open to boys, but she knew that was understood.

Her brain worked quickly. Had not her father called her his little man? As a little man she believed that she could win this prize!

When Katinka reached home Trudchen was waiting for her at the foot of the ladder which formed the entrance to the house-boat. The child was apparently trying to kick a hole in the ice with her little wooden shoe, as she munches a piece of punnetnickel.

"Why do I never go to Dordrecht, Katinka?" she asked, peevishly. "It is very dull here, with mother always in bed and Flulin asleep."

Katinka put her arms around her little sister's neck and whispered mysteriously in her ear.

Trudchen's face glowed with a delighted interest. Here was a chance for fun, even at home! To see Katinka dressed as Joost and entering a skating-match as good as a story out of a book.

Later, when supper was over and the mother's medicine had been given, and all was quiet for the night, Katinka took the nose-lamp, a small brass object with a projection called a nose, and crept into the inner cabin. Here was kept the big painted chest which contained, among many other things, Joost's Sunday suit. The mother had not dared to trust him with it so far away from her watchful care.

They succeeded in turning the key in the stout lock, and then Katinka ordered Trudchen to turn her back until allowed to look.

Sloping behind the box like a bird on its nest, Katinka drew a pair of scissors from her pocket and cut off the two long plaits of her blonde hair. Then, one by one, she carefully adjusted the garments of her twin brother on herself.

Standing on the little mat, made of her yellow hair, she called out in a soft, imperious voice: "Ready!"

"Oh, Katinka!" cried Trudchen, clapping her hands, "you look exactly like a boy. I could not tell it was not Joost! But your hair! What will mother say?"

Mother must not know yet. You must help me to hide it from her. Here, take the hair and put it in the chest, and come to bed. I must have a good night's rest, or I shall not win the race."

The next day was cold and clear. All the morning village-folk from the neighboring towns passed merrily along the ice to Dordrecht to witness the sports. Katinka, assisted by Trudchen (who went so far as to give little Flulin the mother's large ear-rings to keep her quiet, as she sat upon the floor all unconscious), escaped notice as she ran down the ladder and paused to buckle on her skates.

It was a bitter sting to Trudchen to watch the vanishing form as it sped away toward Dordrecht. True, Katinka had promised, if she won the race, she would bring her more sweets than she could eat, and a pair of ear-rings as big as her little ears, provided she would stay at home and take good care of the sick mother and Flulin.

But now a spirit of fierce rebellion stirred in the child's breast as she stood there, musing and agitated, in the keen air.

Katinka felt the chill of this air very sensibly as it stirred her close-cropped hair into a little sheaf

of wind-tossed locks, beneath the edge of the tight boy's cap of red cloth that she wore. She missed the snug, warm hood and her comfortable little muff. She felt strange and shy in the short knee-breeches and double-breasted coat. But she whistled to herself and murmured softly now and then: "Little man, I am that now, indeed—my father's little man!"

On she darted, curving in and out among the crowd which was making toward the huge flag-decked space upon the "Oude Maas."

Men with noisy horns, the managers of the cere-mony, were moving officiously about, hustling the crowd, who responded to their directions with laughing mirth. To one of these guardians of the fete Katinka whispered her desire to enter the race. To her immense relief, as he directed her to a table on the quay where some men were sitting tying numbers on brilliant knots of ribbon, Katinka drew near, her heart fluttering with suppressed alarm. Would they make her give her name?

Just at this instant there was a blowing of horns on all sides and a wild huzzah went up. It was a welcome for the Count of Waspik, whose sleigh was coming slowly along the ice, its occupant bowing to right and left with gracious smiles.

One of the men at the table rose hurriedly and asked Katinka if she wished to join in the race, and scarcely waiting for her confused assent, he tossed

over a brilliant green ribbon, on which hung a disk of ivory marked with the number 9.

Katinka, with a sigh of relief, threw the green loop over her head and let the ivory pendant drop above her beating heart. Then, with a sudden feeling of courage, now that the danger she most dreaded was past, she moved swiftly off to the blue flag flying from a pole in the ice, where she saw a number of other beribboned racers awaiting their orders.

Katinka's self-consciousness was now completely gone. The emotions roused by this brilliant scene put to flight all her former feelings. The enthusiastic welcome to the young Count, surging about her like an organ-roll of praise and tribute, stirred her senses with a pulsating rapture never felt before.

The band was playing the national air, and the people were laughing and shouting.

The little peasant's fealty to her prince was a complete self-abnegation in this moment, as she turned her eyes to the sleigh where the Count was standing bare-headed, smiling on the crowd. The child's face lighted with the fire of loyal devotion as she lifted the little ivory number to her lips, as if consecrating herself to some high cause, and whispered to herself:

"I will win the race, I swear it! And I will win also a smile from the Count when he hands me the prize."

There was no further delay. The Count of Waspik was drawn twice along the line of spectators, so that all might see his sumptuous sleigh, piled with costly furs, and hear the jingling of the silver bells on the red harness of the four black horses.

The Count's sleigh now took position near the flag which was the goal of the race, and a trumpeter, in fantastic costume, stepped forward and sent a note of clarion clearness out into the icy air. This was the signal for the beginning of the race. The guardians, as they are called, placed the little lads in a line. There were eleven of them. Katinka, being number 9, was third from the end. The spectators, recently so noisy, were as silent as if some speechless fear had fallen upon them, their broad, frank faces grave and watchful.

The trumpeter lifted his bright horn again and blew three rapid notes, and like a flock of doves started from their cote, the eleven little fingers shot out from the fluttering blue banner and the race fairly began.

On, on they sped, the line scarcely broken for a space. To Katinka there was not an atom of fear. A feeling of perfect confidence and security swelled her little heart with joy. Under the excitement of this, she did not notice when one lad fell down, his skate turning under him, nor had she perceived the quick advance of a third boy who wore a ribbon of pink until she heard the crowd yelling out cries of "The pink! The pink!" and then she saw that the pink had passed her.

Katinka laughed and bent her body forward. Some one cried out "Green is going to fall!" and she laughed again. She thought of the instructions of her twin brother on herself.

Standing on the little mat, made of her yellow hair, she called out in a soft, imperious voice: "Ready!"

"Oh, Katinka!" cried Trudchen, clapping her hands, "you look exactly like a boy. I could not tell it was not Joost! But your hair! What will mother say?"

Mother must not know yet. You must help me to hide it from her. Here, take the hair and put it in the chest, and come to bed. I must have a good night's rest, or I shall not win the race."

The next day was cold and clear. All the morning village-folk from the neighboring towns passed merrily along the ice to Dordrecht to witness the sports. Katinka, assisted by Trudchen (who went so far as to give little Flulin the mother's large ear-rings to keep her quiet, as she sat upon the floor all unconscious), escaped notice as she ran down the ladder and paused to buckle on her skates.

It was a bitter sting to Trudchen to watch the vanishing form as it sped away toward Dordrecht. True, Katinka had promised, if she won the race, she would bring her more sweets than she could eat, and a pair of ear-rings as big as her little ears, provided she would stay at home and take good care of the sick mother and Flulin.

But now a spirit of fierce rebellion stirred in the child's breast as she stood there, musing and agitated, in the keen air.

Katinka felt the chill of this air very sensibly as it stirred her close-cropped hair into a little sheaf

thuslaistic greeting than was given to her as she came skimming along, the very incarnation of a swift spirit of the ice.

As she drew near the Count's sleigh, stationed at the goal, she turned her face upward to receive the smile she had coveted.

The Count not only smiled; he beckoned to her with his hand, and while the crowd yelled itself hoarse, Katinka passed the goal and won the race. Then, with a gentle turn, and with no sign of breathlessness or fatigue, she floated quietly on to where the Count awaited her.

But just before she reached the sleigh there was a sudden movement in front of the horses, and a little toddling girl ran unsteadily across the ice toward her, while a startlingly familiar voice cried out:

"Katinka! Katinka! Sister Kat! Me knewed you. Trudchen told you was a boy, but we say you putting on Joost's clothes."

Katinka's brain went round. There were two guardians of the fete standing beside the Count's sleigh.

"Ach!" exclaimed one of the men, "the child is a girl!" Flulin's bubbling chatter, as she sang about her sister's waist, left no room for mistake as to this fact. Katinka, completely awed by the situation, said nothing. She held Flulin by the hand and allowed the two guardians to draw them nearer to the Count, who signed them to approach.

"Your Highness," said one of the guardians, "we have discovered that this racer is a girl."

"A girl!" ejaculated the Count. "Then by St. Christopher, she should teach the lads! How is this?" he added, turning to Katinka.

Katinka's only answer was a timid lifting of her lids.

The crowd, seeing her in colloquy with the Count, and not knowing what had happened, began again its shouts of "The green! Hurrah for the green!"

The Count, as he looked toward the spectators, caught sight of one of the posters placed on a house nearby. He raised his hand for silence, and read:

"The race is declared to be for contestants between the ages of ten and thirteen," he announced.

ATE was the hour when Dan Derrick set out to get something for a Christmas dinner. The bell in Ibsley village church chimed twelve, and the sounds came floating on the cold, still air of the New Forest.

"There's midnight past and gone, Rough," said Dan to the dog that trotted by his heel. "So it's now Christmas. Well, the better the day, the better the deed, as the saying goes."

The sky was as clear as crystal; and as Dan walked, peering along the edge of the forest, the full moon shone on the deep snow underrfoot, and played in fantastic, broken lights among the frosted, leafless boughs of the trees overhead.

"It's a fine night for rabbitting, eh, Rough?" said Dan, as he came to a Warren. "But bide a minute."

His eye had been attracted by a little mountain ash growing above the warren. Being a young tree, it had not lost its red, autumnal leaves, and it was laden with berries.

"Now, that would make a pretty Christmas tree for the little ones," he said.

He pulled it up by its roots from the loose earth, and put it under a neighboring oak. Rough followed him, all on the alert, thinking that this was a new way of trapping rabbits. But on reaching the oak drew back, growling strangely, with terror-stricken eyes and bristling coat.

"What's frightened you, lad?" said Dan, looking about him in alarm, and listening for a keeper's footsteps.

Not a sound broke the stillness of the snow-muffled forest.

"Maybe somebody has just died, and his ghost went by," said Dan. "Dogs, they say, can see spirits."

Dan did not mind spirits. Keepers were the only bugbears he feared. Taking a net out of his pocket, he fixed it round some of the rabbit holes in the warren, and said to the dog:

"Now round 'em up, lad; round 'em up!"

"Rough knew his work well. He raced like a black shadow across the moonlight waste of snow, to the nearest field of winter sabbages, and there he silently routed out the rabbits, and sent them helter-skelter back to their holes.

"Drat the net!" said Dan, springing out from behind the oak.

Somehow he had not fixed it firmly, and the rabbits knocked it over and escaped. Only one got entangled in the loose meshes.

"One wild rabbit isn't much of a Christmas feast for man and wife and five—little ones," said Dan ruefully, as he threw it beside the mountain ash.

Four little men, with four little harps, sat down by the fire, and began to make a sweet, fairy music, and the Queen and the other elves took hold of hands, and danced round the red-lighted mountain ash.

If there was one thing that little Peggy Derrick liked even more than Christmas pudding, it was dancing; and there was, besides, a strange and delicious charm in the music that the elfin harpers were playing.

"Oh, it's go and dance, too!" she cried, "and finish the feast afterwards."

She got down from the table, and her four brothers followed. Then her mother came, and at last Dan himself, now trembling with anxiety, joined them.

Taking hold of the hands of the elves, the mortals circled with them about the enchanted tree, and sang the closing verse of the round,

"Lady of the Mountain Ash,

Now thy fairy lanterns flash,

In this merry Christmas night,

Shine upon us in delight.

"Fays and mortals in a ring,

In thine honor dance and sing,

Leaping high and leaping low,

Round about the tree we go."

As they whirled round, the lights on the mountain ash grew dim, and about the tree a soft incense gathered, and took on the form of a lady of wild, unspeakable beauty,

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

F all the days in the year there is not one that brings so much pleasure to the children as Christmas Day. It is looked forward to with delight and its memories are full of happiness. Even the baby shares in its joy, and no one in the family is too old to feel its spell. Our rooms are gay with holly and evergreens, and our tables loaded with good things. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, grandparents and friends send presents while Santa Claus fills the stockings from top to toe.

For weeks before everybody is busy making presents. Little girls steal into out-of-the-way corners, hiding their present when the one it is intended for comes near. Mother works away quietly and no one suspects that anything unusual is going on as she darns the stockings, mends the trousers or stitches away at the little dresses.

Boys, who never thought of saving a cent all the year, grow economical all at once in its last weeks, or form plans of earning money to buy some of the Christmas Boxes with which the shop windows are filled.

On Christmas morning every one will be surprised and delighted. Each present, though it may be only a trifle, shows that the giver has taken pains to find out what would most please the loved one for whom it was chosen.

Long after the children have grown up and are, perhaps, living lonely lives far away, their hearts will grow warm as they think of the Christmas time when home was filled with the merry laughter and the sound of the happy voices of the children who were yet enfolded by the protecting love of father and mother. For Christmas is the children's festival and it is right that they should celebrate the day with joy and gladness.

Nearly two thousand years ago a Child was born who has made the world a happier place. He came to save the world from sin and from the sorrow that is born of sin. In all His teaching he said no word which could check innocent mirth. In His great work He was never too busy to notice the little ones and the praises He loved best were sung by childlike voices. We cannot honor His birthday better than by trying to do just what He told us when he said "Love one another." This is the surest way to be happy, as well as to make others so.

To all our child readers, then, we wish with all our hearts A Merry, Merry Christmas.

CURRENT TOPICS

The largest flour mill in the world was opened last week at Kenora, between Winnipeg and Port Arthur. Already Canada is a great grain-producing country, but there are miles upon miles of fertile land which has never been touched by the plow. Kenora is at one side of the prairie country, while Calgary is at the other. There are few, if any, such large tracts of rich land in the world as lie between Lake Superior and the Rocky mountains. It is well for us sometimes to stop and think how great a country we have. What one province wants, another supplies, so that there is nothing lacking to make Canada a great nation, except men strong and skillful enough to do her work, as well as just and good and humble enough to live together in peace and in the love and fear of God.

The navy of the United States has set sail from Old Point Comfort, Virginia, for San Francisco. It will be a long trip, as the ships must come through the Straits of Magellan. It appears that the sailors anticipate a hard voyage. Many of them have not had much experience of life at sea, still less of actual warfare. It is greatly to be hoped that the ships will return in peace and safety to their home port.

There are five little countries in Central America. These countries are sometimes at war with one another. The soldiers do not kill many people, but during the disturbance, there is much waste of money and loss of property. These excitable nations have wisely determined to allow a court composed of five judges to settle their differences. One judge is to be appointed by each nation. All this is well, but perhaps it would be better if these nations, who are all of the same race, were to unite and make one large state.

In the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey there are many Christians. Some years ago the people of several districts, as Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro, rebelled against their Mahomedan master, and by the help, sometimes secretly given, of other Christian nations, made themselves independent. One of the provinces that did not succeed was Macedonia. The leader of the rebels there was a young Bulgarian named Boris Saratoff. He hated the Sultan, who had cruelly tortured his father, and, in revenge, made many raids into his dominions. It is said that Saratoff formed a plot to take Constantinople, and that the Turkish government promised to pay \$200,000 for his head. It was, however, a Macedonian who killed him. The tribes who inhabit the mountainous districts of Turkey, though brave, are very wild and fierce.

Messrs. R. M. Palmer and Martin Burrell, who were sent by the government of British Columbia to England with an exhibit of British Columbia apples, write that they have shown the fruit at London, at Exeter, at Sheffield and at Leeds. Wherever they went they took prizes. They had an opportunity also of telling the people about British Columbia, so these gentlemen were not only successful in getting a market for the fruit British Columbians can raise, but in getting other people to come here to plant more orchards.

Very few of the older people know how many distinguished persons come to Victoria in the big ships that land at the outer wharf. This week a Japanese officer, Commander Y. Matsumura, was here on his way to England. He is going there to find out how the new submarine war boats are being made, and perhaps to order some for Japan. The Japanese are making steel now, so that it is not necessary to go to England for all their warships. Another Japanese gentleman came across on the same ship (the Shinano Maru) to learn about railroads and cars. The Japanese are apt scholars, and they sometimes improve on what they learn. There is a great deal of bad feeling between China and Japan, and it is thought that the Island King-
dom will never be satisfied till she has forced China to give her more land on the continent of Asia.

About fifteen years ago the Russians seized some sealing vessels belonging to Victoria. They robbed the ships and ill-treated the sailors. The schooners were not breaking any law, and their owners asked the Russians to pay for the damage done. The Canadian government as well as the British supported the claim. At last the money has been paid. Some of the owners are dead, but the money will go to their wives and children. The schooners were the Carmelite, Vancouver Belle, the Rosalie Olsen and Maria. The sum that has been paid is \$2,544. The stories told by the seafarers who were imprisoned by the Russians were very interesting, and at the time people here were very angry.

The storms on the European coast of the Atlantic ocean last week were terrible. Many vessels were wrecked, among them a large American ship, the Thomas W. Lawson. This seven-masted schooner went ashore on Friday on the Scilly Isles, and though many brave men risked their lives to save those on board, only the captain and two of the crew escaped.

A great number of Russians have been brought to trial for trying to overturn the government. They were found guilty and sentenced to work in the mines in Siberia, and many of them will, if they live after the five years of living death there, be banished from their country. If half what is said about the Russian government is true, there can be no wise or good people in the land who do not want to change it. The only wonder is, that the people love their country so much that, in spite of cruelty and oppression, they are willing to remain in it. There are many wicked people in the country who think that by murdering their rulers and killing

with them innocent women and children, they will put a stop to oppression. The Czar and his advisers punish alike the man or woman who throws a bomb into a peaceful crowd and those who ask for reforms.

A great many people in the new province of Saskatchewan have joined together to try in all possible ways to keep the people there from drinking and doing other wicked things. If the people of this fine prairie province keep out strong drink, they will not only richer, but happier and better than those of any province of Canada.

Here we will bring our little news article to a close with the hope that most of the boys and girls who have been writing on the examination for entrance to the High school for the last week will be successful in gaining certificates, and that those who fail will find out just where they are weak and will succeed at midsummer.

HOW WE SPENT CHRISTMAS

We didn't have much of a Christmas,
My papa and Rosalie and me.
For mama'd gone out to the prison
To trim up the poor pris'ners' tree;
And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
Was down at the 'sylum all day.
To help at the great turkey-dinner,
And teach games for the orphans to play.
She belongs to a club of young ladies,
With a "beautiful object," they say,
'Tis to go among poor lonesome children
And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And Auntie—you don't know my Auntie?
She's my own papa's half-sister Kate;
She was 'billed to be round at the chapel
Till 'twas—oh, sometimes dreadfully late,
For she pitied the poor worn-out curate;
His burdens, she says, are so great;
So she ranges the flowers and the music,
And he goes home around by our gate.
I should think this way must be the longest
But then, I suppose, he knows best,
Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid;
And his name is Vane Algernon West.

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My pap had bought a big turkey,
And had it sent home Christmas Eve;
But there wasn't a soul there to cook it.
You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin
(He doesn't look like her a bit.)
She says she belongs to a "union."

And the union won't let her submit.
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner
And some raisins and candy, and then
Rose and me went down-stairs to the pantry
To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding—
Then he thought that he didn't quite dare,
For Rosalie got cold and kept coughing;
There was dampness and chills in the air.
Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome!
And our papa was lonesome as we;
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
And all the sweet roses—the tea,
And the red ones, and ferns, and carnations,
That have made our bay window so bright,
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison,
To make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat close to the window,
Rose and me on our papa's two knees,
And we counted the dear little birdies
That were hopping about on the trees.
Rose wanted to be a brown sparrow,
But I thought I would rather, by far,
Be a robin that flies away winters
Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are;
And papa wished he was a jail-bird,
'Cause he thought that they fared the best;
But all were real glad we weren't turkeys,
For then we'd be killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers—
"Dear God, we've been lonesome today,
For Mamma, Aunt, Ethel, and Bridget,
Every one of them all went away.
Won't you please make a club or society,
'Fore it's time for next Christmas to be,
To take care of philanthropist's fam'lies,
Like Papa, and Rosalie, and me?"

--Julia Walcott.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TOYS

Toys, toys everywhere! Even this great big Christmas paper could not contain a description of them all. What important persons the children of these days are, and how happy they should be! Thousands upon thousands of people have worked all the year to please and delight them. Artists have been busy designing the lovely covers of their books, and the beautiful and amusing pictures in them. Clever and witty as well as good men and women have spent time and thought in writing stories and poetry to amuse and teach them, for in these days more pains are taken with the books for children than with those that are made for the grownups. Then there is the long procession of engravers and printers, not to mention the paper-makers. Please, dear little people, don't let your lovely books make you conceited and pert, but very happy and grateful. Then to think of the toys! Do you know that away in Germany there is a strange old town with real walls and great castles, where most of the people are at work making soldiers and trains, and all sorts of things that boys love to play with? The queer little animals for Noah's arks are made by hand at home, by men and women like the people you read about in your "Grimm's Fairy Tales." They live among the pines of the Thuringian Forest. Hansel and Gretel live there, too, and run about helping their fathers and mothers. There are dolls made here, and they say that the children, when they get a new one, say this funny little rhyme to it, and then she is no longer wooden, but alive:

"Mittelbaik, Mittelmaik!
Joy and peal!
Stop being a doll and be
My Little Girl!"

Little girls dress these dolls, and it is a pretty sight to see the little figures bending over their pretty work. In this country the children learn to make toys at school!

In Paris, the most beautiful dolls are made with their dainty dresses, and here men are paid very high salaries to invent new toys. It is they who design the wonderful automobiles and electrical and other mechanical toys. The babies' rubber playthings come from Hungary, and, as you may plainly see, man, odd, pretty and curious playthings come from Japan.

Isn't it wonderful to think that children have always had toys, and that some of the most ingenious were inanted thousands of years ago. As long as there are children in the world they will play at the wonderful game of "Make Believe." That is how they come to be wise men and women.

That Santa Claus in his magical way will bring each of the children the very toy he or she likes best, and that this will be the very happiest Christmas you ever spent, is the editor's wish for every one.

WHERE KING'S TOYS ARE KEPT

At Buckingham Palace there is a room devoted to the storage of various toys which kings and queens at one time played with. There may be seen in this interesting collection of playthings a wooden rocking horse given to King Edward by the Prince Consort when His Majesty was five years old. On the neck of this horse, which was known once in the royal nursery as "Jupiter," may be seen the name Edward, carved by the little boy who was born to be King of the British Isles.

A bright gun-metal cannon, eighteen inches long,

mounted on a steel carriage, stands next to the horse. It was His Majesty's favorite toy, and was presented to him by the late Duke of Cambridge. It is a working model of one of the early types of breech-loading guns, now, of course, quite out of date; it was capable of sending a small bullet through an inch board at a distance of one hundred yards, and was given to the King when he was seven, but His Majesty was not permitted to use it until he was ten. A gun range, 150 yards long, was then chosen at Windsor, where the King used often, under the watchful care of an old artillerist, to make practice with this splendid toy.

Another extremely interesting toy is a fine model of a schooner designed and made by William IV. It is not a very big model, being only a little over twelve inches in length, but it is absolutely accurate in every detail. This model vanished for a time from the royal collection of toys when it was lent to Prince Edward of Wales, who used frequently to sit on Virginia Water when at Windsor. It was, however, replaced in the collection recently.

Queen Alexandra's favorite doll is among the most treasured articles in the collection. The doll is clad altogether in white, and all the garments were made by Her Majesty when she was a very little girl, long before she had any idea that she would one day be England's Queen. The doll was added to the collection by the express desire of the King, and was brought over from Her Majesty's home at Denmark a few years ago.

Many of the toys in the collection were made by their royal owners. For example, there is a wooden model of a fire engine made by the Prince of Wales, a flagstaff made by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, and a wheelbarrow constructed by the late Duke of Edinburgh.

The toy most recently placed in the collection is a splendid kite of ingenious construction made by little Prince Henry of Wales.

The royal children are taught to take good care of their toys, and are not permitted to break them when they are tired of them. When a toy ceases to please its royal owner it is sometimes placed in the collection, but it is not considered to be of sufficient interest for such a purpose it is given away, usually to the family of some one connected with the royal household.

Though many of the royal toys have been carefully stored away for some years past, no regular collection was made of them until King Edward ascended the throne, when His Majesty conceived the idea of gathering them all together and placing them in a special room at Buckingham Palace.

There are over five hundred toys now in the collection, but many of these are really very valuable models of beautiful design and workmanship, and can scarcely be regarded as ordinary playthings. For example, there is an exquisite silver model of the first Paris Exhibition, which was presented to the Princess Victoria on her tenth birthday by the late Empress Frederick. This model is said to be worth several thousand pounds, and is the only complete model of the exhibition in existence.

Even more valuable is the model of a diver clad in full diving costume, presented by the German Emperor to Prince Edward of Wales a few years ago. It is of pure gold, and was made by a Polish artist, who spent several years in completing this beautiful little work of art. Such models are ornaments rather than playthings.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES

I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy my darling knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

Tell me, my little golden-head,
If Santa Claus should come tonight,
What shall he bring my baby bright—
What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named this little toy,
While in his round and mournful eyes,
There came a look of sweet surprise,
What spake his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer,
He asked the boon with childish grace,
Then, toddling to the chimney-place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night, while lengthening shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With singing to our lowly home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer,
For in the morn, with rapturous face,
He toddled to the chimney-place,
And found this little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas-tide,
That angel host, so fair and white!
And singing all that glories night
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas music on the air,
A-watching for my baby boy!

But if again that angel train
And Golden-head come back for me,
To bear me to Eternity,
My watching will not be vain!

—Tennyson.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

Sing, Christmas Bells!

Say to the earth this is the morn
Whereon our Saviour King was born;

Sing to all men—the bond, the free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,

The little child that sports in glee,
The aged folk that totter go,—

Proclaim the morn

That Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, Angel Host!

Sing of the star that God has placed

Above the manger in the east;

Sing of the glories of the night,

The virgin's sweet humility,

The Babe with kingly robes bedight,—

Sing to all men where'er they be

This Christmas morn,

For Christ is born,

That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, Sons of Earth!

O, ransomed seed of Adam, sing!

God liveth, and we have a King!

The curse is gone, the bond are free,—

By Bethlehem's star that brightly beamed,

A page of Drawings by little Victorians



The World of Labor

Barbers 2nd and 4th Monday
Blacksmiths 2nd and 3rd Tuesday
Boilermakers 2nd and 4th Tuesday
Boilermakers' Helpers 1st and 3rd Th.
Bookbinders Quarterly
Bricklayers 2nd and 4th Monday
Bundlers 1st and 3rd Sunday
Cooks and Waiters 2nd and 4th Tuesdays
Carpenters Alternate Wednesdays
Cigarmakers 1st Friday
Electrical Workers 3rd Friday
Garment Workers 1st Monday
Lathers 1st and 3rd Friday
Laundry Workers 1st and 3rd Tuesday
Longshoremen Every Monday
Letter Carriers 4th Wednesday
Moulders 1st and 3rd Thursday
Movers 2nd Wednesday
Painters 1st Sunday in the Month
Plumbers 1st and 3rd Monday
Printing Pressmen 1st and 2nd Friday
Shipwrights 2nd and 4th Thursday
Stonecutters 2nd Thursday
Street Railway Employees 1st Tuesday 2 p.m.
Stereotypers 1st and 3rd Monday
Tailors 1st and 3rd Tuesday
Typographical Last Sunday
T. and L. Council, 1st and 3rd Wednesday
Waiters * * *

Secretaries of Labor Unions will confer a favor upon the Labor Editor if they will forward any items of general interest occurring in their unions to The Colonist.

Some of the great Atlantic liners employ 150 firemen.

In digging the world's coal, 1,250,000 miners are engaged.

Sixty journeymen tailors at Windsor had their wages increased 5 per cent.

By a vote of 154 to 50 the A. F. of L. refused to favor government ownership of railways and mines.

The Pressed Steel Car company, of Pittsburgh, last week dispensed with the services of 5,000 of its 12,000 employees.

About 30 bookbinders and paper cutters at Winnipeg have been granted a reduction in hours from 53 to 48 per week.

Wages of South Wales miners have been advanced another 5 per cent., bringing up the rates to within 2 1/2 per cent. of the maximum.

With but few dissenting votes the A. F. of L. placed itself on record as favoring government postal savings banks.

Shipbuilding in Japan employs 10,000 men at Nagasaki, 8,000 at Kobe, and 4,000 at Osaka. All the Japanese yards are full of orders.

There is every possibility that the waiters of the Park cafes will shortly go on strike again in support of their cherished right to wear moustaches.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will increase the number of

men employed on its extension from 10,500 to 15,000.

At the recent tuberculosis Exhibit in Dublin it was pointed out that last year nearly 12,000 out of 24,000 deaths in Ireland resulted from the disease.

Boston, Mass., Typographical Union has ratified the increased wage scale for newspaper compositors. It went into effect on Nov. 16, and runs for three years.

A newspaper to be devoted to the interests of the labor unions of that city is to make its first appearance in the city of Quebec this month. The paper is to be published monthly.

President W. D. Mahon and other officers were re-elected at the recent convention in New Orleans of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railroad Employees of America.

Sixteen of the great steel companies were carrying 423,970 men on their payrolls on Oct. 1, as compared with 445,530 on Jan. 1, the reduction being 5 per cent.

The warden of Kingston penitentiary has got the union bakers of that city up in arms. He is denounced for selling bread to the guards at a rate of 2 cents per pound from the prison supply.

The most potent and far-reaching influences at work in the labor world are the labor journals, of which 185 monthly and 79 weekly publications are issued in the United States and Canada.

The State which made the lowest record in the death rate per 1,000 miners for 1906 was Maryland, with 1.09. Colorado had the highest death rate, 7.74 per 1,000; West Virginia second, with 5.65.

Health statistics of the German fleet indicate that the percentage of insanity is lowest in the engineering branch. The most common disease is eye trouble. Heart trouble comes next.

Eighty-six negro carpenters, who formed a temporary organization in New York City, have been admitted as a local of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners. This is the first instance in New York of negroes becoming affiliated with regular union labor organizations.

There are three representatives of labor at Ottawa this session to watch legislation. Solicitor J. P. O'Donnoughue represents the interests of the Trades and Labor Congress; Mr. Geo. Work, the Brotherhood of Firemen, and the Order of Railroad Conductors are appointing a representative, not yet named.

Women telegraph operators in Copenhagen, Denmark, employed by the government, following the example of the American telegraphers, struck recently to enforce a demand for higher salaries and treatment equal to the men. The demands were granted by

the dismissal of four employees of the

Blacksmiths in the employ of the C.P.R. company now receive: In Winnipeg and the eastern district, 42c. per hour; central district, 46c. per hour; western district, 43 1/2c. per hour.

Helps will receive 25c. in Winnipeg and in the eastern district, 27c. in the middle district, and 29c. in the western. Previously the rates were 35c. for blacksmiths at Winnipeg, 35c. in the middle district, 38c. at Vancouver and 38 1/2c. in the mountain section. The increase granted to the helpers amount to 31 1/2c. all round.

In connection with the engaging of the government, provided the women's work should be equal to the male operators' who in case of emergency are called to work on the line. The women agreed, and several have since been doing high wire stunts, repairing broken telegraph wires.

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, Mass., has assured labor union officials that there will be no discrimination in the city departments against any man because of his labor organization affiliation.

At the close of the Jamestown exposition all union labeled products exhibited in Dublin it was pointed out that last year nearly 12,000 out of 24,000 deaths in Ireland resulted from the disease.

Boston, Mass., Typographical Union has ratified the increased wage scale for newspaper compositors. It went into effect on Nov. 16, and runs for three years.

Eighty-two per cent of the workers engaged in the paper box industry of the United States are women. Among the tobacco and cigar operators two-thirds are women, and of the bookbinders more than half.

The Brotherhood of Railway Firemen and Engineers is founded on charity, sobriety, industry and protection. Its membership in the United States, Canada and Mexico is between 63,000 and 70,000.

The salary of President Samuel Gompers, of the A. F. of L., has been raised from \$3,000 to \$5,000 per annum; that of Secretary Morrison from \$2,500 to \$4,000, and that of treasurer Lehman from \$300 to \$500.

The warden of Kingston penitentiary has got the union bakers of that city up in arms. He is denounced for selling bread to the guards at a rate of 2 cents per pound from the prison supply.

An increase of 14 1/2 per cent. all round has been granted to the C.P.R. company's telegraphers as the result of the arbitration of a dispute between the employees and the company, referred under the Industrial Disputes Act. About 2,500 men are affected, and the aggregate increase is estimated to amount to \$189,000 annually.

The men at Hemsworth Collieries of the Yorkshire Miners' Association have by ballot vote decided to accept the offered terms of the owners in settlement of the dispute. The trouble started nearly three years ago. The dispute has cost the Miners' association close upon \$200,000 in strike pay.

During the second quarter of the current year, comprising April, May and June, there was a remarkable increase in wages in Canada. Statistics compiled by the Department of Labor show there were 117 changes in wages for industrial groups during that period, of which 104 were increases in pay, two were decreases in hours and 11 were both increases in pay and decreases in hours.

The tailors' union at a mass meeting at Kingston, Ont., has protested against the maximum fine put upon striking tailors who were before the police magistrate charged with intimidating and urged the Trades and Labor council to ask the attorney-general to discharge the magistrate, as his act was an insult to organized labor.

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The thought of a guardian angel for each of us may be a poetic fancy, but it is not inconsistent with scriptural teaching. Is it too far-fetched to suggest that the guardian angel beholding the face of God in Heaven in some manner imprints that likeness in the countenance of the child to be guarded, and thus we see the face of an angel? Let us strive to keep in them that trust in God which dwells in them. If possible, there may be those in whom it has never been entirely lost, but still survives, even though lines have been added, and that the mind has learnt that have cast such a shadow on our earthly existence, but will by and by regain it as the eternal love of God finally conquers.

Another instance in which we may

see the face of an angel is in aged persons who are not dead but yet entirely prostrate. They still retain their interest in this life; they love to see around them their children and children's children; but there is a calmness and peace manifest in their countenance as the echo of the melodies of Paradise reaches their failing ear, that before long shall be revealed in them. Do we not all know some such as these, quietly awaiting God's time, resting on his precious promises, encouraging those just starting on life's arduous journey, warning against dangers through which perhaps they had to go? It is in the eyes of these that man discerns the reflection of the angels of God.

I have spoken of the little child. I have spoken of the aged servant of God, and I would now come to ourselves, those now engaged in the activities of life. Have we left behind that heavenly radiance, that smile of God, which he has given us? Have we lost the countenance of God? No, we look God's face, we see his glory and let it be reflected in us. Just as Moses' face, when he returned from the mount of God, shone with supernatural illumination, so that the people could not look upon it without being dazzled, so may the world sometimes see the countenance of us that we have learned the secret of self control.

And so when we go to God's house to speak with him, the house is filled with his glory. There is no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine for us, for the glory of God lightens us and the Lamb is the light circling us around, bringing us a foretaste of the restfulness and peace and happiness awaiting us hereafter, but in the meantime shining out through our eyes, so that they who look steadfastly on us may see our face as the face of an angel.

This is not shown by any self-conceited attitudes of trifling in religious phraseology. In lowliness and humbleness of heart we are conscious of sin in us, but also conscious of sin forgiven; we possess the blessing of the indwelling presence of our dear Lord and Saviour; we consecrate ourselves by the confirmation of the Holy Ghost, and in a sense this cannot be hid.

As we who go to God's house to speak with him, the house is filled with his glory. There is no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine for us, for the glory of God lightens us and the Lamb is the light circling us around, bringing us a foretaste of the restfulness and peace and happiness awaiting us hereafter, but in the meantime shining out through our eyes, so that they who look steadfastly on us may see our face as the face of an angel.

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MR. ASQUITH ON SOCIALISTIC PERIL

A CONFERENCE of delegates of the Liberal Association of East Fife was held at Ladybank, says the London Times. It warmly supported the policy of the government in respect to the House of Lords and approved of the Scottish Small Holders bill and the Land Values (Scotland) bill. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Asquith) received an exceedingly cordial reception when he entered the room after the conference.

Mr. Asquith said he would have future opportunities of saying something definite and precise about the grave constitutional question of the relations between the two Houses of Parliament, and he would not pass by the almost equally interesting topic of the composition, aims, programme, and prospects of His Majesty's present opposition. (Laughter.) That night, addressing a band of Liberal workers, he would select as his most important topic of somewhat wider scope—namely, the relations, actual or supposed, between Liberalism and Socialism. They could not take up a Tory newspaper or read a Tory speech without coming across the suggestion that the Socialists had captured or were in process of capturing the Liberal party, and that the people of this country, if they wished to avoid the inconveniences of universal suffrage, would do well—indeed, it was the only course open to them—to throw themselves bodily and blindly into the arms of Toryism and tariff reform. (Laughter.) That seemed the burden of the message which Mr. Wyndham came all the way from Dover to deliver yesterday to their benighted neighbors in the city of Perth. (Renewed laughter.) In this, as in other controversies, both political and religious, it would clear the ground and the air if they could only persuade their rhetoricians, who were numerous and many, to define their terms.

What did they mean by Socialism? There was a very real sense, as a great

Liberal statesman said a few years ago, in which we were all Socialists nowadays. Any one who looked around with unprejudiced eyes at the structure of society as it actually is and realized not only the enormous part taken in the distribution of material comfort and happiness, but the still more striking discrepancies between the rich and the poor, the able and the character on the other, would not only find it difficult to reconcile what he saw with even the rudest standard of ideal justice, but would be tempted to be amazed at the patience and ingenuity with which the mass of mankind acquiesced in what they deemed to be their lot. (Cheers.) No wonder that constant contemplation and reflection upon such a spectacle had driven and continued to drive some of the best and finest spirits of our race into moral and intellectual revolt. Now there was much in what was vaguely described and loosely denominated as the spread of Socialism, which meant no more than this—that men's social vision was being enlarged and their social conscience aroused. That this should be the case, far from being a matter of regret, was one of the healthiest signs of our times. (Cheers.) They might go a step further, they who were Liberals, and who, therefore, owed no allegiance to special classes or to particular interests, believing that in preparing the road for a better future there was a place for the collective and organized efforts of the community. Liberalism in this country had necessarily begun as an emancipating and therefore, in a sense, a destructive undercurrent. Large areas of our social and industrial life had had to be set free from throttling tariffs, the practice of religion had had to be set free from vindictive and discriminating tests, both in national and municipal government, the barriers of caste had had to be broken down and a way opened to the democracy. That task of emancipation or of liberation was still far from complete. But there was another side to the matter. The experience of our own and of every other progressive country had shown that there were wants, needs, services which

could not be safely left to the unregulated operation of forces of supply and demand, and for which only the community as a whole could make adequate and effective provision. Each case must be judged on its own merits by the balance of experiences so long as we kept in mind that a large part of the evils and apparent injustices of society were due to causes beyond the reach of merely mechanical treatment. There was not a single stage in that process of emancipation and liberation which had not been denounced as a form of Socialism; but did any man now regret it? Did any one wish us as a nation to retrace our steps? Could any one be blind enough to think the process was complete?

If they asked him at what point it was that Liberalism and what was called Socialism in the true and strict sense of the term parted company, he answered. When liberty in its positive, and not merely its negative, sense was threatened. Liberty meant more than the mere absence of coercion or restraint; it meant the power of initiative, the free play of intelligences and wills, the right, so long as man did not become a danger or a nuisance to the community; to use as he thought best the faculties of his nature or his brain, and the opportunities of his life. (Cheers.) The great loss counterbalancing all apparent gains of a reconstruc-

tion of society upon what were called Socialist lines would be that

Liberty would be slowly but surely starved to death, and that with the superficial equality of fortunes and conditions, even if that could be attained, we should have the most startling despotism that the world had ever seen.

To Socialism, so understood, Liberals were prepared to offer

convincing and uncompromising opposition. But he was not so much afraid of its advent in this country as many excellent people seemed to be.

He heard a story the other day of one of our most advanced Labor members who saw last year for the first time

the quaint ceremonial attendant upon the opening of parliament by the King; he remarked rather grimly to a friend,

"All this will take a lot of abolishing."

(laughter); and before the foundations of the new Jerusalem on Socialist lines were well and truly laid, they would find they had to get rid not only of a great deal of solemn parade and ceremonial entwining themselves around the fabric of society, but that they had also to get rid of some of the elementary sentiments and passions of human nature that were ingrained in the very Briton. When, therefore, Lord Balfour of Burleigh appealed to his countrymen to form a new organization to deal with Socialism this appeal left him very cold. He did not understand the activity or the progress of the Socialist propaganda or the importunity of meeting it with a constant and consistent exposure of many of its really though alluring fallacies; but the real danger lay in leaving calls unredressed and problems unsolved on the grounds that except by revolutionary expedients it was beyond the competence of statesmen to deal with them. He was afraid that Lord Balfour and his friends, with the best intentions in the world, were organizing their crusade against the wrong enemy.

The Liberal party was the only party which, as a party, was capable of combating Socialism in the sense of the last few sentences with any effect. Why? Because the Liberal party was free and unfettered by entangling alliances with interests, monopolies, classes, and privileges which, with a kind of network of inter-dependence, covered the frame of society and made progress with social reforms seem sometimes well-nigh desperate. (Cheers.) He wished to give one or two illustrations of the unreality of the charge that Liberalism had been

enormously increased. The wars in South Africa and the Far East, the necessities and luxuries of social reform and municipal ambition led to borrowing by states and municipalities on a colossal scale, and thus the market had been glutted. On the other hand, this inflation beyond all precedent of the supply had been accompanied by a simultaneous contraction in the demand. Almost every industry in the kingdom had during the last few years been abnormally active, profits had been advancing, the yield

of investments in business was rising, and the need had been steadily growing for more capital in mills, machinery, and all the appliances of production; so capital had been diverted from securities of unquestioned stability but low yield into a more remunerative field. So far from capital being driven out of the country, exactly the reverse was the truth. He ventured on no prediction as to how long it would last, but the duty of a chancellor of the exchequer in these circumstances was to incur as much new debt as he could, and that was exactly what he had been trying to do. (Cheers.) The critics of the present government were for the most part men who had sat by with tongues tied and arms folded while the late government was indulging in profligate extravagance, and still more profligate borrowing, and who connived, if they did not actually assist, in the capture of the Tory party by that protectionist movement which, if it had been successful, would have struck an absolutely fatal blow at the very foundations of our industrial and commercial supremacy, and in particular would have destroyed irretrievably the pre-eminence we had so long enjoyed as the carriers, brokers, and bankers of the rest of the civilized world. (Cheers.)

Mr. Asquith next proceeded to point

to the sphere of land legislation for a refutation of the charge that the government were by their "predatory proposals" destroying the security of property. He found in the fact that the lords had passed evidence that the English Land Bill was not afflicted with the bacillus of spoliation. He went over the chief proposals contained in the Scottish Land Holders Bill to show that it was a carefully safeguarded experiment, the machinery of which might have been capable, in some respects of improvement, but the essential provisions of which proceeded on moderate and statesmanlike lines. He defied any one to find anything revolutionary or confiscatory in its clauses. He argued that the provision against assignment was a protection against the introduction of

the sun and substance of the whole matter—the community must be master in its own house. (Cheers.) That was no principle of anarchy; it was the security and safeguard of social union. The monarchy and constitution of Great Britain were a hundred times safer today than they were a hundred years ago. Why? Because, as Tennyson said, they had been "broad-based upon the people's will."

By widening the area of political power we had at the same time widened that area of political responsibility and stability. (Renewed cheers.) It would be the same with our social institutions unless he was much mistaken. Property and liberty each of them became more and not less secure by every step which was taken to remove the sense of injustice, to diffuse and equalize the pressure of the common burden, and to keep—and this was most important of all—to keep every particular interest in subordination to the interest of the whole. (Prolonged cheers.)

An Emerald Isle Tolstoy

Belfast Whig.—There are plenty of Irishmen who write novels, but up to the present we are waiting for a great Irish novelist. Inside the last dozen years we have made a beginning in drama, poetry has given more than a hint of coming to its own, but the novel still remains to be conquered. If persistence could have done it, it would have been accomplished long ago, for we have made experiments in all the styles—"historical, pastoral-pastoral-comic, historical-pastoral"—and ranged over the whole gamut between the delicate artifice of Mr. George Moore and the hot-gospelling writers like Mr. William Buckley. We can claim books of mark and books that have set a fashion, but none that have given an impulse to a great creative movement and taught writers to shape the wester of Ireland to artistic ends.

There were some of us indeed who thought we saw in "My New Curate" a hint of a good beginning. It was not great literature, a series of loosely-connected scenes rather than a novel, but it broke new ground and gave us a picture from the inside of that least known of all figures, the Irish priest. Canon Sheehan was too partial to "couleur de rose" in his painting, but he saw things freshly and spoke with authority, and his work had both distinction and charm. Since then he has written a great deal, but unfortunately he has never equalled his first success. He can still describe vividly and tell an entertaining story with fluency and an eye for dramatic effect. His grip on essentials, however, seems to have relaxed, he has done nothing to correct his love for purple passages, and his readers are continually striving to winnow the wheat from the chaff, not always with success. "Luke Delmege" was more flamboyant and less sincere than "My New Curate." "Glenanair" revealed no advance, and popularity, as often before in literary history, proved but a poor nursing mother to art.

It was with some hesitation that one took up "Lisheen," Canon Sheehan's new volume, and a glance through the opening pages was not reassuring.

The author is dealing with society people, what in parts of Ireland is still known as the "quality," and with these his hand is never wholly sure, less from lack of knowledge than from lack of sympathy. He makes a determined effort to be fair, but he cannot wholly master his prejudices, and the low-comedy major with his gout and barrack-room oaths depresses one with a sense of unreality at the outset.

But before long one discovers that Canon Sheehan has got hold of a splendid central idea, an idea that might delight the heart of any novelist. It is not merely effective from the story-teller's point of view, alive with human interest, but affords a new and fruitful method of treating Irish problems, and if it challenges comparisons with great masters that in itself ought to be an incentive to a writer with the root of the matter in him.

Briefly, the author has put his hero, Robert Maxwell, under the potent spell of Tolstoy, and the pith of his story is summed up in the following reverie:

"Tolstoy," cried Maxwell, lowering the flame of the lamp, "a man of men, a living figure amongst clay puppets, a man with the courage of his convictions, who left behind him all the luxuries and comforts of his home, and went down amongst the poor and became one of themselves, to study their lives and draw them up to higher models and larger issues. Shall we?"

"But that thought suddenly interpreted to his reason by the very force of imagination, presented possibilities that made reason shrink from even contemplating the experiment. There was something transcendental and poetical about a Russian nobleman stripping himself of all his habits and traditions and going down amongst the squallid Russian peasantry to study their lives with the idea of transforming and raising them. But for an Irish landlord and gentleman, an M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, to leave his own ranks and go down amongst the Irish peasantry to study the economics of their wretched condition—why, that is unimaginable! And yet, why?"

It is not easy to exaggerate the possibilities of such a scheme in the hands of a fine craftsman, its chance of portraying a dramatic clash of ideals between the aristocratic reformer and the peasant, of studying the life of the people from the inside, and building up a new and more hopeful synthesis. It need not be worked out to a Tolstoyan conclusion, but treated with sincerity and insight, it could hardly fail to produce an epoch-making book. But, alas! for high hopes. Canon Sheehan has the credit of evolving the idea, but he makes only the sketchiest attempt to develop it, and one is reminded of the remonstrances Mr. Kipling puts into Dick Helder's mouth when Maisie attempts a flight beyond her powers. One would like to say hard things of Canon Sheehan, but as one hurries from chapter to chapter and finds truth to life and truth to art sacrificed to rank melodrama one sighs for the picturesqueness and eloquence of the hero of "The Light that Failed."

The worst of it is that tantalising glimpses show that the author strays from the right path through deliberate choice. He knows the people, and as to Maxwell's early experience as a laborer on Owen McAffe's farm he can get close to the heart of things, but the prospect seems to have small attraction for him, and he is never happy till he is playing tricks with the old devices that are the common property of every popular novelist. It was inevitable that Debbie McAuliffe should fall in love with Maxwell, but when this is complicated by the passion of Claire Moulton one begins to entertain an uneasy suspicion that he has never been a farm laborer in earnest, but is posing like a hero in a third-rate play in spotless shirt sleeves and patent leather boots against a rustic background.

Nor does it take long to unmask the hollowness in his profession of Tolstoyism. It is unfair to drag in great names, but when we are offered this young gentleman, animated half by pique at an enemy's challenge, half by a desire to "make his soul," and with no higher ideal than the good acquire of the Christmas tales, as a man touched with Tolstoy's spirit, we wish that Canon Sheehan had remembered Levine working with his men in the fields or Peter in the French prison after the capture of Moscow. Maxwell's unconscious perversion of Tolstoy's creed might have afforded an opportunity for a fine ironical study, but his creator can apparently see no fault in him, not even when he prevents a settlement of his benefactor's trouble and allows them to be evicted because in his own words he "wanted them to touch the very bedrock of trouble in order to build on it more permanently." A young gentleman who thus sets up to be the arbiter of human destinies is burlesquesque, and it mildly reflects his prejudices, and the low-comedy major with his gout and barrack-room oaths depresses one with a sense of unreality at the outset.

It was with some hesitation that one took up "Lisheen," Canon Sheehan's new volume, and a glance through the opening pages was not reassuring.

The author is dealing with society people, what in parts of Ireland is still known as the "quality," and with these his hand is never wholly sure, less from lack of knowledge than from lack of sympathy. He makes a determined effort to be fair, but he cannot wholly master his prejudices, and the low-comedy major with his gout and barrack-room oaths depresses one with a sense of unreality at the outset.

But before long one discovers that Canon Sheehan has got hold of a splendid central idea, an idea that might delight the heart of any novelist. It is not merely effective from the story-teller's point of view, alive with human interest, but affords a new and fruitful method of treating Irish problems, and if it challenges comparisons with great masters that in itself ought to be an incentive to a writer with the root of the matter in him.

Briefly, the author has put his hero, Robert Maxwell, under the potent spell of Tolstoy, and the pith of his story is summed up in the following reverie:

"Tolstoy," cried Maxwell, lowering the flame of the lamp, "a man of men, a living figure amongst clay puppets, a man with the courage of his convictions, who left behind him all the luxuries and comforts of his home, and went down amongst the poor and became one of themselves, to study their lives and draw them up to higher models and larger issues. Shall we?"

"But that thought suddenly interpreted to his reason by the very force of imagination, presented possibilities that made reason shrink from even contemplating the experiment. There was something transcendental and poetical about a Russian nobleman stripping himself of all his habits and traditions and going down amongst the squallid Russian peasantry to study their lives with the idea of transforming and raising them. But for an Irish landlord and gentleman, an M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, to leave his own ranks and go down amongst the Irish peasantry to study the economics of their wretched condition—why, that is unimaginable! And yet, why?"

"If anything was required to prejudice one against Maxwell it is his inflated language, and for this Canon Sheehan cannot escape blame. Who could be patient with a hero who is given to expressing himself in conversation in terms like these?"

"I read somewhere that sooner or later every spirit is tested and an alternative placed before it to ascend the summit of being and find its place in clear atmosphere. Its rightful place or to remain deep down in the valleys of Paphos, and pursue an easy voluptuous existence, sanctioned by the usages of society, but condemned by my own conscience."

"One might have imagined it was done to expose his priggishness save for the fact that all the characters have an echo of it, which is the greater pity, because the author can when he likes write nervous and idiomatic English."

The villain Outram is attached as a matter of course to Dublin Castle, but surely there are plenty of stories to throw at the Castle without making A.D.C.'s drink too much in public and address their wives in the strain sacred to old-fashioned melodrama? Outram, however, does not really belong to the Castle; this scoundrel, "bold and slimy as a coiled snake," is a lay-figure, who has served many generations of novelists, a direct descen-

An' fended about with whisperin' laurel-tree
Where Homer lies asleep! There wu'd I sit

Three nights (in course I wu'dn't chew her spit)

On the off-chance o' ketchin' just a slight

Or her why-not?—slow passin' through the night

Slow-pacin' onward with a noiseless tread

To watch awhile beside her lover's bed, a

Which havin' seen—I seen 'em in a dream!

I'd up an' git an' take it for a theme;

A dandy pom' git 'd write nex' day, Yes, sir,

That pom' id make the world sit up an' purr!

And if I missed the spot—wa-al, what o' that?

I guess there's brains inside my Sabathatt

I wudn't grouse too long. Some gal I'd find

With lips and eyes—an' trillibees to my am'

An' skin as white an' warm as mother's milk!

P'Dmonds I'd fasten in her hair, an' silk

I'd dress her in an' teach her how to be a woman to the world, a Muse to me!

I told these thounds to Bill the other night

An' Bill he'd listen quiet an' perlite,

Bills purr'd deep and cumb'rous as the crow's

With Bill and eyes-an' trillibees to my am'

An' skin as white an' warm as mother's milk!

P'Dmonds I'd fasten in her hair, an' silk

I'd dress her in an' teach her how to be a woman to the world, a Muse to me!

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Plea for Christmas

Our title has, we must confess, rather an ominous look. We can anticipate the *sorrows*, not to say the *disgust*, of many at the bare suggestion that the great feast of Christendom is losing its hold on the popular mind. Yet, if so it were, there would not be much to wonder at. Many ancient beliefs and venerable customs have fallen into the background since the marvels of science began to usurp the seat of authority so long occupied by traditional observances. Let any one glance over the calendar or run over the table of contents prefixed to any standard work like the *Book of Days* or Mr. Baring-Gould's *Myths of the Middle Ages* and he will see that Christmas was one of sundry festivals and celebrations most of which have faded out of the common mind. True, this particular one has made good its claim to the foremost place in religious significance; but so deep and wide are the differences of conviction in these revolutionary times that we can no longer count upon a general agreement in sentiment or behaviour when the annual occasion makes its appeal. For good or ill—perhaps for both good and ill—the old meaning has shaded into vagueness, and the thing signified has shared the vulgarity of the sign.

This change of course is not altogether novel, and it is quite easy to over-rate its importance. To go no further back than Dickens's day, we find him setting himself the task of restoring some of the lost prestige of the season of good-will. His Christmas Books certainly achieved a great deal in that direction, and gave a practical humanitarian impulse to what had tended to become a barren ecclesiastical form. It was the greatest of the merits which we now ascribe to that son of the people that he looked through the crude veil of tradition which enwrapped the Christmas story and reinterpreted it for home use. He brought it out of the crypt and the cloister into the light of day. He was, as Mr. Chesterton has happily shown, a great mythologist and folklorist himself; he outdid the older masters of the grotesque creating types of character which summed up the wildest possibilities of virtue and vice, meanness and generosity. The crowd needs such exaggerated figures to fix its attention on the unseen motive forces which shape conduct and destiny. Scrooge personified the hard, mechanical temper which grew up amid the whirl and din of factory and warehouse life. The cheerful brothers were the exceptions that proved the rule. To Dickens more than to any other writer or philanthropist we owe the revivification of Father Christmas. He blends selected memories and foresees into a gospel of joy, filling the season with pealing merriment and abounding gratitude, as though darkness and death were vanquished foes. An incurable optimist, the author of the Christmas Carol sought to ease

burdened consciences and enrich impoverished lives. We have learned much that he did not know nor reckoned with as to the deeper sources of misery and evil, but we have not outgrown his magnificent hopefulness, his solicitude for humanity in the rough. If that trust and that solicitude take impressive forms, quite apart from ritual and dogma, at the season consecrated by ages of pious use and wont to a great idea, the magical and fantastic fiction of the nineteenth century romanticist who had sounded the depths and scaled the heights of the common life must largely be credited with such exemplary results.

Our plea is for a further advance on the same path. It is a poor compliment to pay the fathers to stop short at the turn of the road which they could not pass. New knowledge and wiser resources for coping with poverty offer themselves to willing workers today. Some modes of lessening the sum of human sorrow and suffering do not need to undergo much change; the hospital and the orphanage still claim our sympathy; the old to whom years have brought no release from care still appeal to us as our helpless flesh and blood. The complicated apparatus for alleviating the woes of the community has sprung into being, piece by piece, out of an overpowering sense of social necessity. Such efforts as those to which our "Children's Hour" columns belong—efforts to deepen the sympathies of young people and to lighten the lot of the sick and afflicted, or to brighten days that are apt to be dull amid the general jollity—do not grow stale or out of date. A world subject to a thousand ills against which no foresight can guard, wherein beings variously born and conditioned have to struggle for an assured place, many fainting by the wayside and turning appealing eyes to their more fortunate brethren for aid, will not soon cease to afford opportunities for devoted service. By all means maintain the old simple benevolences, keep alive the charities that sooth and bless those who suffer—not for their own mistakes alone, but haply for the neglect or misdealing of others. When all open woes have been so alleviated much that the finer consciousness and better-informed spirit of our privileged time suggests as more and more needful will remain to challenge our self-complacency.

How many of our sorrows and privations there are which require a balm that money cannot buy a tender hand of healing which only they who have cultivated the highest gifts of consolatory speech and comradeship can lay upon the fevered brow! Can this be the notion which is crudely embodied in fanatical forms? Have the Peculiar People and their more pretentious allies, who call their nation of medicinal and surgical aid science, got hold of a half-truth which they misuse? The inquiry points out a

ret of spiritual training—a secret which seems too often hidden from those who squabble over the formalities of religious education. Is it not a sad proof of widely extended parental unreadiness that the pedagogue and the professional guide should be charged with the most sacred and intimate of fatherly and motherly duties—that of turning the child's gaze inward and upward in quest of the highest strength and blessing? Is any parentage so noble, any guardianship so fraught with delight, as the one which grasps this interior verity, building character on the sure foundation of a purposed dedication to a transcendent career?

We should be sorry to damp any ardent spirit among our readers by seeming to undervalue the convivial side of the season. Mirth has its justification as a reaction from burdensome toil. Joy, which is mirth refined and deepened, has a unique recuperative power; it is the wine of life that braces up the faculties for new achievements. Experience teaches us, moreover, that mere moralizing is of little avail when a new conception of life's meaning is the great desideratum. Hear that brave and choice spirit, Robert Louis Stevenson, on this matter. He says: "Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. . . . If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say give them up, for they may be all you have; but conceal them, like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people." There is a good deal of sentimental and emasculated morality, in truth, which weakens instead of invigorating people's wills. We need not fear contact with poor and depressed humanity—does the trained nurse shrink from the infected patient? The right temper in which to take up the duties and privileges of the hour is the temper of cheerfulness, if one cannot catch the mood which the season invites. Christmas will come to us in vain. Are our memories sad? Let us submerge them in the flood of the general joy. We miss loved faces; voices that gave a charm to the morning are absent now; the world can never be the same to us as it was when we kept sweet company with our beloved. Christmas brings solemn thoughts; need they be self-regarding ones only? Are not other lives darkened by shadows of loss—or bereavement in which they can discover no ameliorative use or compensation? By cheering their loneliness we ease our own burden of trouble; words of hope spoken to a needy one make a musical echo in the depths of our own soul.

So while we avow that we cannot invent any new Christmas gospel, or rate the old symbols higher than we did of yore, we plead for a fuller use and a wider interpretation of the season's opportunity. Is anything so gross or common that it cannot be made sacrificial by a noble aim? Charity is the greatest of the graces, and it takes countless forms and divine disguises. Lamb quotes Coleridge to the effect that "a man who did not appreciate an apple dumpling could not be a good man." Christmas fare may be rather indigestible to weak stomachs, but if it is the time-honored medium of good fellowship and sweet benevolence in a world that tries us all with hunger and thirst, should we not partake and be thankful?—Family Herald.

A New Vocation

Mr. E. B. Sargent gave his second lecture, entitled "The Federal Problem Education Compared with the Imperial Problem," at the Royal Victoria College, says the Montreal Star.

The lecturer said that very little imagination had been shown in the kind of education usually offered to the colored races in our Empire as a suitable preparation for the work they had to do in life. The curriculum, the text books, the methods of instruction which had been devised primarily to meet the needs of races of European descent in South Africa (to take that one example) had been adopted, almost in their entirety, for the use of the native population also. There was a tendency to disregard the vernacular altogether, and to try to teach the children in English alone. The passages in our language selected for reading and recitation were often themselves most inappropriate. What could primitive Basuto children living in huts in their mountainous territory understand of the following lines which they recited quite glibly:

"We built a ship upon the stairs,
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa-pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows."

R. L. Stevenson.

In the belief of the lecturer, the more ignorant part of the native population considered that teaching like this was magical in character. When a few years of such instruction did not transform their children into well-educated scholars, able to hold their own with the best of the white population, the native mothers thought in their hearts that we were purposely holding back from them the right educational spells.

All true education for the native races must be founded on their own language and experience, and only proceed slowly towards our civilization. Otherwise there was a great danger that the more ambitious students would become dissatisfied with their own social law and order and yet fail to appreciate the conditions of European law. The aim of native education ought to be far higher than the mere training of the intelligence in school. The increase of the lawmaking (and law-obeying) power in the community as a whole must be the end kept steadily in view by every teacher and administrator in our dependencies. It was only by such means that native boys could by degrees be brought nearer to the law of the paramount power, without any intermediate period of lawlessness. In that way the amount of self-government might gradually be increased; and our direct responsibilities diminished. The whole school system should be subordinated to this task.

Mr. Sargent said that personal leadership was the first element in such educational work. Concurrently with the increase in the law-making power of the dependent community it was

therefore necessary to train native leaders, who, in course of time, might take the place of the leaders of our own race. All the means for the increase of knowledge and for the development of character which were at our command ought, therefore, to be thrown open to such native leaders. In attaining these two results we should solve the problem of imperial education but no one could say when the task was likely to be accomplished. The lecturer illustrated his points by reference to the simple conditions of education and tribal law which obtained in Basutoland.

The problem of federal education was, he said, much simpler. The self-governing dominions of the Empire were advancing in civilization side by side under practically independent leadership. What was found by comparison to be best among the means of education in any one of these communities should be employed to assist the progress of all the others. It was only necessary to establish the right agency for such comparison. In this way we should assure ourselves that we were not pursuing divergent paths, but, on the contrary, steadily marching towards a common goal, and mutually inspiring one another.

In concluding, Mr. Sargent said that responsibilities for the dependencies of the British Empire was in itself an important means of education of the paramount race. He wished that that responsibility could be shared by all the self-governing dominions. But without such constitutional changes as would be involved in making India and the Crown colonies and protectorates "wards of the Empire" (to use Lord Milne's phrase), there would be fuller co-operation in this respect if administrative officers in our dependencies were more frequently drawn from Canada, Australia, etc. In the India Civil Service, the Indian Forest Department, and the teaching staff of the various Indian provinces alone there were scores of appointments to be filled every year. In addition there were cadetships in Ceylon and the Far East and administrative and teaching posts in other Crown colonies. The conditions for entrance to these services were not sufficiently well-known in Canada. Admittedly such a life's work would not appeal to a very large number of the Canadian youth. Their imaginations were busy with the great engineering works which had to be carried out at home, with the vast agricultural development of the country, and with the resulting commercial needs of the people. But because a great majority had certain interests and inclinations, we ought not to neglect also to consider small minorities east in a different mould—young men with a liking for the work of political and social administration and with the right touch of authority over dependent races. Canada today owed more than it was easy to estimate to the training which the Hudson's Bay

Company had given to young men of this temperament.

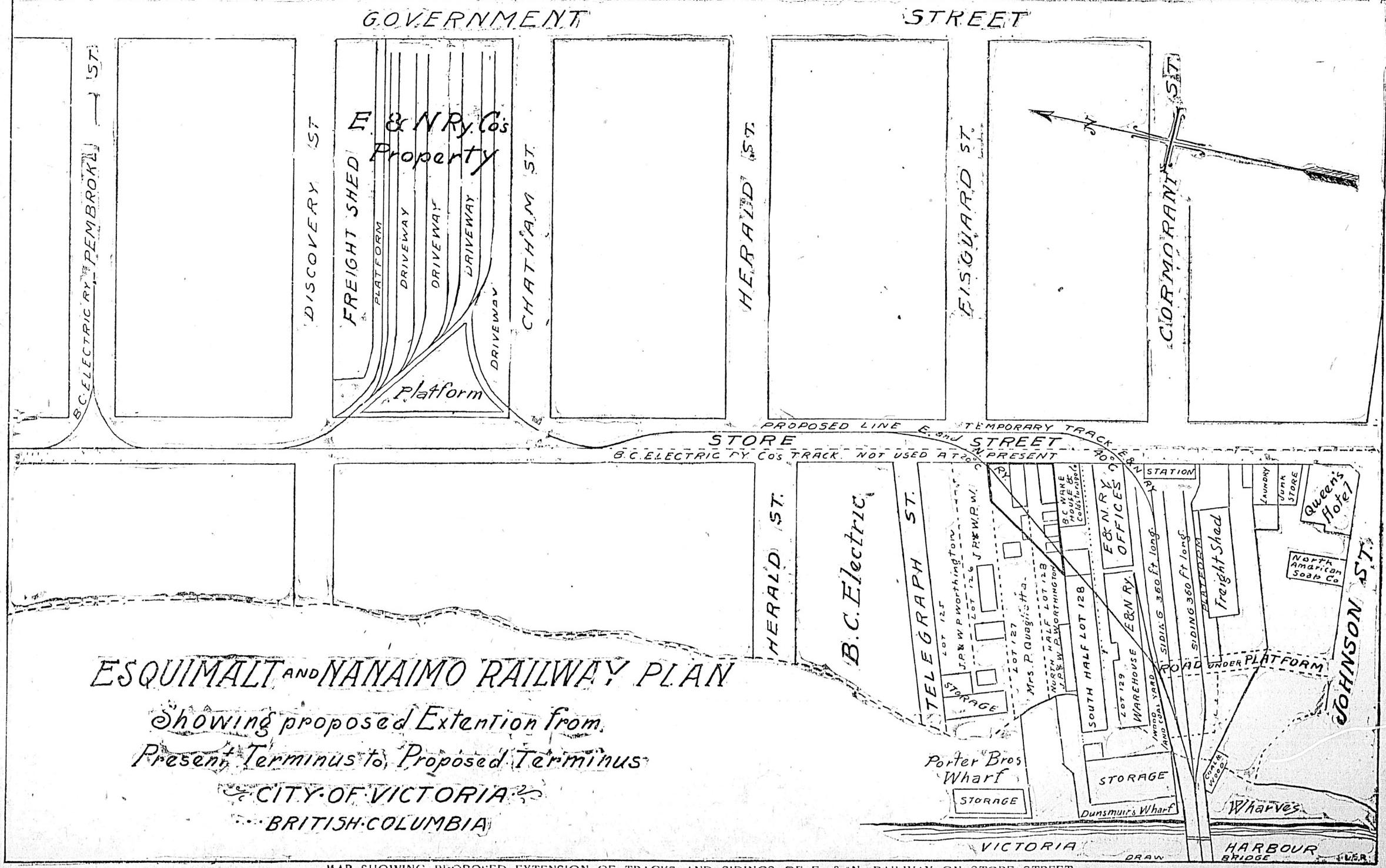
"In the interests of the Dominion as well as of individuals, the fullest information should, therefore, be accessible in every centre of population as to appointments in the imperial service, which would satisfy small minorities of young Canadians. As far as possible the schools and universities should undertake to prepare competitors for such appointments, and where such an arrangement would interfere too much with other duties, the most practical advice should be forthcoming as to the cost of the necessary education in other places.

"This is a Dominion and not a provincial matter. It is for those who know Canada best to indicate what central agency should be used for such a purpose, and how it should distribute that thorough information which alone is useful if parents are to receive definite assistance in the consideration of their sons' future careers. The range of appointments about which information is forthcoming should be as wide as possible—not only posts of the kind I have alluded to tonight, but others which furnish every type of career in the Imperial service. The life of Canada would be enriched by such provision for a few of her sons, if they returned home when their work was done. The King's service would be improved. And in the last place, no step would carry us further on the way to a sound understanding of what imperial federation really means or place us in a better position to give effect to our conclusions when the right moment comes."

Ever try how many cigarettes would be required from which to fill a good-sized pipe with tobacco? One and a half will do it. Are you surprised? Try it. Herein is the worst of cigarette smoking. A man or boy who might think one pipe a pretty good allowance for a while, will smoke four pipefuls of tobacco in the shape of half a dozen cigarettes in half an hour without realizing that he is doing anything out of the way. Formerly cigarettes were supposed to be more or less poisonous in themselves. If they were, the poison has, we understand, been done away with by better methods of manufacture. The worst of the cigarette now, apart from the too-tempting ease and rapidity of consumption, is probably the habit which offers to the cigarette smoker of inhaling the smoke into his lungs. That this is largely done and that far more tobacco is used in a cigarette than the devotees of the habit realize, constitute a danger and evil of grave public dimensions. Those who move to check this evil, whether by private influence or public warning or political protest, are doing a good work.

GOVERNMENT

STREET



The Chartered Bank of British Columbia

To be Incorporated by Act of the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada

Head Office, Vancouver, B. C.

CAPITAL

\$2,000,000

In 20,000 Shares of \$100 Each, with \$10 Premium

The Following Have Applied for Incorporation and Will Be the Provisional Directors:

T. W. PATERSON, ESQ., Capitalist, Victoria,
British Columbia

W. H. MALKIN, ESQ., W. H. Malkin Co., Ltd.,
Wholesale Grocers, Vancouver, B. C.

J. A. MITCHELL, ESQ., Capitalist, Victoria,
British Columbia

R. P. McLENNAN, ESQ., McLennan, McFeely
& Co., Wholesale Hardware, Vancouver, B. C.

F. W. JONES, ESQ., Lumberman, Victoria,
British Columbia

H. T. CEPERLEY, ESQ., Ceperley, Rounsefell &
Co., Brokers, Vancouver, B. C.

J. A. HARVEY, ESQ., K. C., Cranbrook, B. C.

SOLICITOR

George H. Cowan, Esq., K. C., Vancouver, B. C.

TRUSTEES

Yorkshire Guarantee and Securities Corporation, Vancouver, B. C.

The Chartered Bank of British Columbia is being formed to meet in part the increased banking accommodation required by the natural and steady expansion of business, coincident with the great development of the country and especially of British Columbia, and, while organizing to conduct a general banking business, will give special consideration to the industries and commerce of the Province, and is being established primarily for this purpose, and through its connections in Great Britain, the United States and Eastern Canada, it will be able to greatly facilitate the investment of outside capital in the various enterprises of the Province.

British Columbia, with its great wealth of raw material in lumber and minerals largely developed, with its opportunities for cattle ranching, mixed farming and fruit growing, with its fisheries and its increasing maritime trade with the Orient, Australia, Mexico and South America, and, above all, in the approaching development of its vast Central, Northern Interior, and Vancouver Island, by railway construction, will be immensely benefited by the establishment of a Chartered Bank having its CHIEF OFFICE in the Province, and controlled by a Board of Directors entirely familiar with the resources and the needs of the country, whose names alone are a guarantee for the success of the undertaking.

Under the Banking Laws of Canada, a Chartered Bank has also this additional earning power—that for every dollar of paid-up capital it can issue its bills to that amount, thus doubling the earning power of its stockholders' money.

For instance, the Authorized Capital of the Chartered Bank of British Columbia is \$2,000,000.

If this were fully paid up the Bank could issue \$2,000,000 in bills, thus earning for its stockholders dividends on \$4,000,000, giving the Bank a double earning power on its capital.

The profits on bank stock are distributed to the stockholders in two ways :

1. Dividends paid direct to the stockholders

2. Profits over and above dividends placed to Rest Account, which increases the value of their stock.

It is therefore scarcely necessary to point out that the shares of chartered banks in Canada are recognized as being among the safest and most profitable of investments.

Bank Stock offers to the investor :

- (1) A safe investment.
- (2) An investment easily convertible.
- (3) A profitable investment.
- (4) An investment increasing in value.

The opportunity for investment in the stock of a new bank in Canada is rare.

It is impossible to get stock in a Chartered Bank at other than market prices.

The stock of a Chartered Bank that has been going for some time sells so readily that it must be purchased at the large premiums at which the shares sell in the open market.

Banks have the power of easily increasing the amount of their Capital Stock; but whenever they do so, the new stock must first be offered pro rata to existing shareholders.

In every case where this has been done, the existing shareholders have taken up the whole of the issue, and the general public has been unable to obtain any part of it.

The following table shows what some Canadian Banks have done in the past for their shareholders :

BANK.	Par Value.	Present Selling Price.	Annual Dividends Now Paid.
Montreal	\$100	\$235	10 per cent.
Commerce	100	160	8 "
Nova Scotia	100	279	12 "
British	100	155	7 "
Merchants	100	156	8 "
Dominion	100	220	12 "
Toronto	100	202	10 "
Royal	100	225	10 "
Hamilton	100	185	10 "
Traders	100	125	7 "
Imperial	100	198	11 "
Standard	100	213	12 "
Molsons	100	190	10 "
Eastern Townships	100	156	8 "
Ottawa	100	215	10 "

The actual returns of existing Canadian Banking Institutions to shareholders, after setting aside a portion of the yearly earnings as a "Reserve Fund" or "Rest Account," have ranged for the past ten years from six to as high as twelve per cent. per annum, and payable half-yearly.

During recent years the earnings of many Chartered Banks in Canada have been over fifteen per cent. per annum.

Directors

The gentlemen who have consented to act as Provisional Directors are large stockholders, who have been successful in their own business affairs, and in whom the public have the highest confidence.

Their selection will have to be ratified by the first meeting of the shareholders. Additional directors will also be selected from among the shareholders at the said meeting, by the shareholders themselves, so that they will have a direct opportunity of seeing that the affairs of the Bank are entrusted to careful and competent management.

Arrangements have been made whereby the office of General Manager will be filled by a well known and experienced banker.

Terms of Subscription

The terms of subscription are \$10 premium on each share upon the signing of subscription, \$10 upon each share of stock within 30 days after date of subscription, and \$10 on each share of stock upon allotment by the Provisional Directors, and eight equal monthly payments of \$10 each per share, the first of such payments to be made thirty days after allotment, and the succeeding payments at intervals of thirty days. On payments made in advance of monthly instalments, interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum will be allowed.

Applications for Stock

Applications for stock may be made to the Secretary of The Chartered Bank of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C. All cheques, drafts, money orders and other remittances on account of subscriptions for stock should be made payable to The Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, Vancouver, B.C.

Subscription Forms

For further information, or forms of subscriptions for stock, address

A. L. DEWAR, Secretary,
Vancouver, B.C.

Former Occupants of the Editorial Chair

Men Who Have Played a Large Part in Moulding the Public Sentiments of the People of British Columbia During the Last Forty Years

TN the course of a life of nearly half a century a newspaper necessarily enlists the co-operation of many people in making it what it is. So interwoven are the several departments, the editorial, the news, the mechanical and the business branches of a paper, that it is difficult to define the limits within which the efforts of either of them have been chiefly effective. Therefore a page devoted to the individuals who have written the editorials or have been instrumental in determining the general policy of the paper, would not be fully representative of the makers of The Colonist. Yet it seemed fitting to give our readers portraits and brief sketches of the careers of the three gentlemen who were in the past most closely identified with the paper in the public mind, and also of two who, for short periods, occupied the editorial chair.

Concerning the founder of the paper, the late Amor de Cosmos, more might be said than the space available at this time permits. He was a typical pioneer, a Nova Scotian trained in the political school of which Joseph Howe was the leader, a man of resource, fearless in the expression of his views, far-seeing and full of energy. Of Mr. D. W. Higgins, who is still with us, and who at any time may "bob up serenely" in public life or a journalistic career, it would be superfluous to say anything more than is contained in the short biographical sketch which appears below, and the same is true of Messrs. Bogle and Gosnell. They are yet in the prime of life, and in the natural order of things may be expected to give a good account of themselves. Of the late Henry Lawson little need be said in addition to the appreciative editorial which is reproduced from The Colonist of the day following his death, except that as the years roll round his memory remains ever fragrant in the memory of all who knew him.

It was in Windsor, Hants county, Nova Scotia, that Mr. De Cosmos was born, on the 20th August, 1825, and it was there that he received his education. At fifteen his school days terminated, and on the removal of his family to Halifax he commenced the battle of life as a clerk in the wholesale grocery firm of Chas. Whiteman & Co. At the same time, his ambition to secure an education such as would enable him to make his mark in the world induced him to take the fullest advantage of the facilities afforded by an excellent night school over which Mr. John S. Thomson, father of the late Canadian premier, presided, and it is a certain fact that the wholesome advice and intelligent counsel of his instructor in these impressionable days of boyhood materially affected his subsequent useful and distinguished career. The opinion that a newer and broader country offered to him greater opportunities for advancement than did his native Nova Scotia, induced him in 1851 to join in the exodus to California, where the gold discoveries of a few years before were leading an indomitable and energetic army of workers from all parts of the East. There were no railways in those days bringing Atlantic and Pacific into close companionship, and so, the steamer having landed the adventurous young Canadian in New York city, he started thence on the tiresome and apparently interminable tramp across the continent. His journeying to St. Jo., then the rallying point for the west-bound caravans of white-hooded wagons, was devoid of special incident or importance. At this breathing space on the border of the unknown he fell in with a number of equally ambitious emigrants, and with them he made the passage to the golden land of promise, the laborious crossing of the prairies being made anything but monotonous by several skirmishes with predatory bands of Indians and one pitched battle with the redskins, in which two men and one of the women of the little party lost their lives.

On two other occasions the company were obliged to give up a great portion of their slender stock of provisions to conciliate the none-too-friendly reds, and thus it was that their original plans were sadly disturbed, and when the green fields of Utah were reached a halt was called perforce, and not until the following spring was it possible to take up the



termination to learn for himself the full value of the gold mines that had tempted him westward, passed on to the diggings, in which he spent four years of varying fortune, crowded with adventure and profitable experience.

Realizing that profits were to be made from miners as well as from mines, Mr. De Cosmos—or Smith, for that was the name of his parents, although to gratify his craving for a less commonplace patronymic a convenient legislature enacted that it should be De

Cosmos' views on public affairs were as sound as the basis upon which he built his business success. Politics, whether national or bounded merely by the necessities and actions of a mining camp, he entered into naturally and with enthusiasm, so that even those who disliked the man—for he was too strongly opinioned to invite universal friendship—were compelled to admit his power as a leader of men. To what place in the making of California history he might have aspired no one

pitiable forest. He at once cast himself with that restless energy that was his most marked characteristic into the making of history for the new town and colony, carrying out the project that even before he left California had been taking practical form in his busy brain, and presenting to the public shortly afterwards, a pioneer newspaper of the Canadian far west—the British Colonist.

It was vigorous and direct—a newspaper symbolic of the times and people, and conse-

quently it grew in popularity and in influence. Popular government was not then in the hands of the people of this section, and this offered a theme which the editor of the British Colonist was ever ready to discuss. Naturally he spoke to an appreciative audience, and when in April of 1850 Governor Douglas took a step in the direction of restricting the liberty of the press, or rather with the object of crushing out of existence the local representative of the world of publications, it was found that Victorians as a unit were with the editor.

A Victorian and a Canadian first, last, and all the time, Mr. De Cosmos was one of the first to espouse the cause of Confederation, and government by the people, and although the unity of the provinces was ultimately accomplished upon a basis other than that he had originally championed, he was one of the most sincere in the rejoicing at the accomplishment of the natural destiny of the British North America possessions. Fearless and outspoken in his discussion of public questions, both with pen and voice, it was natural that he should have been selected, less than five years after his arrival in the colony—in 1863—as a member of the colonial legislature, or that he should have continued as a representative in that body, of the people whose interests he had so much at heart until the amalgamation of the island with British Columbia, as the mainland was then termed, under Governor Strong. New Westminster was at this time the capital, but Mr. De Cosmos concluded that Victoria by reason of its greater population and important commerce was the more suitable place from which to direct provincial affairs. He therefore entered with zeal into a campaign for the transfer of the capital, in which he was ultimately successful. Victorians have, therefore, to thank the pioneer statesman whose demise brings his career into prominence, for the position which their city occupies today as the executive centre of Canada's most western province.

In 1866 his persistent demand for popular government led to the summoning of the Yale convention, which formulated a bill of rights and called for the extension of self-government to the people of British Columbia. Success was not immediately achieved, but the convention was nevertheless not without its practical and important bearing in the accomplishment of its desired aim.

In 1866 Mr. De Cosmos paid an important visit to the Eastern provinces, his mission being nothing less than to advocate the confederation of the provinces from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and returning to his home in the West he bent his every energy to the tremendous scheme of building up a united nation. In 1870 his formulated project was laid before the local legislature, the government scheme for the accomplishment of the same great object under other conditions being at the same time considered. The government plan prevailed, and in July, 1871, the province became a part of the Dominion.

Three years after this Mr. De Cosmos was chosen premier of the province and president (without salary) of the executive council, this being upon the resignation of the government, led by the Premier (now Justice) McCreight. At the same time he was representative of Victoria in the Canadian House of Commons, his capacity for work appearing to have no bounds, and his attention to the needs and opportunities of his constituents being generally admitted as unassailable. Upon the abolition of dual representation, Mr. De Cosmos chose to represent his constituency in the Dominion house, and accordingly resigned the premiership and threw himself with augmented enthusiasm into national affairs. During his representation at Ottawa of the city whose interests he made his own, he persistently urged the desirability and necessity of providing a first-class graving dock at Esquimalt, and upon his efforts in this direction being rewarded by the vote of \$250,000 by the Dominion government, in lieu of the guarantee stipulated in the terms of union, he promptly followed up the advantage gained by visiting London and prevailing upon the Imperial authorities to contribute a similar amount towards the accomplishment of the important public work in question. Before

(Continued On Page 6.)

Reminiscences of Early Days in Victoria

By W. A. Robertson

KF ANY pioneer of British Columbia was asked what induced him to come to this Province, the true answer would invariably be, to better his financial circumstances, though some, likely, have also come to improve their health. For my part, I came here to try and improve my circumstances. When I was in Oakland, in California, in 1863, I got in conversation with a miner who had just returned from Vancouver Island. I was anxious to learn all I could of Victoria and the Island, but he did not give me any encouraging report of either. He told me the Island was barren rock. "Well," I said, "has the rock been prospected for mineral?" "Oh, no," he answered, "it is too densely covered with timber, shrubbery and vegetation—so much so that prospectors cannot get through it." "Well," I said, "I want to see those rocks that produce such dense vegetation." I had prospecting on the brain, as I thought it was the easiest way to get rich quick, providing luck would favor me, although I knew little or nothing of rocks or minerals. The next year, 1864, Leech River mines were discovered, and raised some excitement in California, and I got excited, too, but I could not leave a business I had in Sacramento for some time.

I had a friend with me in Sacramento, named Hector McPherson, who had been sergeant in the company of which I was first lieutenant, belonging to the 65th regiment of Illinois volunteers in the civil war. I got him started for Victoria to go and examine and report on the Leech River mines. His report was not very encouraging, although there was gold being mined.

He sent me a newspaper, I think it was The Colonist, giving considerable account of the mines. I remember one item which a Scotchman and myself could not understand. It said a "klootchman" was fined for some offence, and we came to the conclusion that it must mean a gatherer of rags (cloots). We thought Victoria must be a queer place when there were rag gatherers there already. However, it did not discourage me from coming.

I got on board of the old steamer Oregon, and after a somewhat rough passage landed at Esquimalt at 4 a.m., January 25th, 1865, and one of the first men I met when I went in some hotel bar (I do not remember the name it was called) was Capt. Irving, the father of Capt. John Irving, with several other, and they were pretty merry. I had no idea that Victoria was three miles further away. As soon as daylight came I started on foot for Victoria. When I came to the first bridge I thought I was crossing a river, but when I came to the second bridge I concluded they were across salt water. I inquired of the first person I met for the Jeffry Rooms, as my friend, Hector McPherson, had informed me that there was where I would find him, and also J. D. Milne and the late A. R. Milne, of the customs, both of whom I got acquainted with in Oakland.

I went, according to the directions given me, up Store street to Johnson street, and when crossing Douglas street I met a man in his stocking feet chasing another man. The latter tried to escape into a butcher shop situated where the Regent saloon now stands, but Stocking-feet was too quick for him and knocked him sprawling into the shop. Stocking-feet passed me going back, and with some profanity informed me "the hound had come into his room and struck him in his bed." I thought to myself, "I am back in John Bull's country again," for in in my five years' residence in Uncle Sam's country I had not seen a blow struck except in the army, and not much there.

I found my friends all right, and found out what kind of a man a "klootchman" was, also what was meant by the advice I read in the Colonist "to throw physic to the dogs and drink Bunster."

In the afternoon I said to J. D. Milne, "Let us go and see the town." We went down Johnson street, along Government street and up Fort street. On the last-named street there were very few houses. I said to Mr. Milne, "Let us go and see the business part of the town." "Man," he says, "you have just seen it!" "Why," I responded, "is that all? It's hardly a little village."

We walked down Johnson street, and there we saw a motley crowd of all kinds and colors, but the natives predominated. Very few white women were seen, but the "klootchmen" were very numerous, many of them dressed in silks and satins, and got up in wonderful style. The ones that interested me most were those who had a projecting under lip, held out by what appeared to be a mussel shell. They were very hideous.

I thought I was getting pretty near the limits of civilization, but I was informed there was to be an exciting political meeting that night in what was called a theatre, and that interested me, as I was in California during the contest between G. B. McLellen and Abraham Lincoln for the presidency a short time before, and I attended many of their political meetings, which were nearly always held out-of-doors and generally addressed by excellent speakers.

My friends and myself went to the meeting in what was generally called the "Old"

theatre. I believe the discussion was on tariff and free ports. I was informed who the speakers were. There were Amor De Cosmos, C. B. Young, James Fell, — Carey (who built Carey castle, which was eventually turned into a residence for our governors until destroyed by fire a few years ago), Gilbert M. Sproat, and some others whose names I do not remember. All of those I have mentioned have joined the great majority except Mr. Sproat. The speakers were all very much interrupted, with the exception of Mr. Sproat. Perhaps that accounts for him being still among us. De Cosmos seemed to be a particular mark for some of the audience, especially by one whose name I did not learn at that time, except that he was called Billy the Bludge. De Cosmos would point at him and shout, "Shut your potato trap, Billy!" To another he proffered the request to "shut his clam shell." I asked why does the speaker order one of his interrupters to shut his "potato trap," and another his "clam shell"? I was told the owner of the "potato-trap" was an Irishman, and the other was a beach-comber and lived with a klootchman, and that accounted for the difference. When C. B. Young spoke he was met with a volley of copper because he owned a mine of that mineral. Mr. Fell was met with showers of coffee because he manufactured coffee. Mr. Sproat appeared to get the best of the speakers.

I thought it was a most unruly gathering, for in the meetings I had been at in California no interruptions were allowed. If any one attempted any disturbance he was run out at once. I remember being at one meeting there when some one was foolish enough to raise a row. All at once the crowd I was in swung to one side in an instant. I asked, "What's up with the crowd?" "Oh, looking out for pistol bullets," I was informed.

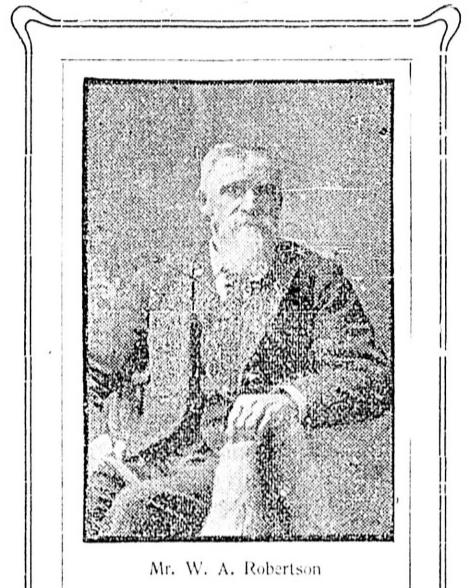
Well, tariff and free port questions have been settled, and the greater part of those who took part in that meeting have passed away.

My first impressions of Victoria were not of a sanguine kind. The gold boom was past and times were very dull, but I came here to prospect and I was bound to try my luck. I had met a man in California that claimed having great experience in placer and quartz mining, and that he had mined in Cariboo. He called himself Dr. Dixon. McPherson, Wm. Tontal and myself imported the doctor to Victoria to teach us how to prospect. Under his instruction we got an outfit of supplies of provisions, picks, shovels, axes, pans, rip-saw, cooking utensils and medicines. He had no particular use for a pocket compass, but I got one all the same. We were informed the Kokesilah river was a good locality to prospect, so after spending the 24th May (Queen's birthday) in Victoria, we got on board the steamer for Cowichan Bay. There were very few passengers, and we appeared to be the only prospectors seeking the hidden wealth of nature, stored away somewhere in Vancouver Island.

We were met on landing by Mr. Samuel Harris, the owner of what he called the "John Bull Inn." The first salutation we got from him was "Come and take some rum," which

he informed us was the foundation of a mighty empire. Rum was cheap in those days, as there was no duty on it. Mr. Harris was a rare character, just such as is often found tumbling in the roiling waves of the foremost billows of immigration into a new country. He had been a Lifeguardsman, and used to boast that he had ridden with George III, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria, "God bless her little heart," and there I will leave Mr. Harris for the present.

We got ready our packs under the instruction of our expert, Dr. Dixon, and they were a wonderful tangle of ropes, pots, pans, axes, and picks. Shovels and guns we carried in our hands, and revolvers on our hips, as we were informed the woods were full of fierce bears, wolves and panthers. We had a long hill to climb up from the landing, and before we got to the top I thought my pack and I were not very good friends. It hurt my back and hurt my shoulders, and hurt my feelings



Mr. W. A. Robertson

worse. In fact the Doctor knew no more about a pack than he knew about medicine (except sarsaparilla and potash, with which he claimed to cure the boys of the results of indiscretion).

After a hard day's tramp through the salall, which, not knowing its name, we called tangle-leg, and over fallen timber and up and down hills, hollows and ravines, we followed the Kokesilah until we came to what the Doctor claimed was a likely place for gold to be found, and there we camped. The Doctor ordered us to sink a shaft, and while we were digging it the Doctor was panning it for gold, of which he found some color, but not enough to mine. However, he made a great discovery in the rocks on the bank of the river, which he claimed were lousy with gold, and some with silver. We had a bottle of nitric

acid, of which the Doctor was very careful. We pulverized the rock, and the Doctor applied the acid, which did not affect the supposed gold, and he was greatly elated. However, I had a book called a prospector's manual which I had been studying, and I had learned a little. I took some of the pulverized rock and heated it. After it cooled the acid was applied, and the gold went up in smoke. That was my first experience with sulphuric acid.

Mr. Courtney has set himself to explain the value of the Bible as a human and historical document, and carried out his attempt with sympathy, good taste, and sound scholarship. This, we think, should be admitted by readers who neither adopt his premises nor accept his conclusions.

When trouble drives a man to drink he begins to look around for more trouble.

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After this we continued on up the river and tried several places, digging some shafts. We got some colors of gold, but nothing worth while.

One day the Doctor got a great scare from a monster of a bear. He was washing a pan in the gulch when he heard a racket, and looking up, there was a huge bear coming towards him. The Doctor dropped the pan and ran down the gulch to where McPherson was chopping down a tree. The bear leisurely came along till he got near McPherson, at whom he took a good look and then walked off into the bush and disappeared. Mac said the bear stood as high as a four-year-old steer. He was seen several times afterwards.

On Sunday, the 18th of June, 1865, we climbed a pretty high mountain on the left hand side of the river going up. On our way we discovered a small lake, since named Grant lake, noted for a good fishing pond. When we got to the summit, which was a plateau covered with heavy timber, there was still old snow there to the depth of two feet, and we concluded the mountain must be about 4,000 feet above ocean level. As we were likely the first white men that had climbed the mountain, we named it Waterloo, as it was the fiftieth anniversary of that historic battle. We cut the name and our names and the date on a tree, which so far as I know, is there yet.

Well, the Doctor made another discovery of what he felt sure was a reliable mine, and nothing would do but I must go to New Westminster and get it assayed. I did so, and the result was: No, gold, no silver, charges \$5; worth more than that in experience. After that we concluded to get rid of our expert, the Doctor, and McPherson and I prospected the river to its source and discovered the anthracite formation on the north fork of the river. We raised a company to develop that discovery, but they were all, like ourselves, too poor to follow it up. Afterwards I got another company to try it, but after spending some few hundred dollars, chiefly in bad management and litigation, it was given up, but I am still certain the coal is there, and some time it will be proven. When that time comes, however, I expect to be where coal or mines will not trouble me. Nearly all those who were interested then with me are now gone ahead of me.

We also discovered the argenticiferous galena mine known as the Sterling mine, on the Kokesilah. I got a strong company to take hold of this mine, and after spending several thousand dollars in development, it, too, has taken a rest of over twenty years, and one-half of the company are resting where mines trouble them no more. But I am confident that mine will also be proved valuable yet.

I tried for years, both in the press and

otherwise, to rouse the people of Victoria to what I felt confident was the immense wealth hid in the mountains of this island, but they would not believe me, and set me down as a faddist.

As this is getting too long it would take too much time to describe our various ups and downs in the life struggle to get a foothold in this new country. We spent our first Christmas in Victoria, but I do not recollect of it being a very joyous one. I think we had what is called a blow-out in some cabin.

In 1866 McPherson and Roderick McLennan, a man by the name of Jeff Davis, and I discovered the Gordon Meadows. After that McPherson drifted away by himself, and as this is reminiscence I will conclude with giving a singular incident connected with his fate. I may say this is no fiction, but stern facts, which I give just as they happened.

In the beginning of June, 1864, McPherson and a friend of his whose name was Donald Drummond, and I, lived in a room rented off a saloon near a wharf in Oakland, California. Drummond and I slept in a niche in the wall, there being but a partition between us and the kitchen of the people that kept the saloon. McPherson slept on a settle in the room. We boarded with an Englishman about half a mile up town, who also kept baths in connection with his boarding house.

One Sunday, about the beginning of June, 1864, as I have said, Drummond, McPherson, and a friend of his whose name was Donald Drummond, and I, lived in a room rented off a saloon near a wharf in Oakland, California. Drummond and I slept in a niche in the wall, there being but a partition between us and the kitchen of the people that kept the saloon. McPherson slept on a settle in the room. We boarded with an Englishman about half a mile up town, who also kept baths in connection with his boarding house.

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At the time the accident happened to him, Roderick McLennan and I had a cabin near the landing in Cowichan, and we had come in from cutting a trail in the Cowichan valley and retired to bed early. A little after the sun set, shortly after we turned in, something struck the log wall of the cabin as if it had been struck with a heavy maul. McLennan said, in alarm, "What's that?" I answered, "Something has fallen against the cabin." "Oh, no," he said. I said I would see. I got up and walked all round the cabin, but there was nothing to be seen. As we afterwards discovered, this took place just about the same time as McPherson met with his fatal accident.

What force could it be that struck the cabin? It had all the sound of a forcible blow. Did telepathy do it? Did a brain wave do it? Who can tell? Did telepathy give a three years' warning to McPherson as to when his time would be up?

I know it will be said I am superstitious. I do not know what superstition is. I take it for granted that superstition is a belief in something that is not real. My belief is that the Great Intelligence that rules the universe rules all by what we call natural laws, and when something happens that we do not understand we call it supernatural, which, if we did understand them, we would find they were guided by natural laws. I have given a true account of these facts just as they happened. Drummond and the Englishman were not the men to play jokes or tricks of any kind, so that I know there was no trickery and no hallucination or imagination, and there I leave the matter as one of those mysteries not yet understood.

THE KING! GOD BLESS HIM!

The presence of a King engenders love

Among his people and his loyal friends.

—King Henry the Sixth.

He has deserved high commendation, fine applause.—Is You Like It.

Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.—Measure For Measure.

King of courtesy—

Fixed impire of men's miseries.

—King Henry the Sixth.

I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts.

—King Henry the Fourth.

No ceremony that to great ones belongs,

Not the King's crown, nor the disputed sword

Become them, with one-half so good a grace

As mercy does.—Measure For Measure.

God send him many years of sunshine days.

—King Richard the Second.

Gentler heart did never sway in court.

—King Henry the Sixth.

One that unassailable holds on his rank.

—Julius Caesar.

Divinity doth hedge about a King.—Hamlet.

Blessed be your royal Grace.—

—Measure For Measure.

Long live our sovereign Edward, England's King.—King Henry the Sixth.

Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace.—King Richard the Third.

Sound, drums and trumpets!—

—King Henry the Sixth.

So excellent a King!

So worthy a gentleman.—Hamlet.

He that wears the crown immortally,

Long guard it yours.—King Henry the Fourth.

In noble eminence enthroned

—Troilus and Cressida.

Many years of happy days befall

Our gracious Sovereign!

—King Richard the Second.

Arranged from passages from the plays of Shakespeare by Margaret Eddie Henderson, New Westminster, B. C.

A Christmas Carol in Prose—In Four Staves

Charles Dickens

STAVE I.

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon "Change for anything he chose to put his hand to."

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner.

Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! External heat and cold had little influence on him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often came down handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather; the city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already. The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. Therefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew! keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good, and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from you," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! dine with us tomorrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew.

"Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon."

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon."

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon!"
"And a Happy New Year!"
"Good afternoon!"

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge, to the expectant clerk.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?" And yet, you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's

pelt, to play at blindman's buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's-book, went home to bed.

Now, it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on his door, except that it was very large, and yet Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face!

Marley's face—a dismal light about it, like a

self in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. He sat down. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a dis-used bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing; soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house. They ceased as they had begun, together, and were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I was."

"Who were you, then?"

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?"

"I can."

"Do it, then."

The ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know."

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats." You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

How great was Scrooge's horror when the phantom, taking off a bandage round his head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast! He fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands upon his face.

"Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me? Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness! I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"Seven years dead. And traveling all the time? You travel fast?"

"On the wings of the wind."

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years."

"Oh! captive, bound, and double-ironed, not to know that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business! At this time of the rolling year I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings, with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me?"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will! But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob, pray!"

"I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my curse. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me. Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted by Three Spirits."

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob? If it is, I—I think I'd rather not."

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls One. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step he took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open. Then Marley's Ghost floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great coat), went down a slide at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home as hard as he could

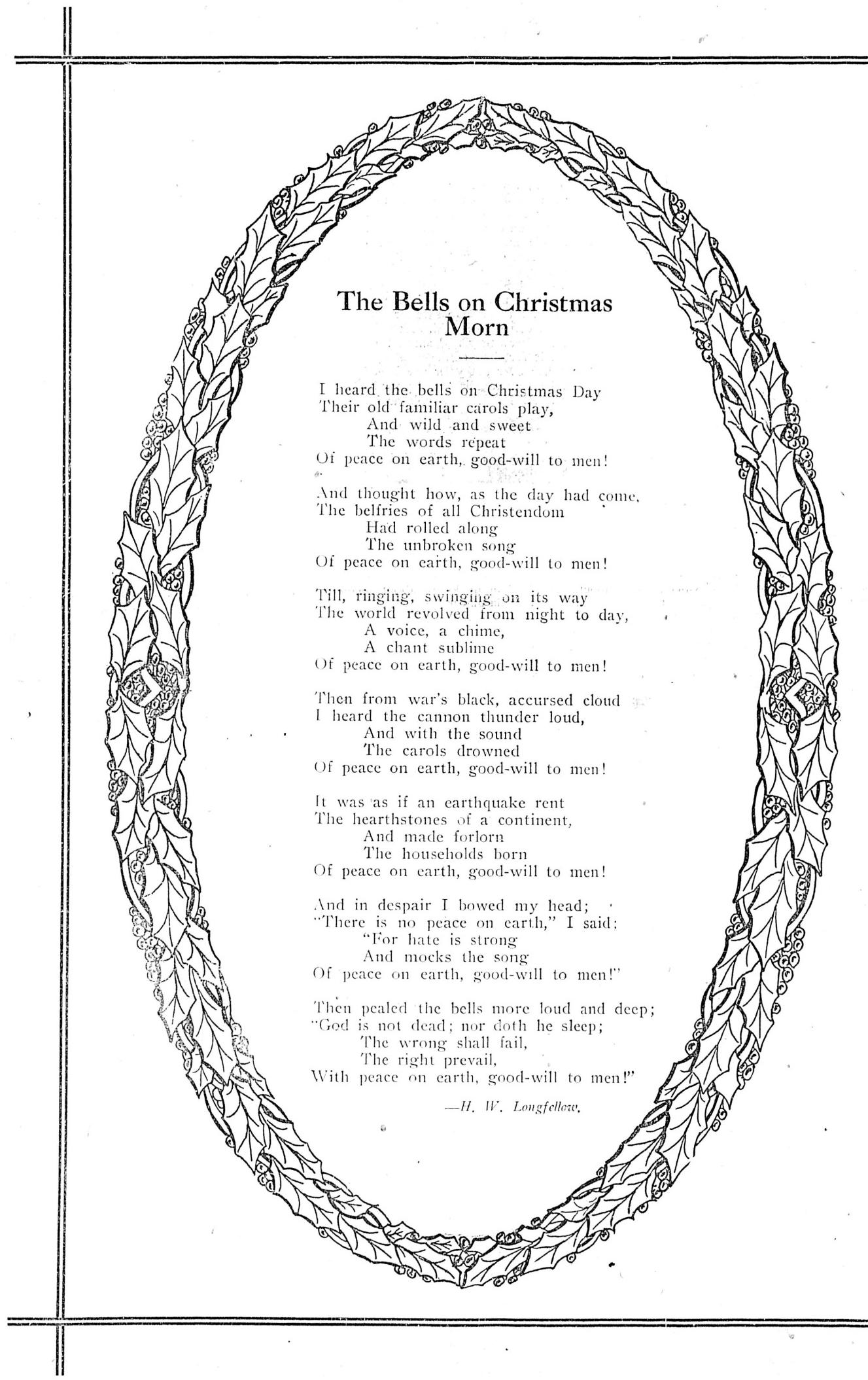
bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look; with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again. He put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it stupidly, and walked in. Up he went, not caring a button for its being dark. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that. Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room. All as they should be. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked him-

chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's

cellar. Then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried "I know him! Marley's ghost!" and fell again.

The same face; the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"



The Bells on Christmas Morn

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, swinging on its way
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from war's black, accursed cloud
I heard the cannon thunder loud,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep;
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—H. W. Longfellow.

STAVE II.

The First Of The Three Spirits.

WHEN Scrooge awoke, it was so dark that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber.

The bell sounded, a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy One. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn aside by a strange figure—like a child; yet not so like a child as an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

"Who, and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?"

"No. Your past."

Scrooge then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost. "Rise! and walk with me!"

The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am but a mortal, and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and at once they were in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and re-passed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for their way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that it was Christmas time; it was evening and the streets were lighted up. The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it! I was apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat jovial voice—"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Yes, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling—in they all came, anyhow and everywhere. Away they all went, twenty couple at once.

Then there were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who would dance; and had no notion of walking. But if they had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the

dance; advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and curtsey, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back-shop.

"A small matter," said the Ghost to Scrooge, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude. He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular."

"Something, I think."

"No, no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

Again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning-dress, in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said, softly. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one. You fear the world too much. All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you. Have I ever sought release?"

"In words! No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature: in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. But if you were free today, tomorrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl—you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain; or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do, and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him, she resumed.

"You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him, and they parted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed. "I cannot bear it! Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

Scrooge was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy sleep.

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STAVE III.

The Second Of The Three Spirits.

SCROOGE awoke in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sat up in bed to get his thoughts together. Seeing a light in the adjoining apartment, he peeped in at the door. It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, and plum-puddings. In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me! You have never seen the like of me before!"

"Never."

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?"

"I don't think I have. I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred."

"A tremendous family to provide for."

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. Tonight, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

The Ghost led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a-week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night, and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come. Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide."

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

"Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot;

Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their post, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set out, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the

whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eye-brows! But now, the plates were being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—to nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid!

All sorts of horrors were supposed.

• Hallo! A great smell of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In

half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own.

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They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with his freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware of them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand towards the city. "Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your facious purposes, and make it worse! And bide the end!"

The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, towards him.

STAVE IV.

The Last Of The Spirits.

THIE Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible, save one outstretched hand.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed, "I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own act. They went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation and its bad repute. Far in this den of infamous resort there was a low-browed, beetling shop, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal, were bought. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in was a grey-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age. Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two ain't strangers."

"What odds, then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *I* always did!"

"That's true, indeed," said the laundress. "No man more so."

"Why then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

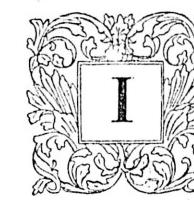
"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw," pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "It's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier judgment," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of

Lena's Christmas Hermit

A true story, by Mrs. J. D. H. Browne, in Young Churchman.



IT IS THE CUSTOM of some German families to light the Christmas tree and distribute Christmas gifts before daybreak on Christmas morning.

The children are sent to bed very early.

In the family of Herr Neidhart the custom of the Christmas morning tree prevailed.

Lena, the eldest daughter of the house, was quite a tall girl, almost thirteen, and felt "grown-up" beside her young brothers and sisters. She assumed little airs of authority over them, and was regarded by them as only second to "mother" in wisdom. What Lena did must be right, they thought, and generally speaking Lena was a good example to the younger ones, though perhaps a little "set-up" by her superior age and knowledge.

"Now, Lenchen," said the mother, "go to bed at once, or you will be too tired to enjoy yourself in the morning. The children are all asleep at last; there is nothing more to do."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Lena, "see, my grotto has no hermit. I must make one to stand in the doorway."

She had made a little grotto of pieces of spar and moss, at one corner of the garden, and only the hermit was needed to complete it.

"It is too late," said Tante Malchen, "go to bed, Lena; the grotto looks quite pretty enough without the hermit."

"But I have his clothes all cut out," said Lena, "it won't take more than a few minutes to dress him, if I could have one of the children's dolls."

"Lena, you are tired and sleepy now," said her mother. "It is not worth while, go to bed at once."

When mother spoke in that tone she fully

meant what she said, and Lena, but not with a very good grace, prepared to obey. She was gathering up a few little odds and ends in the room, and Mrs. Neidhart and Aunt Malchen kissed her goodnight, and went away.

Lena went into the kitchen to put her scraps in the stove. It was warm and cosy; and the fire had been replenished to keep in all night, and on the table near the stove was a large pan of freshly kneaded, smooth, firm dough, to be baked in the morning. Lena glanced at it, and the thought darted into her mind that a piece of it might easily be molded into a hermit for her little grotto.

"Oh, Lenchen! oh, mother! look, look!

what a dreadful little man!"

It was indeed a dreadful little man! The dough hermit had "raised" in the night, and was a shocking little spectacle, about which the whole family soon stood shouting with amusement—all but Lena, who looked disconcerted and even felt for a moment a little inclined to cry with mortification. The hermit's black gown had grown much too tight for him and was gaping wide at the seams. The hermit's face was strangely distorted; his black eyes protruded after a ghastly fashion; the morsel of red flannel which had formed his mouth now stuck out like a tongue; his grey wooden beard bristled widely; his black hood had settled on his neck, displaying a round, puffed head.

"What is it? What is it?" cried little Adolph. "Is it a 'Kobold'?"

"Oh, Lenchen!" said Frau Neidhart, as she put her arms comfortingly around her daughter; "your hermit no doubt was very nice last night; but he would have his own way."

"Like me," whispered Lena; "but I will try to learn a lesson from him, Mutterchen."

So the Christmas hermit was useful, if not ornamental, after all, besides affording no end of fun to the children, who, in the intervals of gazing at their new possessions and playing with their toys, returned again and again to look at the poor, swollen little hermit.

Lena was the last to awake on Christmas morning, for it had taken her some time to go to sleep after her little hurry and excitement. It was "baby" Gertrude who woke her by throwing her chubby arms about her and shouting gleefully:

"Happy Christmas! Happy Christmas, Lenchen!"

Lena jumped up and rubbed her eyes and

it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed-curtains!"

"Ah! Bed-curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?"

"Yes, I do. Why not? Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?"

"Whose else's do you think? He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?"

"Don't you be afraid of that. I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one, too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?"

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman with a laugh.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Oh! what is this?"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed; and now he almost touched a bed—a bare, uncurtained bed—on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language. The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed, and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man. He lay in the dark, empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child, to say he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. What they wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go! Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now will be for ever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before; and found the mother and the children seated round the fire. Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

"And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them."

Where had Scrooge heard those words?

He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on? The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!"

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak" by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Fast it, rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with—Tiny Tim upon his shoulder very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went today, then Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him to a churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced towards it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its sombre shape.

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My First Christmas Dinner in Victoria

By D. W. Higgins

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."—Matthew vii. 7, 8.

N the 22nd day of December, 1860, nearly forty-four years ago, I sat in the editorial room of the Colonist office on Wharf street, preparing a leading article. Mr. DeCosmos, the editor and owner, had contracted a severe cold and was confined to his room at Wilcox's Royal Hotel, so the entire work of writing up the paper for that issue devolved upon me. The office was a rude one-story affair of wood. It had been erected for a merchant early in 1848, and when he failed or went away the building fell into Mr. DeCosmos's hands. On the 11th of December, 1858, Mr. DeCosmos established the Colonist, which has ever since filled a prominent and honorable position in colonial journalism. Our office, as I have remarked, was a rude affair. The editorial room was a small space partitioned off from the composing room, which contained also the little hand press on which the paper was printed. A person who might wish to see the editor was forced to pick his way through a line of stands and cases, at which stood the coatless printers who set the type and prepared the forms for the press.

The day was chill and raw. A heavy wind from the southwest stirred the waters of the harbor and hurling itself with fury against the front of the building made the timbers crack and groan as if in paroxysms of pain. A driving rain fell in sheets on the roof, and drops of water which leaked through the shingles fell on the editorial table, swelled into little rivulets, and leaping to the floor chased each other across the room, making existence therein uncomfortably damp. As I wrote away in spite of these obstacles I was made aware, by a shadow that fell across my table, of the presence of someone in the doorway. I raised my eyes and there stood a female—a rare object in those days, when women and children were as scarce as hen's teeth and were hardly ever met upon the streets, much less in an editorial sanctum. I rose to my feet at once and removing my hat awaited events. In the brief space of time that elapsed before the lady spoke I took her all in. She was a woman scarcely forty, I thought; of medium height, a brunette, with large coal-black eyes, a pretty mouth—a perfect Cupid's bow—and olive-hued cheeks. She was richly dressed in bright colors, with heavy broad stripes and space-encircling hoops after the fashion of the day. When she spoke it was in a rich, well-rounded tone. Taken all in, I sized the lady up as a very presentable person. When I explained to her in response to an enquiry that the editor was ill, she said that she would call again, and went away after leaving her card. Two days later, on the 4th of December, the lady came again.

"Is the editor still ill?" she asked.

"Yes; but he will be here in the course of a day or two."

"Ah! well, that is too bad," she said. "My business is of importance and cannot bear delay. But I am told you will do as well."

I assured the lady that I should be glad to assist her in any way. Thanking me, she bade:

"My name is Madame Fabre. My husband, who was French, is dead—died in California. I am a Russian. In Russia I am a princess." (She paused as if to watch the impression her announcement had made.) "Here I am a mere nobody—only Madame Fabre. I married my husband in France. We came to California. We had much money and my husband went into quartz mining at Grass Valley. He did not understand the business at all. We lost everything. Then he died" (and she drew a lace handkerchief from her reticule and pressing it to her eyes sighed deeply.) "Alas! yes, Emil passed from me and is now, I trust, in heaven. He left me a

mountain of debts and one son, Bertrand, a good child, as good as gold, very thoughtful and obedient. May I call him in? He awaits your permission without."

I replied, "Certainly," and stepping to the door she called, "Bertrand! Bertrand! my child, come here, and speak to the gentleman."

I expected to see a curly haired boy of five or six years, in short trousers, a beaded jacket and fancy cap, whom I would take on my knee, toy with his curls, ask his name and age and give him a "bit" with which to stuff his youthful stomach with indigestible sweet-meats. Judge of my surprise when, preceded by the noise of a heavy tread, a huge youth of about seventeen, bigger and taller than myself, and smoking a cigar, appeared at the opening and in a deep, gruff voice that a sea captain or a militia commander would have envied, asked—

"Did you call, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear child," she sweetly responded. "I wish to introduce you to this gentleman."

economy consistent with our position in life. Naturally we wish to do better and then go back to Russia and live with the nobility. Do we not, Bertrand?"

"Yes," rumbled the "child" from his stomach again, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Well, now, Mr. H.," the lady went on, "I want an adviser. I ask Pierre Manciot at the French hotel and he tells me to see his partner, John Sere; and Mr. Sere tells me to go to the editor of the Colonist. I come here. The editor is ill. I go back to Mr. Sere and he says, 'See D. W. H.; he will set you all right.' So I come to you to tell you what I want."

She paused for a moment to take a newspaper from her reticule and then continued:

"After my husband died and left the debts and this precious child" (the "child" gazed abstractedly at the ceiling while he blew rings of smoke from his mouth) "we made a grand discovery. Our foreman, working in the mine, strikes rich quartz, covers it up again, and tells no one but me. All the shareholders

"I come to you as a man of the world. (I made a gesture of dissent, but it was very feeble, for I was already caught in the web.) "I rely upon you. I ask you to help me. Bertrand—poor, dear Bertie—has no head for business. He is too young, too confiding, too—too—what you English people call simple—no, too good—too noble—he takes after my family—to know anything about such affairs, so I come to you."

Was it possible that because I was considered unredeemably bad I was selected for this woman's purpose? As I mused, half disposed to get angry, I raised my head and my eyes encountered the burning orbs of Madame, gazing full into mine. They seemed to bore like gimlets into my very soul. A thrill ran through me like the shock from an electric battery, and in an instant I seemed bound hand and foot to the fortunes of this strange woman. I felt myself being dragged along as the Roman Emperors were wont to draw their captives through the streets of their capital. I have only a hazy recollection of what passed

her face as she asked for the editor. I returned the usual answer.

"Perhaps you will do for my purpose," she said, timidly. "I have here a piece of poetry."

I gasped as I thought, "It's an ode on winter. Oh, Caesar!"

"A piece of poetry," she continued, "on Britain's Queen." If you will read it and find it worthy a place in your paper I shall be glad to write more. If it is worth paying for I shall be glad to get anything."

Her hand trembled as she produced the paper.

I thanked her, telling her that I would look it over and she withdrew. I could not help contrasting the first with the last visitor. The one had attracted me by her artful and flattering tongue, the skillful use of her beautiful eyes and the pressure of her hand on my coat sleeve; the other by the modesty of her demeanor. The timid shyness with which she presented her poem had caught my fancy. I looked at the piece. It was poor, not but what the sentiment was there—the ideas were good, but they were not well put. As prose it would have been acceptable, but as verse it was impossible and not worth anything.

The next was Christmas Day. It was my first Christmas in Victoria. Business was suspended. All that time in front of every business house, there was a wooden verandah or shed that extended from the front of the building to the outer edge of the sidewalk. One might walk along any of the down-town streets and be under cover all the way. They were ugly, unsightly constructions, and I waged constant warfare against them until I joined the aldermanic board and secured the passage of an ordinance that compelled their removal. Along these verandahs on this particular Christmas morning evergreen boughs were placed, and the little town really presented a very pretty and sylvan appearance. After church I went to the office and from the office to the Hotel de France for luncheon. The only other guest in the room was a tall, florid-faced young man somewhat older than myself. He occupied a table on the opposite side of the room. When I gave my order M. Sere remarked, "All the regular boarders but you have gone to luncheon and dinner with their friends. Why not you?"

"Why," I replied, with a quaver in my voice, "the only families that I know are dining with friends of their own whom I do not know. I feel more homesick today than ever before in my life and the idea of eating my Christmas dinner alone fills me with melancholy thoughts."

The man on the other side of the room must have overheard what I said, for he ejaculated:

"There's two of a kind. I'm in a similar fix. I have no friends here—at least none with whom I can dine. Suppose we double up?"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Why, let us eat our Christmas dinner together and have a good time. Here's my card and here's a letter of credit on Mr. Pendragast—Walls, Fargo's agent—to show that I am not without visible means of support."

The card read, "Mr. George Barclay, Grass Valley."

"Why," I said, "you are from Grass Valley. How strange! I saw two people yesterday—a lady and her 'child'—who claimed to have come from Grass Valley."

"Indeed," he asked, "what are they like?"

"The mother says she is a Russian princess. She calls herself Mme. Fabre and says she is a widow. She is very handsome and intelligent, and," I added with a shudder, "has the loveliest eyes—they bored me through and through."

My new-found friend faintly smiled and said, "I know them. By-and-bye, when we get better acquainted, I shall tell you all about them. Meantime, be on your guard."

After luncheon we walked along Government Street to Yates street and then to the Colonist shack. As I placed the key in the lock I saw the young lady who had submitted the poetry walking rapidly towards us. My companion flushed slightly and raising his hat extended his hand, which the lady accepted with hesitation. They exchanged some words and then



The Bird's Christmas

Celia Thaxter

In the far-off land of Norway
Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing birds and flowers
The little children wait:

When at last the summer ripens
And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days
The toiling people win,

Through all the land the children
In golden fields remain
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
A generous sheaf of grain.

All the stalks by the reapers forgot
They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing;
The sparrows flock north, south, east and
west;

For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, winter air at once,
With their chirping is all alive.

I thought that our little children
Would like to hear it too,
It seems to me so beautiful,
So blessed a thing to do.

They perch on roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously.

And meet the eyes of children,
Who eagerly look out;
With cheeks that bloom like roses red,
And greet them with welcoming shout.

On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door
A tall pole crowned with clustering grain
Is set the birds before.

To make God's innocent creatures see
In every child a friend,
And on our faithful kindness
So fearlessly depend.

And which are the happiest truly
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas
cheer.

Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er.

When this pretty story was told to me
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year.

The "child" removed his hat, and I noticed that his hair was cut close to the scalp. Having been duly introduced, at my request he sat down in my chair, while I took a seat on the edge of the editorial table, which was very rickety, and would scarcely bear my weight at the present day.

The mother gazed at her son fondly for a moment and then proceeded:

"Bertrand's fortune was swallowed up in the quartz wreck, but he is very sweet and very patient, and never complains. Poor lad, it was hard upon him, but he forgives all—do you not, dear?"

"Yes," rumbled the "child" from the pit of his stomach; but the expression that flitted across his visage made me think that he would rather have said "No" had he dared.

"That being the case I will now explain the object of my visit. As I have said, we have lost everything—that is to say, our income is so greatly reduced that it is now a matter of not more than \$1,000 a month. Upon that meagre sum my dear boy and I contrive to get along by practising the strictest

have gone—what you called 'busted,' I believe? We get hold of many shares cheap, and now I come here to get the rest. An Englishman owns enough shares to give him control—I mean that out of 200,000 shares I have got 95,000 and the rest this Englishman holds. We have traced him through Oregon to this place, and we lose all sign of him here." (Up to this moment I had not been particularly interested in the narration.) She paused, and laying a neatly-gloved hand on my arm proceeded:

"You are a man of affairs."

I modestly intimated that I was nothing of the kind, only a reporter.

"Ah! yes. You cannot deceive me. I see it in your eye, your face, your movements. You are a man of large experience and keen judgment. Your conversation is charming."

As she had spoken for ten minutes without giving me an opportunity to say a word, I could not quite understand how she arrived at an estimate of my conversational powers. However, I felt flattered, but said nothing.

Pressing my arm with her hand, she went on:

between us after that, but I call to mind that she asked me to insert as an advertisement a paragraph from a Grass Valley newspaper to the effect that the mine (the name of which I forget) was a failure and that shares could be bought for two cents. When she took her leave I promised to call upon her at the hotel. When the "child" extended a cold, clammy hand in farewell I felt like giving him a kick—he looked so grim and ugly and patronizing. I gazed into his eyes sternly and read there deceit, hypocrisy and moral degeneration. How I hated him!

The pair had been gone several minutes before I recovered my mental balance and awoke to a realization of the fact that I was a young fool who had sold himself (perhaps to the devil) for a few empty compliments and a peep into the deep well of an artful woman's blazing eyes. I was inwardly cursing my stupidity while pacing up and down the floor of the "den" when I heard a timid knock at the door. In response to my invitation to "come in" a young lady entered. She was pretty and about twenty years of age, fair, with dark blue eyes and light brown hair. A blush suffused

support."

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"Why," I said, "you are from Grass Valley. How strange! I saw two people yesterday—a lady and her 'child'—who claimed to have come from Grass Valley."

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the lady, addressing me, asked, "Was my poem acceptable?"

"To tell you the truth, Miss—Miss"

"Forbes," she interjected.

"I have not had time to read it carefully." (As a matter of fact I had not bestowed a second thought upon the poem, but was ashamed to acknowledge it.)

"When—oh! when can you decide?" she asked with much earnestness.

"Tomorrow, I think"—for I fully intended to decline it.

She seemed deeply disappointed. Her lip quivered as she held down her head, and her form trembled with agitation. I could not understand her emotion, but, of course, said nothing to show that I observed it.

"Could you not give me an answer today—this afternoon," the girl eagerly urged.

"Yes," I said, "as you seem so very anxious, if you will give me your address I shall take or send an answer before four o'clock. Where do you reside?"

"Do you know Forshay's cottages? They are a long way up Yates street. We occupy No. 4."

Forshay's cottages were a collection of little cabins that had been erected on a lot at the corner of Cook and Yates streets. They have long since disappeared. They were of one story, and each cottage contained three rooms—a kitchen and two other rooms. I could scarcely imagine a refined person such as the lady before me occupying those miserable quarters; but then, you know, necessity knows no law.

The girl thanked me, and Barclay accompanied her to the corner of Yates street. He seemed to be trying to induce her to do something she did not approve of, for she shook her head with an air of determination and resolved and hurried away.

Barclay came back to the office and said: "I am English myself, but the silliest creature in the world is an Englishman who, having once been well off, finds himself stranded. His pride will not allow him to accept favors. I knew that girl's father and mother in Grass Valley. The old gentleman lost a fortune at quartz mining. His partner, a Mr. Maloney, a Dublin man and graduate of Trinity College, having sunk his own and his wife's money in the mine, poisoned his wife, three children and himself with strichnine three years ago. By the way, I met a Grass Valley man this morning. His name is Robert Homfray, a civil engineer. He tells me he is located here permanently. He and his brother lost a great deal of money in the Grass Valley mines, and we talked over the Maloney tragedy, with the circumstances of which he was familiar; but the strangest part of the story is that three months ago the property was reopened and the very first shot that was fired in the tunnel laid bare a rich vein. Had Maloney fired one more charge he would have been rich. As it was he died a murderer and a suicide. Poor fellow! In a day or two I will tell you more. But let us return to the poetry. What will you do with it?"

"I fear I shall have to reject it."

"No, no!" he cried. "Accept it! This morning I went to the home of the family, which consists of Mr. Forbes, who is crippled with rheumatism, his excellent wife, the young lady from whom we have just parted, and a little boy of seven. They are in actual want. I offered to lend them money to buy common necessities, and Forbes rejected the offer in language that was insulting. Go immediately to the cottage. Tell the girl that you have accepted the poem and give her this" (handing me a \$20 gold piece) "as the appraised value of her production. Then return to the Hotel de France and await developments."

I repaired to the cottages. The road was long and muddy. There were neither sidewalks nor streets, and it was a difficult matter to navigate the sea of mud that lay between Wharf and Cook streets. The young lady answered my knock. She almost fainted when I told her the poem had been accepted and that the fee was \$20. I placed the coin in her hand.

"Mamma! Papa!" she cried, and running inside the house I heard her say, "My poem has been accepted, and the gentleman from the Colonist office has brought me \$20."

"Thank God!" I heard a woman's voice exclaim. "I never lost faith, for what does Christ say, Ellen, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened.' On this holy day—our Saviour's birthday—we have sought and we have found."

This was followed by a sound as of some one crying, and then the girl flew back to the door.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your goodness."

"Not at all," I said. "You have earned it, and you owe me no thanks. I shall be glad to receive and pay for any other contributions you may send." I did not add, though, that they would not be published, although they would be paid for.

A little boy with a troubled face and a pinched look now approached the front door. He was neatly but poorly dressed.

"Oh! Nellie, what is the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

"Johnnie," answered Nellie, "I have earned \$20, and we shall have a Christmas dinner, and you shall have a drum, too." As she said this she caught the little fellow in her arms and kissed him, and pressed his wan cheek against her own.

"Shall we have a turkey, Nellie?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," she said.

"And a plum-pudding, too, with nice sauce that burns when you put a match to it, and shall I have two helpings?" he asked.

"Yes, and you shall set fire to the sauce, and have two helpings, Johnnie."

"Won't that be nice," he exclaimed, gleefully. "But, Nellie, will papa get medicine to make him well again?"

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS

By Charles Dickens



IME was, with most of us, when Christmas Day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections and hopes; grouped everything and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

Time came, perhaps, all too soon, when our thoughts overlapped that narrow boundary; when there was some one (very dear, we thought then, very beautiful, and absolutely perfect) wanting to the fulness of our happiness; when we were wanting too (or we thought so, which did just as well) at the Christmas hearth by which that some one sat; and when we intertwined with every wreath and garland of our life that some one's name.

That was the time for the bright visionary Christmases which have long arisen from us to show faintly, after summer rain, in the palest edges of the rainbow! That was the time for the beatified enjoyment of the things that were to be, and never were, and yet the things that were so real in our resolute hope that it would be hard to say, now, what realities achieved since, have been stronger!

What! Did that Christmas never really come when we and the priceless pearl who was our young choice were received, after the happiest of totally impossible marriages, by the two united families previously at daggers-drawn on our account? When brothers and sisters-in-law who had always been rather cool to us before our relationship was effected, perfectly doted on us, and when fathers and mothers overwhelmed us with unlimited incomes? Was that Christmas dinner never really eaten, after which we arose, and generously and eloquently rendered honor to our late rival, present in the company, then and there exchanging friendship and forgiveness, and founding an attachment, not to be surpassed in Greek or Roman story, which subsisted until death? Has that same rival long ceased to care for that same priceless pearl, and married for money, and become usurious? Above all, do we really know, now, that we should probably have been miserable if we had won and worn the pearl, and that we are better without her?

That Christmas when we had recently achieved so much fame; when we had been carried in triumph somewhere, for doing something great and good; when we had won an honored and ennobled name, and arrived and were received at home in a shower of tears of joy; is it possible that that Christmas has not come yet?

And is our life here, at the best, so constituted that, pausing as we advance at such a noticeable mile-stone in the track as this great birthday, we look back on the things that never were, as naturally and full as gravely as on the things that have been and are gone, or have been and still are? If it be so, and so it seems to be, must we come to the conclusion that life is little better than a dream, and little worth the loves and strivings that we crowd into it?

No! Far be such miscalled philosophy from us, dear Reader, on Christmas Day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christ-

mas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth!

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.

Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your shelter beneath the holly! We know you, and have not outlived you yet. Welcome, old projects and old loves, however fleeting, to your nooks among the steadier lights that burn around us. Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and for the earnestness that made you real, thanks to Heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies among these flowers of children, bear witness! Before this boy, there stretches out a future, brighter than we ever looked on in our old romantic time, but bright with honor and with truth. Around this little head on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport, as prettily, as airily, as when there was no scythe within the reach of Time to shear away the curls of our first-love. Upon another girl's face near it—plainer but smiling bright—a quiet and contented little face, we see Home fairly written. Shining from the word, as rays shine from a star, we see how, when our graves are old, other hopes than ours are young, other hearts than ours are moved; how other ways are smoothed; how other happiness blooms, ripens, and decays—no, not decays, for other homes and other bands of children, noi yet in being nor for ages yet to be, arise, and bloom and ripen to the end of all!

Welcome, everything! Welcome, alike what has been, and what never was, and what we hope may be, to your shelter underneath the holly, to your places round the Christmas fire, where what is sits open-hearted! In yonder shadow, do we see obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's face? By Christmas Day do we forgive him! If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure nor accuse him.

On this day we shut out Nothing!

"Pause," says a low voice. "Nothing?" Think!

"On Christmas Day, we will shut out from our fireside, Nothing."

"Not the shadow of a vast city where the withered leaves are lying deep?" the voice replies. "Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?"

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces towards that City upon Christmas Day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the Presence that is here among us according to the promise, which we will receive, and not dismiss, thy people who are dear to us!

Yes. We can look upon these children angels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully

among the living children by the fire, and can bear to think how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unaware, as the Patriarchs did, the playful children are unconscious of their guests but we can see them—can see a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away. Among the celestial figures there is one, a poor mis-shapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieved her much to leave him here, alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast, and in her hand she leads him.

There was a gallant boy, who fell, far away, upon a burning sand beneath a burning sun, and said, "Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented and had done my duty!" Or there was another, over whom they read the words, "Therefore we commit his body to the deep," and so consigned him to the lonely ocean and sailed on. Or there was another, who lay down to his rest in the dark shadow of great forests, and, on earth, awoke no more. O, shall they not, from sand and sea and forest, be brought home at such a time!

There was a dear girl—almost a woman—never to be one—who made a mourning Christmas in a house of joy, and went her trackless way to the silent City. Do we recollect her, worn out, faintly whispering what could not be heard, and falling into that last sleep for weariness? O look upon her now! O look upon her beauty, her serenity, her changeless youth, her happiness! The daughter of Jairus was recalled to life, to die; but she, more blest, has heard the same voice, saying unto her, "Arise for ever!"

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. • His destined habitation in the City of the Dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christmas remembrance? Would his love have so excluded us? Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, husband, wife, we will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places in our Christmas hearts, and by our Christmas fires; and in the sea of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shut out Nothing!

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a rosy path, as if the Sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hill-side beyond the shapelessly-diffused town, and in the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village-steeple, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles around many a mound of earth. In town and village, there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs heaped high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. Be all gentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the Household Gods, but be those remembrances admitted with tender encouragement! They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reassurances.

"Yes, Johnnie."

"And mamma—will she get back all the pretty things she sent away to pay the rent with?"

"Hush, Johnnie," said the girl, with an apologetic look at me.

"And you, Nellie, will you get back your warm cloak that the man with the long nose took away?"

"Hush, dear," she said. "Go inside now; I wish to speak to this gentleman." She closed the front door and asked me, all the stores being closed, how she would be able to get the materials for the dinner and to redeem her promise to Johnnie.

"Easily enough," said I. "Order it at the Hotel de France. Shall I take down the order?"

"If you will be so kind," she said. "Please order what you think is necessary."

"And I—I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it?" she eagerly inquired.

"That you will permit me to eat my Christmas dinner with you and the family. I am a waif and stray, alone in the world. I am almost a stranger here. The few acquaintances I have made are dining out, and I am at the hotel with Mr. Barclay, whom you know, and I hope, esteem."

"Well," she said, "come, by all means."

"And may I bring Mr. Barclay with me? He is very lonely and very miserable. Just think that on a day like this he has nowhere to go but to an hotel."

He considered a moment before replying; then she said, "No, do not bring him—let him come in while we are at dinner, as if by accident."

I hastened to the Hotel de France, and Sere and Manciot soon had a big hamper packed with an abundance of Christmas cheer and on its way upon the back of an Indian to the Forbes house.

I followed and received a warm welcome from the father and mother who were superior people and gave every evidence of having seen better days. The interior was scrupu-

not repel me now when I take that news to him as he did on Christmas morning when I tendered him a loan."

I told him I thought he should impart the good news at once and stand the consequences. He left me for that purpose. As I walked into the dining-room, I saw the dear "child" Bertrand leaning over the bar quaffing a glass of absinthe. When he saw me he gulped down the drink and said:

"Mamma would like to speak to you—she thought you would have called."

I recalled the adventure with the eyes and hesitated. Then I decided to go to Room 12 on the second flat and see the thing out. A knock on the door was responded to by a sweet "Come in." Mme. Fabre was seated in an easy chair before a cheerful coal fire.

She rose at once and extended a plump and white hand. As we seated ourselves she flashed her burning eyes upon me and said:

"I am so glad you have come. I do want your advice about my mining venture. In the first place I may tell you that I have found the man who owns the shares. He is here in Victoria with his family. He is desparately poor. A hundred dollars if offered would be a great temptation. I would give more—five hundred if necessary.

"The property you told me of the other day is valuable, is it not?" I asked.

"Yes—that is to say, we think it is. You know that mining is the most uncertain of all ventures. You may imagine you are rich one day and the next you find yourself broke. It was so with my husband. He came home one day and said, 'We are rich'; and the next he said, 'We are poor.' This Maloney mine looks well, but who can be sure? When I came here I thought that if I found the man with the shares I could get them for a song. I may yet, but my dear child tells me that he has seen here a man from Grass Valley named Barclay, who is a friend of that shareholder, and," she added, bitterly, "perhaps he has got ahead of me. I must see the man at once and make him an offer. What do you think?"

"I think that you might as well save yourself further trouble. By this time the shareholder has been apprised of his good fortune."

"What!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet and transfixing me with her eyes. "Am I, then, too late?"

"Yes," I said, "you are too late. Forbes—that is the man's name—knows of his good fortune, and I do not think he would sell now at any price."

The woman glared at me with the concentrated hate of a thousand furies. Her great eyes no longer bore an expression of pleading tenderness—they seemed to glint and expand and to shoot fierce flames from their depths. They no longer charmed, they terrified me. How I wished I had left the door open.

"Ah!" she screamed. "I see it all. I have been betrayed—sold out. You have broken my confidence."

"I have done nothing of the kind. I have never repeated to a soul what you told me."

"Then who could have done it?" she exclaimed, bursting into a fit of hysterical tears. "I have come all this way to secure the property and now find that I am too late. Shame! Shame!"

"I will tell you. Barclay is really here. He knew of the strike as soon as you did. He is in love with Miss Forbes and followed the family here to tell them the good news. He is with the man at this moment."

"Curse him!" she cried through her set teeth.

I left the woman plunged in a state of deep despair. I told her son that he should go upstairs and attend to his mother, and proceeded to the Forbes cottage. There I found the family in a state of great excitement, for Barclay had told them all, and already they were arranging plans for returning to California and taking steps to re-open the property.

Miss Forbes received me with great cordiality, and the mother announced that the girl and Barclay were engaged to be married, the father having given his consent at once. The fond mother added that she regretted very much that her daughter would have to abandon her literary career, which had begun so auspiciously through my discovery of her latent talent.

I looked at Barclay before I replied. His face was as blank as a piece of white paper. His eyes, however, danced in his head as if he enjoyed my predicament.

"Yes," I finally said, "Mr. Barclay has much to be answerable for. I shall lose a valued contributor. Perhaps," I ventured, "she will still continue to write from California, for she possesses poetical talent of a high order."

"I shall gladly do so," cried the young lady, "and without pay, too. I shall never forget your goodness."

"RING IN THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE"

Review of An Interesting New Book

AN anonymous writer of singular freshness and clearness of thought has flashed upon the world for the second time in a book whose title reveals that its task is to "ring in the Christ that is to be." We notice that the United States edition gives the title in Tennyson's own English words, says the Montreal Witness. Not that there can be anything new in Christ, but that to the Church he must be more and more as the ages roll, and that the age in which we live is rending the veil of traditional misconception and revealing an effulgence that has been hidden. The author's former work, "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," was somewhat impressively received by the reviewers, one of whom described himself as a digger among the monotonous root crop of devout literature who had unexpectedly chanced upon a gem, "a work which must permanently influence the mind of the reader and implant in him higher thoughts of the meaning of Christianity and of the attitude of the religious towards it." In the present work, though the author, in a modest preface, speaks of it as only a series of efforts to think what the Gospel of Jesus really is, the genius discovered in the former book comes into blossom. It cannot have Mr. Gladstone to sound the herald's trumpet for it, as "Ecce Homo" had, but some whom it reaches will remember the thrill that passed through religious thought when that book appeared. They will find here the riper lore of a later era, and, if a revelation, necessarily a deeper one. There the lost humanity of the Saviour was given back to us; here the divinity shines, not in initial and final portents, but in the words and works. There

power of the corporate mind over the individual is much insisted on—the exaggerated intensification of impulses when a crowd is carried away by them, and, on the other hand, the impossibility of even sane conviction when that is not more or less upheld in the enveloping community.

The results of scholarship have restored us very much to the condition of the church in its most vital age before theories derived from non-Christian ideals had become inwrought into the Christian tradition. Then men knew of Christ only what they had heard in a scattered way of his own words and deeds, apart from the glosses in which these too soon became imbedded. If questions as to the authority of our records have left us groping

faith as a cause which had a uniform effect. With him, if a blessing was wrought it was always faith that did it—"thine own faith hath made thee whole." Where the blessing failed, it was faith that was lacking. "The popular belief in the uncertainty of prayer was and is eating like a maggot into human faith everywhere." Jesus, contrary to the popular belief, taught the absolute uniformity of God's action. His doctrine of prayer, as exemplified in His works, declares that certain of man's needs God will supply unfailingly and without delay—the gift of forgiveness, the gift of the Holy Ghost, i.e., God's indwelling support of joy and power, the gift of health, the gift of sanity and self-control. There is another class of benefits, however, which men may ask for

involves the suffering of God, of his Christ, and of his people. But even with regard to the evil of others there is the promise that God will "avenge His elect," and that, in view of the greatness of the task, speedily. Forces are at work that will in time bring to pass the answer to such prayers. But as to those good things that are not conditioned by other wills they are ever at the invocation of faith. The great error of the church has been in looking for salvation through suffering and distress, while the Saviour offered it by methods of the deepest joy.

There have been two stages in the religious evolution of man, the first when he propitiated adverse gods by ceremonial; the second when he doubted the efficacy of non-moral

the new, only to make a rent between Man and the Gospel of joy. The untenable theory that the Father afflicts those he loves has needlessly opened a wide door to erratic schools of thought, such for instance as Christian Science, which could not have gained their vogue without a spark of light that had been lacking. There is ample place for pain both to God and man in the heroic task of lifting man out of his chosen evil, without any need for divine love incapacitating the workers and their relatives and friends by bodily suffering. A follower of Jesus must take up the cross, that is, must choose all the self-denial and loss involved in making the kingdom of heaven the first object of his effort. But to the fulness of faith there is no need of accepting bodily infirmity, all of which the Saviour is able and ready to cure. Suffering enough there will be. Sin will always bring suffering—not only to the sinner, but, where it is altogether undeserved, to those who love. This undeserved suffering, shared by the Highest, the punishment of the sinner could only add to. This, Christ bids men fear.

The author does not hold with those who would eliminate Satanic influence from their scheme of things. There certainly is an evil will in the visible world that we know. If we believe in the continuance of life, it is to be presumed that there must be an Evil Will in the life about us that we do not see. If there certainly is a dualism of influence on earth—a good that is of God and an Evil Will that is not of God, is it preposterous to think of the same dualism in the infinite universe of whose peopling we know so little? The mystery of evil as a force in a universe ruled by a holy God is not lessened by discarding this conception. What we do know is that the mind operates the body; how, we do not know; what the mind is we do not know. How other minds may affect the mind we do not know, but we are aware that they do. It is recog-

nized today that some existent disorders can only be removed by mental influences. What Jesus taught was that all disease was subject to the exorcism of faith. He taught that such cures were the direct action of the finger of God, but that they were the natural sequence, under a fixed law, of definite attitude in the mind of the sufferer, or, in the case of the helpless, of those responsible for the sufferer. Even to this high doctrine science is making approaches. We have on the one hand those who hold that every fault is due to morbid action of the brain, and that, therefore, "health rather than spiritual life is the thing to be sought," while others take the reverse view that all disease is due to morbid action of the brain, and that whatever will make the thinking entirely wholesome will secure health of body. Is either wrong? Who shall tell us the difference between the spiritual and the physical life?" Moral and physical evil are so much one and so much the result of each other, that if one is abhorrent to God so we must believe is the other. If it is our duty to resist sin in the divine strength, we are likewise called on to resist disease in the same almighty power at the call of faith.

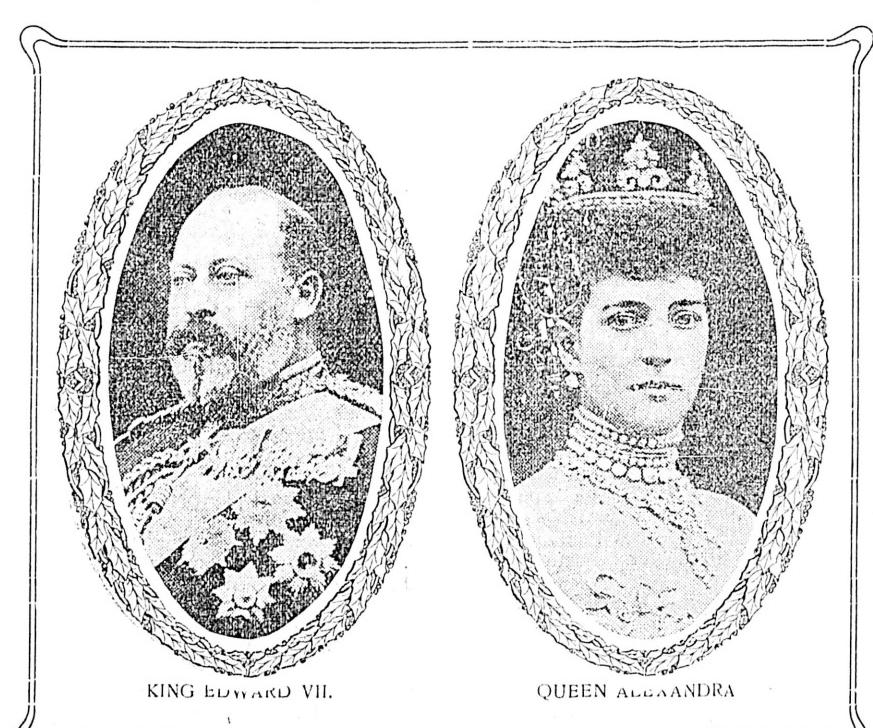
That the early church believed in its power to heal and in its duty in that respect is well-attested, but it gradually lost its sense of that mission. The faith required was easier in a simple age to which everything abnormal was supernatural than in a sophisticated age like our own. In like manner, as at the first, it is easier today with the simple minded than with the "wise and prudent." When faith in divine operation in all the affairs of life was universal, cures were many; when a general corporate belief is lacking, individual faith is next to impossible, the faith of the church as a whole, must be restored. The science of today approves of the religious life as a means to general soundness, but counsels moderation therein. Professor Seeley spoke more scientifically when he said: "No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic." He who thinks he must make choice between bodily health and hunger and thirst for God would rightly surrender health,



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KING EDWARD VII.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

for the real facts, we are at all events set free from the bondage of authority to judge of our Lord as he wished, by His works. These works He did not offer to men as wonders. He scouted any such conception of them. He kept insisting that they were normal and that they were at all times within the competence of faith. Faith is "the spontaneous recognition of that which is real." When this recognition of divine power and goodness is in full possession there is nothing impossible to it. Men cannot rightly reckon their own faith. Jesus always regarded the result as the one test of the absence or the presence of the wonder-working faith. What is specially insisted on is that we cannot look for the full exercise of faith in a community where faith is not. A man is not and cannot be independent of his psychological environment. We cannot live to ourselves. If we are to reach perfection ourselves, we must lift the world along with us. We cannot get away from it, and would cease to be normal and human if we ceased to be in solidarity with it. We are made as part of an organic whole, and he who does not live as a man among men does not live.

The belief about prayer almost universal in the religious world, both Jewish and pagan, was that when a man had exercised repentance and obedience and made his humble petition to heaven, it still rested with the divine will to give or to withhold. Jesus, on the contrary, regarded

long without getting them, namely, those which depend on the co-operation of others who may not choose the divine way. The most sacred thing in God's sight is human freedom. Without absolute freedom a man cannot sin, and cannot be saved—that is, turn from the power of sin. For the sake of human

meth. These two types have generally existed more or less together, and both survive among us. The first is infantile and irresponsible, and joyous when not frightened. In the second the man serious, anxious, broken-hearted has entered into life, halt, maimed, with one eye. It is life, however, and the soulless must yield to that which has a soul. The reckless dance about the Golden Calf gives way to the ark which may not be touched; and before the tribes which have reached this stage the other sort pass away.

Why must man pass through sin and pain? Sin is not good, neither is pain good. God desires nor decrees neither the one or the other. Pain, the result of broken law, may bring us to God; so may sin; for he loves most who is forgiven.

The Church's mistake has been its belief in the virtue of pain. It was a universal belief when the apostles wrote; but Jesus saw in pain only evil. It is admitted that the beatification of pain is found in the epistles; but we must be careful when we set up the authority of disciples to modify the teaching of the Master, whose life and words must needs have more truly held the mirror to the character of God the

Father. With irreverent eclecticism, we fondle such passages as "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," while passing by as effete contiguous ones, promising all earthly good to those who honor God. Cloister and puritan alike have sought to piece the old to

freedom God himself bears with human sin, and he will in no way infringe that freedom even to answer prayer. It is the facing of this opposition and its consequences out of love to men that constitutes taking up the cross—this and this only. It is this which

God has made no such opposition. By wilfully choosing for herself out of the revelation of Christ, those things by which she shall all, the church has forfeited her credentials. Not by battling for creeds will she win. "She must so rejoice in God her Saviour as to communicate his health, physical and moral, to the sick and sinful until they shall be compelled by experience to rise up and call her blessed."

It must be admitted, however, that this hiding power has seemed for the most part to fail. Men do not receive because they do not believe; they fail to believe because they have no such experience of not receiving. Are the any conditions affixed to the promises? None but faith; there are conditions indicated under which that faith can be exercised.

The individual is to isolate himself for the hor, or to be gathered with those who seek the same end by faith; the eye is to be single—for double aim is fatal; the thoughts are not to be taken up with thrifty foresight, nor do the bodily needs even require expression, for thenere need goes to God's heart as a prayer; the conscious aim of him who prays is to be the "kingdom," i.e., the corporate well-being and well-doing. Above all, in prayer, if it be true prayer, there must be no sense of separation from other men; if there is so much as a critical judgment, let alone a wrong separating brother from brother, neighbor from neighbor, the breach of unity must first be healed; no offence must be given to, or taken from the world, so that even the external antagonism may be minimized in fact, and obliterated in thought. This is the epitome of the requirements demanded in the synoptic gospels of him who would seek from God more abundant life of the kingdom, whose first law and chief traffic is prayer."

"Take no thought for the needs of your bodily life. God provides. Make the interests of the kingdom your supreme end. Thus and thusly shall you attain to communion with God. The Church has lived in contradiction of this. She cleaves to the sword and the muck-rake, which are man's earthly means of subsistence. To use the muck-rake is the common virtue; to carry the beggar's wallet is the course of perfection. In other words, to toil for a living is the common lot; to be receivers from any surplus men may require is the privilege of those who turn to diviner service, and all must be careful and troubled about many things. From all this bondage we are invited to be free and to live on the divine bounty in the fulness of bodily as well as spiritual life. Has suffering, then, no place in the gospel economy? It has the divinest place. He who put the supreme emphasis on the inner life counted no outward suffering or privation too great to rescue men from the spiritual evil. In like manner will he who realizes his brother's spiritual need be ready to suffer to save him. This is where pain becomes a factor in the plan of salvation."

It would be hard to summarize the rich thoughts which occupy the later chapters of the book. They are gems of Gospel study and their conclusions are such as do not present the same difficulties of assent as does the leading theme of the book, which we take to be that earthly well-being in mind, body and estate is the will of God concerning His children, and that if they are not in the full enjoyment of every good it is because they doubt his willingness to do a father's part. To the question, Why did our Lord teach exclusively in parables? the answer is that it was a protest against the warring of doctrines. All that man could know intellectually about God and right, he knew already. It was not new knowledge that was wanted, but a new man. It is not a perfect organization that will save man, nor yet a perfect creed, but the life of God in him. "It is not matter that forms life, but life that forms matter; it is not thought that forms life, but life that takes the form of thought. Those who cry that without finality in organism or in thought we cannot have life are expecting the effect before the cause. The Master's words were to the effect that men might have life. His words were life. His teaching was in a form which could not be argued over."

There is a chapter forecasting not the abolition of war but the gradual elimination of the fighting spirit and of the use of force, or polemics of any sort, either as individuals or national method. It is the individual who has to put these principles in force until they become the impulses of nations. The change that has taken place in public and pulpit sentiment in the last fifty years is vividly illustrated. The chapter on the Protestantism of Jesus shows how he avoided raising questions—how he appealed to the spirit of things, ignoring the letter as a skin that would be sloughed off when men grew out of it; how he appealed only to those principles which the consciences of his hearers already responded to. "The letter killeth" sums up His attitude towards that. His preaching was a vehement assertion of the positive side of truth that the spirit giveth life. Had the reformers followed the same rule and avoided collisions of doctrine, their work would have been more thorough, for when the schism came all the good would have been found on one side, as it was when the Christian Church had at length to sever from the Jewish. Instead of that, the saints were pretty equally divided. The final chapter, which deals with questions of atonement and the failure of it on the part of those who "need no repentance," ends thus:

"We cannot yet hear clearly what God says; the Church tries to hear and to interpret, and through the ages we hear her in colloquy with reason:

"Reason cries: 'If God were good he could not look upon the sin and misery of man and live.'

"The Church points to the Crucifixion and says 'God's heart did break.'

The Christmas Dinner

By Washington Irving

Lo, now is come our joyfulst feast!

Let every man be jolly.

Eache roome with yvle leaves is drest,

And every post with holly.

Now all our neighbors' chlmneys smoke,

And Christmas blocks are burning;

Their ovens they with bak't meats choke

And all their spits are turning.

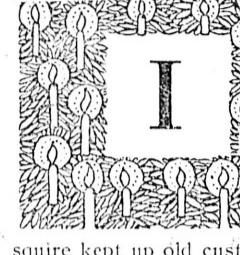
Without the door let sorrow lie,

And if, for cold, it hap to die,

We'e bury 't in a Christmas pye,

And evermore be merry.

—Withers' Juvenilia.



HAD finished my toilet, and was loitering with Frank Bracebridge in the library, when we heard a distant thwacking sound, which he informed me was a signal for the serving up of the dinner. The squire kept up old customs in kitchen as well as hall, and the rolling-pin, struck upon the dresser by the cook, summoned the servants to carry in the meats.

Just in this nick the cook knocked thrice
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train-band,
Presented and away.

The dinner was served up in the great hall, where the squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went, sparkling and wreathing up the wide-mouthed chimney. The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion, and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed round the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall, which I understood, were the arms of the same warrior. I must own, by the by, I had strong doubts about the authenticity of the painting and armor as having belonged to the crusader, they certainly having the stamp of more recent days; but I was told that the painting had been so considered time out of mind; and that as to the armor, it had been found in a lumber-room and elevated to its present situation by the squire, who at once determined it to be the armor of the family hero; and, as he was absolute authority on all such subjects in his own household, the matter had passed into current acceptance. A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety) with Belshazzar's parade of the vessels of the temple: "flagons, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins, and ewers," the gorgeous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two Yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude; other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

We were ushered into this banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances; those who were not handsome were at least happy, and happiness is a rare improver of your hard-favored visage. I always consider an old English family as well worth studying as a collection of Holbein's portraits or Albert Durer's prints. There is much antiquarian lore to be acquired, much knowledge of the physiognomies of former times. Perhaps it may be from having continually before their eyes those rows of old family portraits, with which the mansions of this country are stocked; certain it is that the quaint features of antiquity are often most faithfully perpetuated in these ancient lines, and I have traced an old family nose through an old picture gallery, handed down from generation to generation almost from the time of the Conquest. Something of the kind was to be observed in the worthy company around me. Many of their faces had evidently originated in a Gothic age, and been merely copied by succeeding generations; and there was one little girl in particular, of staid demeanor, with a high Roman nose, and an antique vinegar aspect, who was a great favorite of the squire's, being, as he said, a Bracebridge all over, and the very counterpart of one of his ancestors who figured in the court of Henry VIII.

The parson said grace, which was not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days, but a long, courtly, well-worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected, when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle; he was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax-light, and bore a silver dish on which was an enormous pig's head decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table. The moment this pageant made its appearance the harper struck up a flourish; at the conclusion of which the young Oxonian, on receiving a hint from the squire, gave, with an air of the

most comic gravity, an old carol, the first verse of which was as follows:

Caput apri deferre
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you all syng merrily
Qui estis in convivio.

Though prepared to witness many of these little eccentricities, from being apprised of the peculiar hobby of mine host, yet I confess the parade with which so odd a dish was introduced somewhat perplexed me, until I gathered from the conversation of the squire and the parson that it was meant to represent the bringing in of the boar's head, a dish formerly served up with much ceremony and the sound of minstrelsy and song at great tables on Christmas Day. "I like the old custom," said the squire, "not merely because it is stately and pleasing in itself, but because it was observed at the college at Oxford at which I was educated. When I hear the old song chanted it brings to mind the time when I was young and gamesome, and the noble old college hall, and my fellow-students loitering about in their black gowns; many of whom, poor lads! are now in their graves."

The parson, however, whose mind was not haunted by such associations, and who was always more taken up with the text than the sentiment, objected to the Oxonian's version of the carol, which he affirmed was different from that sung at college. He went on, with the dry perseverance of a commentator, to give the college reading, accompanied by sundry annotations, addressing himself at first to the company at large; but, finding their attention gradually diverted to other talk and other objects, he lowered his tone as his number of auditors diminished, until he concluded his remarks in an under voice to a fat-headed old gentleman next him who was silently engaged in the discussion of a huge plateful of turkey.

The table was literally loaded with good cheer, and presented an epitome of country abundance in this season of overflowing larders. A distinguished post was allotted to "ancient sirloin," as mine host termed it, being, as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality, and a joint of goodly presence, and full of expectation." There were several dishes quaintly decorated, and which had evidently something traditional in their embellishments, but about which, as I did not like to appear over-curious, I asked no questions.

I could not, however, but notice a pie magnificently decorated with peacock's feathers, in imitation of the tail of that bird, which overshadowed a considerable tract of the table. This, the squire confessed with some little hesitation, was a pheasant pie, though a peacock pie was certainly the most authentic; but there had been such a mortality among the peacocks this season that he could not prevail upon himself to have one killed.

It would be tedious, perhaps, to my wiser readers, who may not have that foolish fondness for odd and obsolete things to which I am a little given, were I to mention the other makeshifts of this worthy old humorist, by which he was endeavoring to follow up, though at humble distance, the quaint customs of antiquity. I was pleased, however, to see the respect shown to his whims by his children and relatives; who, indeed, entered readily into the full spirit of them, and seemed all well versed in their parts, having doubtless been present at many a rehearsal. I was amused, too, at the air of profound gravity with which the butler and other servants executed the duties assigned them, however eccentric. They had an old-fashioned look, having, for the most part, been brought up in the household and grown into keeping with the antiquated mansion and the humors of its lord, and most probably looked upon all his whimsical regulations as the established laws of honorable housekeeping.

When the cloth was removed the butler brought in a huge silver vessel of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation, being the Wassail Bowl, so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the squire himself; for it was a beverage in the skillful mixture of which he particularly prided himself, alleging that it was too abstruse and complex for the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a potion, indeed, that might well make the heart of a toper leap within him, being composed of the richest and raciest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface.

There was much laughter and rallying as the honest emblem of Christmas joviality circulated and was kissed rather coyly by the ladies. When it reached Master Simon, he raised it in both hands, and with the air of a boon companion struck up an old Wassail chanson:

The brown bowle,
The merry brown bowle,
As it goes round-about-a,
Fill
Still,
Let the world say what it will,
And drink your fill all out-a.

The deep canne,
The merry deep canne,
As thou dost freely quaff-a,
Sing
Fling,
Be as merry as a king,
And sound a lusty laugh-a.

Much of the conversation during dinner turned upon family topics, to which I was a stranger. There was, however, a great deal of rallying of Master Simon about some gay widow with whom he was accused of having a flirtation. This attack was commenced by the ladies, but it was continued throughout the dinner by the fat-headed old gentleman next the parson with the persevering assiduity of a slow hound, being one of those long-winded jokers who, though rather dull at starting game, are unrivaled for their talents in hunting it down. At every pause in the general conversation he renewed his bantering in pretty much the same terms, winking hard at me with both eyes whenever he gave Master Simon what he considered a home-thrust. The latter, indeed, seemed fond of being teased on the subject, as old bachelors are apt to be, and he took occasion to inform me, in an undertone, that the lady in question was a prodigiously fine woman and drove her own carriage.

The dinner-time passed away in this flow of innocent hilarity, and, though the old hall may have resounded in its time with many a scene of broader rout and revel, yet I doubt whether it ever witnessed more honest and genuine enjoyment. How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him! and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles! The joyous disposition of the worthy squire was perfectly contagious; he was happy himself, and disposed to make all the world happy, and the little eccentricities of his manner did but season, in a manner, the sweetness of his philanthropy.

When the ladies had retired, the conversation, as usual, became still more animated; many good things were broached which had been thought of during dinner, but which would not exactly do for a lady's ear; and, though I cannot positively affirm that there was much wit uttered, yet I have certainly heard many contests of rare wit produce much less laughter. Wit, after all, is a mighty tart, pungent ingredient, and much too acid for some stomachs; but honest good-humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

The squire told several long stories of early college pranks and adventures, in some of which the parson had been a sharer, though in looking at the latter it required some effort of imagination to figure such a little dark anatomy of a man into the perpetrator of a madcap gambol. Indeed, the two college chums presented pictures of what men may be made by their different lots in life. The squire had left the university to live lustily on his paternal domains in the vigorous enjoyment of prosperity and sunshine, and had flourished on to a hearty and florid old age; whilst the poor parson, on the contrary, had dried and withered away among dusty tomes in the silence and shadows of his study. Still, there seemed to be a spark of almost extinguished fire feebly glimmering in the bottom of his soul; and as the squire hinted at a sly story of the parson and a pretty milkmaid whom they once met on the banks of the Isis, the old gentleman made an "alphabet of faces," which, so far as I could decipher his physiognomy, I verily believe was indicative of laughter; indeed, I have rarely met with an old gentleman that took absolute offence at the imputed gallantries of his youth.

I found the tide of wine and wassail fast gaining on the dry land of sober judgment. The company grew merrier and louder as their jokes grew duller. Master Simon was in as chirping a humor as a grasshopper filled with dew; his old songs grew of a warmer complexion, and he began to talk mauldin about the widow. He even gave a long song about the wooing of a widow which he informed me he had gathered from an excellent black-letter work entitled *Cupid's Solicitor for Love*, containing store of good advice for bachelors, and which he promised to lend me; the first verse was to this effect:

He that will woo a widow must not daily,
He must make hay while the sun doth shine;
He must not stand with her, shall I, shall I,
But boldly say, Widow, thou must be mine.

This song inspired the fat-headed old gentleman, who made several attempts to tell a rather broad story out of Joe Miller that was fit to the purpose; but he always stuck in the middle, everybody recollecting the latter part excepting himself. The parson, too, began to show the effects of good cheer, having gradually settled down into a doze and his wig sitting most suspiciously on one side. Just at this juncture we were summoned to the drawing-room, and, I suspect, at the private instigation of mine host, whose joviality seemed always tempered with a proper love of decorum.

After the dinner-table was removed the hall was given up to the younger members of the family, who, prompted to all kind of noisy mirth by the Oxonian and Master Simon, made its old walls ring with their merriment as they played at romping games. I delight in witnessing the gambols of children, and particularly at this happy holiday season, and could not help stealing out of the drawing-room on hearing one of their peals of laughter. I found them at the game of blindman's-buff. Master Simon, who was the leader of their revels, and seemed on all occasions to fulfill the office of that ancient potentate, the Lord of Misrule,

was blinded in the midst of the hall. The little beings were as busy about him as the mock fairies about Falstaff, pinching him, plucking at the skirts of his coat, and tickling him with straws. One fine blue-eyed girl of about thirteen, with her flaxen hair all in beautiful confusion, her frolic face in a glow, her frock half torn off her shoulders, was a complete picture of a rump, was the chief tormentor; and, from the slyness with which Master Simon avoided the smaller game and hemmed this wild little nymph in corners, and obliged her to jump shrieking over chairs, I suspected the rogue of being not a whit more blinded than was convenient.

When I returned to the drawing-room I found the company seated round the fire listening to the parson, who was deeply ensconced in a high-backed oaken chair, the work of some cunning artificer of yore, which had been brought from the library for his particular accommodation. From this venerable piece of furniture, with which his shadowy figure and dark weazened face so admirably accorded, he was dealing out strange accounts of the popular superstition and legends of the surrounding country, with which he had become acquainted in the course of his antiquarian researches. I am half inclined to think that the old gentleman was himself somewhat tinctured with superstition, as men are very apt to be who live a recluse and studious life, in a sequestered part of the country and pore over black-letter tracts, so often filled with the marvelous and supernatural. He gave us several anecdotes of the fancies of the neighboring peasantry concerning the effigy of the crusader which lay on the tomb by the church altar. As it was the only monument of the kind in that part of the country, it had always been regarded with feelings of superstition by the good wives of the village. It was said to get up from the tomb and walk the rounds of the churchyard in stormy nights, particularly when it thundered; and one old woman, whose cottage bordered on the churchyard, had seen it through the windows of the church, when the moon shone, slowly pacing up and down the aisles. It was the belief that some wrong had been left unredressed by the deceased, or some treasure hidden, which kept the spirit in a state of trouble and restlessness. Some talked of gold and jewels buried in the tomb, over which the spectre kept watch; and there was a story current of a sexton in old times who endeavored to break his way to the coffin at night, but just as he reached it received a violent blow from the marble hand of the effigy, which stretched him senseless on the pavement. These tales were often laughed at by some of the sturdier among the rustics, yet when night came on there were many of the stoutest unbelievers that were shy of venturing alone in the footpath that led across the churchyard.

From these and other anecdotes that followed the crusader appeared to be the favorite hero of ghost-stories throughout the vicinity. His picture, which hung up in the hall, was thought by the servants to have something supernatural about it; for they remarked that in whatever part of the hall you went the eyes of the warrior were still fixed on you. The old porter's wife, too, at the lodge, who had been born and brought up in the family, and was a great gossip among the maid-servants, affirmed that in her younger days she had often heard say that on Midsummer Eve, when it was well known all kinds of ghosts, goblins and fairies became visible and walk abroad, the crusader used to mount his horse, come down from his picture, ride about the house, down the avenue, and so to the church to visit the tomb; on which occasion the church-door most civilly swung open of itself; not that he needed it, for he rode through closed gates, and even stone walls, and had been seen by one of the maid-servants to pass between two bars of the great park gate, making himself as thin as a sheet of paper.

All these superstitions I found had been very much countenanced by the squire, who, though not superstitious himself, was very fond of seeing others so. He listened to every goblin tale of the neighboring gossips with infinite gravity, and held the porter's wife in high favor on account of her talent for the marvellous. He was himself a great reader of old legends and romances, and often lamented that he could not believe in them; for a superstitious person, he thought, must live in a kind of fairy-land.

Whilst we were all attention to the parson's stories, our ears were suddenly assailed by a burst of heterogeneous sounds from the hall, in which were mingled something like the clang of rude minstrelsy with the roar of many small voices and girlish laughter. The door suddenly flew open, and a train came trooping into the room that might almost have been mistaken for the breaking up of the court of Faery. That indefatigable spirit, Master Simon, in the faithful discharge of his duties as lord of misrule, had conceived the idea of a Christmas mummery or masking; and having called in to his assistance the Oxonian and the young officer, who were equally ripe for anything that should occasion romping and merriment, they had carried it into instant effect. The old housekeeper had been consulted; the antique clothes-presses and wardrobes rummaged and made to yield up the relics of finery that had not seen the light for several generations; the younger part of the company had been privately convened from the parlor and hall, and the whole had been bedizened out into a burlesque imitation of

of a December blast. He was accompanied by the blue-eyed 'rump, dished up, as "Dame Mince Pie," in the venerable magnificence of a faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat, and high-heeled shoes. The young officer appeared as Robin Hood, in a sporting dress of Kendall green and a foraging cap with a gold tassel.

The costume, to be sure, did not bear testimony to deep research, and there was an evident eye to the picturesque, natural to a young gallant in the presence of his mistress. The fair Julia hung on his arm in a pretty rustic dress as "Maid Marian." The rest of the train had been metamorphosed in various ways; the girls trussed up in the finery of the ancient belles of the Bracebridge line, and the striplings bewiskered with burnt cork, and gravely clad in broad skirts, hanging sleeves, and full-bottomed wigs, to represent the character of Roast Beef, Plum Pudding, and other worthies celebrated in ancient maskings. The whole was under the control of the Oxonian in the appropriate character of Misrule; and I observed that he exercised rather a mischievous sway with his wand over the smaller personages of the pageant.

The irruption of this motley crew with beat of drum, according to ancient custom, was the consummation of uproar and merriment. Master Simon covered himself with glory by the stateliness with which, as Ancient Christmas, he walked a minuet with the peerless though giggling Dame Mince Pie. It was followed by a dance of all the characters, which from its medley of costumes seemed as though the old family portraits had skipped down from their frames to join in the sport. Different centuries were figuring at cross hands and right and left; the Dark Ages were cutting pirouettes and rigadoons; and the days of Queen Bess jiggling merrily down the middle through a line of succeeding generations.

The worthy squire contemplated these fantastic sports, and this resurrection of his old wardrobe with the simple relish of childish delight. He stood chuckling and rubbing his hands, and scarcely hearing a word the parson said, notwithstanding that the latter was discouraging most authentically on the ancient and stately dance of the Paon, or peacock, from which he conceived the minuet to be derived. For my part, I was in a continual excitement from the varied scenes of whim and innocent gayety passing before me. It was inspiring to see wild-eyed frolic and warm-hearted hospitality breaking out from among the chills and glooms of winter, and old age throwing off his apathy and catching once more the freshness of youthful enjoyment. I felt also an interest in the scene from the consideration that these fleeting customs were passing fast into oblivion, and that this was perhaps the only family in England in which the whole of them was still punctiliously observed. There was a quaintness, too, mingled with all this revelry that gave it a peculiar zest; it was suited to the time and place; and as the old manor-house almost reeked with mirth and wassail, it seemed echoing back the joviality of long departed years.

But enough of Christmas and its gambols; it is time for me to pause in this garrulity. Methinks I hear the questions asked by my graver readers, "To what purpose is all this? how is the world to be made wiser by this talk?" Alas! is there not wisdom enough extant for the instruction of the world? And if not, are there not thousands of abler pens laboring for its improvement? It is so much pleasanter to please than to instruct—to play the companion rather than the preceptor.

What, after all, is the mite of wisdom that I could throw into the mass of knowledge? or how am I sure that my sagest deductions may be safe guides for the opinions of others? But in writing to amuse, if I fail the only evil is in my own disappointment. If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good-humor with his fellow-beings and himself—surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain.

A VOID.

Don't try to find a single thought
Worth thinking here;
Don't try to fathom depths that are
So very clear;
Don't try to find a moral here,
In any case—
These lines were written to fill up
An empty space!

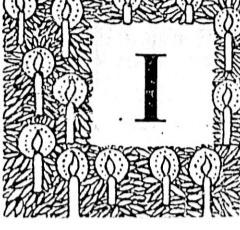
ART CRITICISM IN MIDDLE AGES

I attribute the quarrelsome nature of the Middle Ages young men entirely to the want of the soothing weed. When a twelfth century youth fell in love, he did not take three paces backward, gaze into her eyes, and tell her she was too beautiful to live. He said he would step outside and see about it. And if, when he got out, he met a man and broke his head—the other man's head, I mean—then that proved that his—the first fellow's girl—was a pretty girl. But if the other fellow broke his head—not his own, you know, but the other fellow's—the other fellow to the second fellow, that is, because, of course, the other fellow would only be the other fellow to him, not the first fellow, who—well, if he broke his head, then his girl—not the other fellow's, but the fellow who was the—Look here, if A broke B's head, then A's girl was a pretty girl; but if B broke A's head, then A's girl wasn't a pretty girl, but B's girl was. That was their method of conducting art criticism.—From "On Being Idle," by Jerome K. Jerome.

Christmas in Pioneer Days

By Edgar Fawcett

"When I remember all the friends so linked together
Fond memory brings the light of other days around me."



HAVE been requested to give my recollection of a Victoria Christmas in the good old days, as to how it was spent and conditions generally. In the first place, in speaking of "the good old days" of the sixties, I would not convey the impression that they were literally so good, for they were, so far as I can remember, some of the hardest that Victoria has seen.

There is something in recollections of the past that have been pleasant that is indescribable. It is easier felt than described, and I have no doubt is felt by many old-timers in this city today. Ask them to describe these feelings and they would be nonplussed. "Mark Twain" was written to by the pioneers of California inviting him to come and speak of the early days of San Francisco, when he was himself a pioneer of the Pacific. What his reply was I now forget, but it was something to this effect: "Do you wish to see an old man overcome and weep as he recalls those pioneer days?" These were a few words of what he said in reply to that invitation. "The good old days" may not have been the most prosperous, nor the happiest that "Mark Twain" may have spent, but there was a something, a charm indescribable that he felt, but could not express. I feel this way myself.

It is Christmas and its surroundings in any age that help to make these pleasing regrets. The incidents and the persons connected with them are gone, can never be recalled. The friends we knew then, whom we may have met at one of those Christmas gatherings, we see them as they pass before our mental vision. Where are they all today? The Quadra Street Cemetery might be able to tell, for "each is in his narrow cell forever laid."

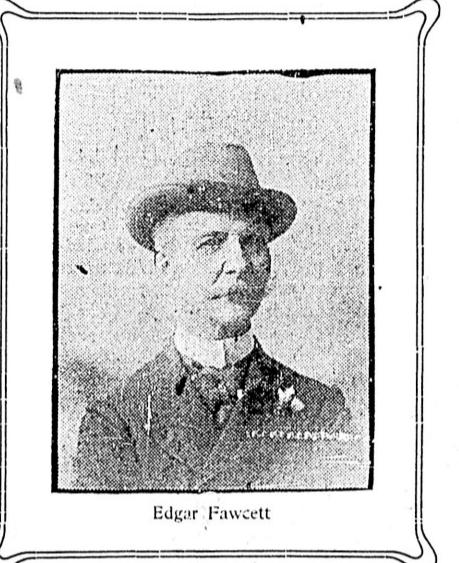
I have rambled far enough, and it is time I go to my story.

I would remark, in passing, that Christmas, to be genuine, should be bright and frosty, with a flurry of snow, and this, with walking exercise, makes the blood to flow freely, and makes one feel better able to enjoy the festive occasion.

Well, we had just such weather in those days, and such weather is sadly lacking in these. Our climate has changed very much since then. Less snow and cold and more rain now. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! The merry sleigh bell! After the advent of the first snow, and when deep enough, there might be heard the sleigh-bell, either on a grocer's or butcher's sleigh, or on an improvised sleigh made from a drygoods case with a pair of runners attached, to which would be fastened a pair of shafts from a buggy or wagon not now usable. Everyone who owned a horse had a sleigh at little cost, and good use was made of it while the snow lasted. Long drives in the country or to church, or to an Xmas party or dance. I can see such a merry sleigh party of young people, the girls well wrapped up peeping over their furs, laughing and dodging the snowballs thrown by a party of boys around the corner, who are always waiting for the next one to come along.

Where is now the merry party I remember long ago, Laughing round the Christmas fire, brightened by its ruddy glow; Or in summer's balmy evenings, in the field upon the hay? They have all dispersed and wandered far away, far away!

We nearly all went to church; the Anglicans, and many Nonconformists with them, on Christmas morning, and the Catholics on Christmas eve. But first of all there was the preparation for the event. About a week before, wagon-loads of young fir trees, were brought in from the outskirts, and every storekeeper and many householders procured enough to decorate the front of the house or shop, a tree being tied to each verandah post. In those days no shop was complete without its wooden awning, as may be seen in many of the old photos of that period. Imagine Government street, both sides, from end to end, one continuous line of green, relieved with, it might



Edgar Fawcett

be with white; just enough snow to cover the ground, "bright and crisp and even."

I have often longed for such a Christmas in these degenerate times, when rain is nearly always the order of the day. All the Christmas shopping was done during Christmas week. The fancy goods stores of those days were few, "Hibben & Corswell," "The London Bazaar," and David Spencer. The former was then on Yates street, corner of Langley, and the other two in Government street; and I must not forget Thos. Gorrie on Fort street. There was not the choice in toys and fancy articles then. Children were satisfied with less, and were just as happy. The beautiful and expensive dolls of then were of wax, and being susceptible to frost, were taken great care of. The butchers' and grocers' shops were then, as now, a great attraction at Christmas, and we had all to pay one visit at least to Johnny Stafford's (afterwards Stafford & Goodacre), Thomas Harris's two shops, and Fred Reynolds', on the corner of Yates and Douglas, and I doubt if a better show (for quality) is made today.

At Christmas there was the usual influx of miners from far-off Cariboo, down to spend the

winter in Victoria, with pockets well lined with nuggets. It was "easy come, easy go," with them, and liberal were the purchases they made for their relations and friends.

Christmas Eve, after dinner mother or father or both with the children, were off to buy the last of the presents, visit the shops, or buy their Christmas dinner, for many left it till then. Turkey might not have been within their reach, but geese, wild or tame, took their place. Suckling pig was my favorite dish. Wild duck, and grouse (50c. per pair), with fine roasts of beef. Of course plum pudding was in evidence with poor as well as rich, although eggs at Xmas were \$1.00 per dozen.

A great feature of Christmas time was shooting for turkeys and geese at several outlying places, and raffles for turkeys at several of the principal saloons and hotels. The place I best remember was the "Brown Jug," kept by Tommy Golden.

A special feature of the saloons on Xmas Eve was "Egg Nog," and all we young fellows dropped in for a glass on our way to midnight mass at the Catholic church on Humboldt street. It was one of the attractions of Xmas Eve, and the church was filled to overflowing, and later on there was standing room only. We went to hear the singing, which was the best obtainable, Mademoiselle La Charme, Mrs. A. Fellows (daughter of Sir Rowland Hill), Charles Lombard, Mr. Wolff and Mr. Schmidt. These were assisted by the Sisters, many of whom had nice voices. Amongst the well dressed city people were many Cariboo miners. Trousers tucked in their boots, said trousers held in position with a belt, and may be no coat or vest on. When the time came for the collection, all hands dug down in their pockets, and a generous collection was the result. My old friend Tom Burnes was one of the collectors on one occasion. There were not sufficient collecting plates, and Mr. Burnes took his hat, and went amongst the crowd who were standing up in the rear of the church. As he passed through a group of miners, friend Tom was heard to say, "Now, boys, be liberal," and the response was all that could be desired; for, as I said before, it was "easy come, easy go." "Twelve-thirty." Service is over, we are off to bed, for we must be up betimes in the morning for service at 11 o'clock.

"When I remember all the friends so linked together who met on those Christmas mornings long ago I think, How many are there left? Those of the choir who led in the anthem, "And There Were Shepherds Keeping Watch," and the hymns, "Christians Awake," and "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." Of those who met at the church door afterwards to shake hands all round, "A Merry Christmas," "The Compliments of the Season," and many other good wishes—of all these a few are left, amongst them Bishop Criddle, Senator and Mrs. Macdonald, Dr. Helmken, David W. Higgins, Judges Walkem and Drake; Mrs. Wootton, Charles Hayward, Edward Dickinson, Mrs. Ella, Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson, Mrs. Pemberton, and Mrs. Jesse, and may be a few others I cannot now remember. Well! all things must come to an end, and so must this reminiscence of an Early Christmas in Victoria, and in closing I wish all those mentioned here a "Happy Christmas and many of them."

Dingley Dell, December 5th, 1907.

when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a shrill of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle stuckly against him, and with a loud crash ey both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ratio the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his et, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do tything of the kind, in skates. He was seed on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to site; but anguish was depicted on every leamerof his countenance.

Mr. Pickwick beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off.

"No; but really I had scarcely bega," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. I am assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces aart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his frind to approach, fixed a searching look upon ini, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're an imposter, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An imposter, sir."

With those words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friend.

"Sliding looks a nice warm exercise, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along!" And away went the good tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves, and put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted. Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment that a face, head and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me trapore you—for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The probability being, that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of his statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing; and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl around you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle, "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles on hour, pausing not an instant until he was snug in bed.

Skating Experiences of Long Ago

From the Pickwick Papers

Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Sam Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeard there's a arkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir."

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the ratter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'e, sir."

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam. You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you

How Christmas Was Celebrated in Victoria

Some Extracts From the Files of the Colonist.

British Colonist, December 25, 1858

WHAT a host of pleasant thoughts the mind calls up at the mention of the word Christmas! From age to age it has been a season of religious exercise and rational enjoyment. From the cradle to the grave Christmas always presents pictures of family reunions, social endearments and universal festivity. It is the season when the benevolent always remember the needy; the old wardrobe becomes warm and new; the scar table partakes of plenty; the sick and distressed are comforted; the rich and poor enjoy together the bounties of a generous Providence. The tall church tower gives forth its mry peal, calling alike to worship and enjoyment. Friendship and love take the place of enmity and estrangement. The fountains of glad feeling flow and every face beams with gladness. The prattling infant, toying with its gift; the grey-haired parent invoking a blessing on all around; the friendly visitor exchanging kind wishes; the grateful poor offering heartfelt thanks—are pictures familiar to us, rendering Christmas an heirloom ever to be praised.

The old and new pioneers enjoy the day in that cosmopolitan spirit which will render the Christmas of '58 ever memorable to this distant outpost of civilization.

We wish all a merry Christmas and many of them.

A Christmas ball will be given at Fort Yale.

British Colonist, Dec. 24, 1868

The approach of Old Father Christmas is heralded by the good things displayed in our stores that our citizens may celebrate the even of his advent. Old and young, rich and poor, are glad to welcome our hoary old friend, the beams from whose countenance spread joy throughout the universe. For those of our ladies who seek to propitiate the "old buck" by dancing and a display of fancy toilettes we recommend a visit to the store of Messrs. Turner, at the London house; the rich display of everything connected with ladies' dress is really fine to look upon for its variety in color and effect. In the same line also we may mention Messrs. Findlay & Durham, whose magnificent stock of drygoods is not excelled on the coast. Next we experience the "sweet" influence of the "comforts" in Mr. Piper's window, whose every freak of fancy is produced in his "candid" manner. How our infantile population can tear themselves away from the fascinating view, is more than we can imagine. To those ladies and gentlemen who desire to bestow Christmas presents upon their friends, we recommend a visit to the store of Messrs. Hibben & Co., where the neatest and most complete writing desks may be had at reasonable prices; also, a choice variety of illustrated books in handsome bindings. Pass we now to the consideration of creature comforts, the most welcome sacrifices on the altar of Christmas. First for the "jolly roast beef" of Vancouver Island, we must give the palm to Harris, whose store in Government street would make the heart of any alderman glad with roasts and tenderloins; the most fastidious caterer for Christmas may be supplied to his heart's content. For luscious cakes we must go to Mrs. Piper's, or Levy's store, on Government, near Johnson street, where an old English Christmas is recalled by seeing the self-same sugar plums, in appearance, that we remember "long, long ago." By the way, our jolly friend Murray, who might, with a few alterations, personate Father Christmas himself, proposes to produce the currant buns and shortbread for which he is so justly celebrated, in quantities sufficient to satisfy all the consumers in Victoria. There can be no doubt that our streets present a more busy and cheerful appearance than they did this time last year, and we doubt whether we could point to a more striking proof of our steady advance in wealth and prosperity.

The first snow fell yesterday morning, but melted immediately.

No paper will be issued from this office tomorrow.

Monday morning, Dec. 28, 1868.—The observance of the Christmas holidays has thus far been characterized with good humor, sobriety and interchanges of social feeling, in practising which citizens have been aided by the glorious state of the weather, which has been sufficiently cool to quicken the warm blood in their veins and to impart a genial, ruddy glow to every countenance, quite in consonance with the joyous season and its hallowed associations. At midnight on Christmas eve a Grand Mass was performed in the Catholic Cathedral, and on the following morning services were held in the Episcopal and Wesleyan churches. The sacred edifices were tastefully decorated with evergreens, intertwining appropriate sentences, etc. New anthems were sung with powerful effect by the choirs.

British Colonist, December 25, 1878

Christmas day was observed in the usual manner—general suspension of business, re-

ligious services in the morning at the churches and merrymaking and big dinners in the afternoon and evening. Old Sol did not smile on the ceremonies, but despite his disapproval there was no lack of enjoyment.

On H. M. S. Opal, at Esquimalt, all the sailors had free gangway. The men's quarters were most beautifully decorated for the occasion and the crew sat down at 12 o'clock to an excellent Christmas dinner, before which the officers and visitors made the round of the ship, tasting the pudding and cake in each mess. During the afternoon those who did not take advantage of the free gangway amused themselves by dancing and singing; many of the songs were most amusing and the dancing was very good indeed.

A choir of fourteen Simpsean Indians, men and women, went from door to door on Christmas morning caroling Christmas songs. Some of the voices were really fine. In several instances the band was called inside and served with tea, coffee and edibles. These Simpseans are attendants of the Indian church

and school conducted under the auspices of the Wesleyan church, and on the occasion referred to were led by Wm. McKay, Esq., their superintendent.

On Christmas the hotel kept by Mrs. G. Mason, Fort street, was the scene of one of those pleasing events so indicative of that good feeling which sometimes exists between a landlady and her boarders. In the evening the guests assembled in the spacious dining room, where Mr. Joseph Davies, the senior boarder, presented that lady, on behalf of the other boarders, with a very flattering address, accompanied by a massive gold chain and locket, as a token not only of their esteem but of their gratitude for her unceasing care for their convenience and comfort.

The stewards and patients of the Royal Hospital beg to express their very grateful thanks to the following gentlemen for very substantial Christmas favors. His Worship the Mayor and members of the City Council, Messrs. Lowen & Erb, Victoria Brewery; Mr. F. Reynolds, London Market; Messrs. Good-

acre & Dooley, Queen's Market; Mr. John Parker, Parker's Market; Mr. Andean, Messrs. Rickman & Oiner, and Messrs. Fell & Co. Messrs. Grancini, J. Burns, T. Shotbolt, H. Short and J. Fell, Directors, were present at the disposal of the viands, waiting on the patients at the table, and carving the Christmas turkey and pig.

Colonist, Thursday, Dec. 27, 1888

Another Christmas has come and gone, with bright sunshine and cloudless skies, bringing with it happiness and good cheer for all, and is now a day of the past. The children welcomed their especial holiday with ringing shouts of gladness, and the soft, sweet strains of the tin-horn, and the rub-a-dub-dub of the drum taking its first lesson in being beaten were among the joyous sounds heard in the city even before earth had thrown off its mantle of darkness.

At 11 o'clock large congregations filled each of the Episcopal churches, which had been tastefully decorated in honor of the day,

to listen to the special Christmas sermons and appropriate music and join in the Christmas blessing—peace and good-will to all.

In the afternoon the promenade and drive drew hundreds of Victorians from their homes to enjoy the delightful weather in walking, riding or driving. Beacon Hill was the objective point to which all turned their faces, and there several hundreds had gathered by 2 o'clock to witness the Christmas baseball match. The sides were quickly chosen and the boys went to work with a will. The charitable Christmas feeling was too apparent, however, and the contest was not as exciting as it would have been had the players felt like fighting for supremacy.

Six innings were played and victory rested with Mr. Gowen's nine. The barrel of flour will be paid for by Mr. Jackson's nine, and one of the charities will be benefited thereby. The following composed the teams:

Victors—Messrs. Geo. Gowen, Burnes, Borthwick, Baker, Partridge, Wrigglesworth, Fee, C. N. Gowen, and Smith.

Vanquished—Messrs. Jackson, Gouge, Deasy, Hannan, Beckingham, Naylor, Allardaine, Pierre and Widdowson.

Score by innings.... 1 2 3 4 5 6
Victors..... 2 5 0 1 3 4—15
Vanquished..... 0 0 0 1 7 0—8

Lovers of the game and dog had a good time generally during the day. Shooting parties and solitary sportsmen were plentiful wherever game was to be found, and many returned with full bags. A few were content with practicing at the butts, where some very creditable scores were made.

The football enthusiasts made the most of the pleasant afternoon, and several scrub games were played on Beacon Hill, the best of good humor and friendly feeling being shown everywhere. Good skating, the Orthodox Christmas treat, was found by a few at Skinner's bottom, although the ice is in fair from satisfactory condition. Probably no other city on the continent presented the two attractions in one day—a game of baseball and ice skating, both in the open air, on a mild, bright and beautiful day such as we are usually favored with only in early spring. In the evening, no preparations having been made for any public entertainment, one and all employed the closing hours in the fireside pleasures which makes the Christmas the festival pre-eminent.

Mark Twain's Lie

AS I understand it, what you desire is information about "my first lie, and how I got out of it." I was born in 1835; I am well along, and my memory is not as it was. If you had asked about my first truth it would have been easier for me and kinder of you, for I remember that fairly well; I remember it as if it were last week. The family think it was the week before, but that is flattery and probably has a selfish project back of it. When a person has become seasoned by experience and has reached the age of 64, which is the age of discretion, he likes a family compliment as well as ever, but he does not lose his head over it as in the old innocent days.

I do not remember my first lie, it is too far back; but I remember my second one very well. I was nine days old at the time, and had noticed that if a pin was sticking in me and I advertised it in the usual fashion, I was lovingly petted and coddled and pitied in a most agreeable way and got a ration between meals besides.

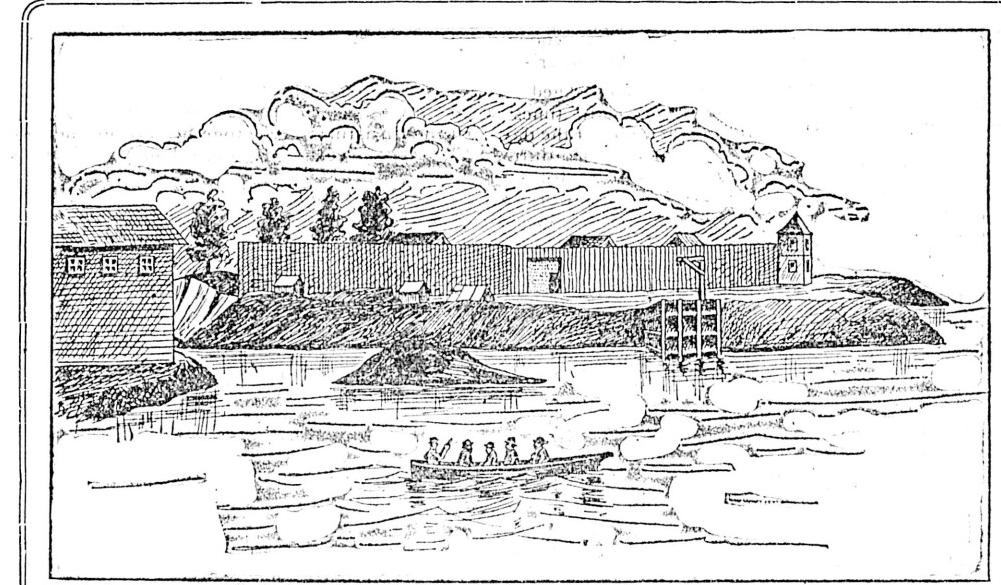
It was human nature to want to get these riches, and I fell. I lied about the pin—one when there wasn't any. You would have done it; George Washington did it; anybody would have done it. During the first half of my life I never knew a child that was able to rise above that temptation and keep from telling that lie. Up to 1867 all the civilized children that were world were liars, and the Queen was heartily honored and brief addresses delivered by Mayor Grant, Mr. Eberts, Mr. Davies and ex-Mayor Fell. The dining room was very handsomely decorated and the arrangements for the dinner perfect. In their addresses the various speakers referred briefly to the satisfactory condition of the hospital in every way and to the energy, capability and devotion of the steward, Mr. Garland.

A genuine Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, with all the usual extras, was provided for the prisoners confined in the provincial jail, the genial warden presiding over the festivities. The patients at the Royal Jubilee Hospital also enjoyed a thoroughly good Christmas dinner. Through the kind generosity of a large number of liberal citizens, an excellent spread was provided. At twelve o'clock twenty-one patients gathered around the board, while eleven, unable to leave their beds, partook of the Christmas cheer in their wards. Messrs. Joshua Davies, J. S. Yates, W. M. Chudley, D. M. Eberts, Mayor Grant and ex-Mayor Fell were present, and did all in their power to make the happiness of the patients complete. The substances having been tucked away, the toast of the Queen was heartily honored and brief addresses delivered by Mayor Grant, Mr. Eberts, Mr. Davies and ex-Mayor Fell. The dining room was very handsomely decorated and the arrangements for the dinner perfect. In their addresses the various speakers referred briefly to the satisfactory condition of the hospital in every way and to the energy, capability and devotion of the steward, Mr. Garland.

Colonist, December 27, 1898

On Monday afternoon the Arion Club gave their annual concert in the Jubilee hospital for the benefit of the patients. They were ably assisted by a few of Victoria's well known singers. The audience was larger than on any of the previous years, and the music was thoroughly appreciated by all who were in attendance. The following was the programme rendered: "To Song," club; "Poculum," club; "Serenade," club; "Soldier's Love," club; solo, "Where Did You Come From, Baby Dear?" Mrs. F. B. Pemberton; encore, "The Banks of Allan Water"; "In May Time," club; solo, "The Midshipmite," Mr. H. Kent; "Home," club; "Her Majesty," Mr. M. R. Worlock; "Hunter's Joy," club; "Soldier's Farewell," club.

The festivities commenced at the Old Men's Home on Thursday evening last when a very amusing surprise entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations and dancing was given. On Christmas day the old men sat down to an excellent dinner. Shortly after dinner Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Helmcken visited the home and greatly cheered up the men by giving each a glass of whiskey and cigars. Mr. Jos. Brown also brought cake and wine, and Alderman Williams appeared with another box of cigars. Christmas gifts were also received from the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. McInnes, Mrs. P. T. Patton, Mrs. Gus Leiser, Mrs. D. Dickenson, Mr. Chunganes, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. John Parker, the Messrs. Henley Bros., and the Victoria-Phoenix Brewing Co.



Victoria Fort, Vancouver Island, in 1852—From the Original Sketch Drawn by Marcus Lowther on Board H. M. S. Portland.

Hon. J. S. Helmcken, on being shown the above sketch, said: "Victoria at this period was known as Ca-mosun. Doubtless the drawing is correct, but taken from a low standpoint; the interior of the fort appears incomplete. The front entrance was in a line with what is now called Fort street. Mr. Flinlayson built the fort from and on the usual Hudson Bay Company plans. Mr. Ross commenced the erection of the buildings, but he crossed the divide, and Mr. Flinlayson completed the work. The postern part of the fort was on Government street. The building on the left was more recently torn down."

"About 1848, in the Hudson Bay Company's Sh'p Prince Rupert, I saw York Factory, Hudson's Bay. It was a pleated post, but good gracious! the pickets were very slim and apparently in two tiers, one above the other. Only short and slim bushes grew anywhere in this region. I do not remember any bushes at the site. It was a very important post, but now a secondary one, goods going to Winnipeg by rail and not by the river."

"Sic transit gloria," but Victoria is yet an important depot."

father and son were in a state of ecstatic satisfaction they lay upon, worn out with emotion—

"But all at once Overholt was aware of a little change in the color of things, and he slowly rubbed his eyes, and looked about him and towards the window. The moon had set long ago; there was a grey light on the snow outside and in the clear air, and Overholt knew that it was the dawn. He looked at his watch, then, and saw it was nearly seven o'clock, for in New York and Connecticut, as you may see by your pocket calendar, the sun rises at twenty-three minutes past seven on Christmas morning."

"He sprang to his feet in astonishment, and at the sound Newton awoke, and looked up in blank and sleepy surprise."

"Merry Christmas, my boy!" cried Overholt, and he laughed happily.

"Not yet," answered Newton in a disappointed tone, and rubbing his arm, which was stiff, "I've got to go to bed first, I suppose."

"Oh, no; you and I have slept in our chairs all night, and the sun is rising, so it's a merry Christmas in earnest. And the motor is running still, after nine or ten hours. What a sleep we've had."

"The boy looked out of the window stupidly, and vaguely wished that his father would not make fun of him. Then he saw the dawn, and jumped up in wild delight."

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "Merry Christmas! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" If anything could make that morning happier than it promised to be, it was to have actually cheated bed for the first time in his life. . . .

"But as for the little Christmas City in which we had dwelt and waited so long, they all put the last touches to it, and carried it with them when they went back to the college town, where they felt they would be happier than anywhere else in the world, even if they were to grow very rich, which seemed quite likely now."

Mr. Robert Cain, of the Mersey Brewery, Liverpool, left an estate valued at nearly \$2,000,000.

Christian Humility—By Rev. H. Scott Holland

"But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher; then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee. For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—Luke xiv., 10, 11.

SO THAT is the result of being humble, is it? "Go up higher; have, worship." Shall we not all do well to be humble at this rate? It will be easy enough to sit down merrily in the lower room, if our position of inferiority has only got to last until someone arrives to bid us move up to a more deserving situation. Is it, then, but a preliminary condition, this Christian humility, which we must pass through in order to leave it behind? If so, we shall sit on there in the chosen place where humility so aptly reveals itself, always expecting our probation to end, always listening for the good word that will release us from our self-imposed restraint. "Friend, go up higher." How we shall leap to hear the salutation! How gaily we shall be off to receive our due reward!

Reward, that is the perilous word; yet that is the word of which the Gospel is never in the least afraid. It always parades rewards, and more especially in cases like that in my text, where it is emphasizing the moral necessity and self-forgetfulness of humility. It appears almost to revel in the irony by which it contrasts the surrender of the sacrificing self and the immediate and abundant reward which its self-sacrifice is sure to reap. If, for instance, it is dwelling on those inner practices of devotion, which belong peculiarly to the pure will and the hidden intention, then it is just here that it delights in the refrain, "Your Father which seeth in secret shall reward you openly." Hide your prayers, hide your alms, hide your fasts; let no eye notice them; disguise them, seek no public recognition of them, have no regard to external opinion; have no ulterior purpose, seek no gain, no applause; be unconscious of what you are doing; hush it all up from every eye, even your own; let not your right hand know what your left hand is doing. And then what happens? Why then your Heavenly Father, who sees all that has been done in the inner secrecy, flings open the doors, calls you out into the open, bids all eyes be turned upon you, signalizes far and wide His joyful approval, heaps upon you in full daylight the glad signs of His favor. "Your Father which seeth in secret shall reward you openly." That is the three-repeated refrain, as if our Lord would proclaim this large final publicity of reward.

Always it is so. It startles us in the paradoxes of the Sermon on the Mount. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Everything shall be theirs. The great inheritance shall simply tumble into them; gift upon gift, largess upon largess, victory upon victory, royalty after royalty—all shall be theirs just because they crept out of sight, and asked for nothing, and stripped themselves of desire, and forswore ambition, and abhorred triumph, and hated possession and shrank from power, and lived only to make surrender. Because they wanted nothing, therefore they shall have everything; because they are meek, therefore the whole round earth shall be theirs for their royal inheritance.

Is it not strange? Does it not surprise us again in the immortal answer to the craving Apostle: "Behold! we have left all and followed Thee. What shall we have therefore?" Jesus said unto them, "Verily I say unto you, that ye who have followed Me, in the Regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit with Me upon twelve thrones judging the tribes of Israel. And everyone that hath forsaken home, or brethren, or sister, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Is not that astonishing in its boldness?

Now I suppose that the Gospel's boldness in emphasizing rewards is its way of glorifying in the thoroughness of its freedom from their temptation. "Lose your life," it cries, "and you will save it." But if you lose it with a view to saving it, you have never lost it at all! To lose your life is to lose it without a thought beyond. If you allow a touch of calculation to disolor the impulse of self-sacrifice, then the sacrifice is tainted and the security of the reward is all cancelled. The reward can never come except to those who look not for it. That is why they are rewarded—because they could not have expected it.

We see, then, how amazingly confident the Gospel is that it can secure this absolute purity of motive which makes reward innocent. It supposes that men can really attain to acting on motives which prohibit all idea of ulterior personal interest; it supposes men capable of such love for Christ's Name that they will forsake everything without a thought beyond the joy of doing it for Him; it supposes that men will be ready to lose themselves from sheer surrender to the love of God; it supposes that we can be so clear from all suspicion of a second thought for ourselves that it will do us no harm at all to be told how glorious the end will be; it supposes that we can so sincerely

and genuinely desire the lower room that it will be safe for us to hear the salutation, "Friend, go up higher."

Self-Realization in Christ

But why, then, we still ask, shall there be this revelling in the delight of the Rewards? Why should the Gospel imperil at least the sincerity of motive by parading the blessed result? Why not take the highest line and demand a self-sacrifice which is complete? Would it not be nobler, after all, to lose one's life and never to find it again?

So we often say, but so the Gospel never

Christ cannot stop short in the negations, in the deaths, in the forsakings, in the self-sacrifices; it must go on to contemplate and to display the excellent achievements that will follow.

"Friend, go up higher." Fulfilment, achievement, the kingdom of glory, the open manifestation—these are what Christianity pledges itself to attain; and its special wonder is that it discovers in humility, in self-abandonment, the secret by which splendid excellence of life is to be won. Humility leads, it declares, not to abstention but to fulfilment, not to withdrawal

its very glory fills him with shame. He can

but run forward, as it were, rending his clothes, like those two apostles whom the heathen at Lystra began to worship as God, saying, "Sirs, why do ye these things?" He can but cry out in an agony of sincerity, "It is not I that live; it could not be mine, this amazing life; it owes nothing to me; it is to be a strange wonder, a startling surprise, a miracle of grace. This life in me is a revelation of what God can do with so poor and mean a thing as I am. To think that He should be so forgiving, so generous, so true, so full of power! Indeed, indeed, it

from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.

Thus humility increases as the glory ren-
it increases; and at each fresh outburst this
deepest humility, a yet loftier office is ours.
Because Isaiah cried his "Woe is me!" before he is the chosen prophet whose lips shall be purged with the burning coal. Because Simon Peter is abashed into penitent humili-
ation, therefore he is the chosen apostle; "Feed my sheep. Follow me; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." Because the soul seeks ever and ever a yet lower room for itself, therefore there is the continuous invitation always extend-
ing out to its new advances—"Friend, go up higher; and yet higher; and higher."

That is the whole secret of Christian growth; it grows by growth in humility. Far from the rewards corrupting its humility, they provoke it; for the reward is what God himself works in the soul; it is the signal proof that He is there; and, therefore, the more visible and unmistakable the reward the greater the evidence that it is God alone who achieves all that is achieved.

Real Humility

Two things follow from this which we may just notice. First, that humility is quite real. We are not asked by Christianity to take a false measure of ourselves, to pretend to be less deserving than we are. We have got to take a lower estimate of our powers and gifts than is true. On the contrary, humility is the only ten-per cent which takes in the absolute true and exact measure of the facts. We have nothing of our own, nothing except sin. It is sin, because it is our own; that is what makes it sin. All that we are or can become to us out of God, and carries us out of our energy back into God. Humility is simply the precise and sincere recognition of this, the true inner law of our life. Humility, then, is our one true relation to the reality of things.

And, secondly, we note that humility and its rewards are not so much to be thought of as consecutive, but as contemporaneous. We do not really first lose our life in order that we may gain it; but by losing it in the act of losing it we gain it. The impulse, the instinct to seek the lower place, is itself the secret of a responsive discovery by which we find ourselves translated to a higher room. Meekness is not weakness, but the secret of all our strength; for if we only distrust and deny ourselves and trust entirely in the force of God acting in us, there is nothing that we cannot aspire to do. If once we knew our own unworthiness, then in would pour the full tide of God's energy to fill our emptiness, to recoup our failure. Now with God and in God we may dream the great dreams; we may set out on the heroic hope; we may nourish the vast ambition.

The Inspiration of the Ideal

It is vital to remember this in a day like our own, when all depends on the faith that we sustain in a far-off social ideal. If we thought of ourselves how could we ever dare to dream of a new earth purged of its sorrow; of a new Jerusalem made clean, and fair, and honorable? How could we dare to tell out the good news of a day that shall yet dawn upon the suffering and the oppressed? Would our puny efforts ever avail to bring it about? Would our miserable cowardliness ever survive the strain of the attempt? Would our wretched selves not disprove our promises and disgrace our Gospel? How could they to whom we gave the message believe us as they took note of what we are? What resources could they give us credit for? Would they not laugh in our faces at our presumption?

Nay, we could not, remembering what we are, have the impudence or the vanity to believe that the world might be won for God.

Only by flinging ourselves out of our sight; only by bitter confessions of our shame and of our impotence; only by hiding ourselves down in the lower room; only by surrendering all trust in our own goodness, in our own resolution, our own right arm; only by utter self-abasement—only so can we recover our belief in the power of the Gospel of Christ to redeem man and to renew the face of the earth. Only so can we take up the higher cause, and bear the banner, and step out in the ranks of the hosts of God, and follow in the strain of the warring Christ. Each glance back at ourselves takes all the heart out of us; we faint, we fail, we lapse. How can it be done? How can it be true? What are we that we should do it? Alas! alas! just look at our poverty, we say.

Yes, look! look again. And as the look discloses to you your own powerlessness, you will know that it can never be you who will do it—not you, but another in you—another who arrives and fills, another who can arrive into you and fill you just according to the measure with which you have abandoned your own self-trust. He is come into the empty place which you have surrendered to Him; and He now will and can make Himself glorious in and through you. You will be swept into His action, into His mighty purpose; you will be used for His splendid ends. "Friend," He is crying, "go up higher; go up higher."

There is so much to be done; such high and splendid things are going forward; such hopes are stirring; such sacrifice is needed; such calls are in the air for heroic souls who can venture all for the good cause. God's work is up, God's flag is flying, and you are wanted. It has to be achieved through you.

The Three Kings

A Legend of Christmas—By Donald A. Fraser

Above the desert's dreary waste,
A brilliant star shone down;
It lit a tiny oasis
Amid the sand-waves brown.

Three camels journeyed from the East,
And each one bore a king;
But, wherefore rode they out that way?
What treasures did they bring?

Their names are Melchior, Saba's king,
Balthasar, Ava's lord,
And Kaspar, King of Ataper;
All versed in Wisdom's word.

They reach the tiny oasis
And greet each other there,
And while their camels drink and rest,
They spend the time in prayer.
And grave communion, each with each,
About the wondrous star;
For all had traced its splendid gleam
Across the desert far.

Said Melchior, "Such a star before,
Has ne'er been seen on earth;
Its rays must surely herald now
Some mighty monarch's birth;
And so, a worthy offering,
I hither with me bring,
An offering of yellow gold
For Earth's most mighty King.

But Balthasar spoke up and said:
"The star sends beams abroad
So radiantly, I feel 'tis sent
To greet some earth-born God;
This box of fragrant frankincense,
My tribute then shall be
Sweet sacrifice to offer to
Incarnate Deity.

Quoth Kaspar, "Long the world has groaned
With sickness, sin, and death,
I cried, when first I saw its light,
'A Healer draws His breath';
I searched my kingdom o'er to find
Some gift that would be meet;
This healing myrrh I'll lay before
The great Physician's feet."

"How, now, we cannot all be right,"
Cried Melchior once again;
"For if this babe be mighty King,
Your offerings are vain;
And should he be Physician, God,
Or other else beside,
Then mine will also foolish be,
An emblem of my pride."

"Then let us all together ride,"
Quoth Kaspar, earnestly,
"And spread our gifts before the Babe,
And there await to see
Which of our precious offerings
He takes most eagerly.

If to the gold he stretch his hand,
He surely is a King;
If frankincense attract him more,
From God-head doth he spring,
The myrrh will prove without a doubt,
That healing he doth bring."

Once more the guiding star led on,
Across the sand-waves brown,
Until, o'er Belthlehem's humble shed,
They saw its rays shine down.

Within, they found the lowly Babe
Upon His mother's knee;
Then, holding out their costly gifts,
Before Him knelt the three.

The Infant smiled upon the kings,
And then His gaze let fall;
The gold, the myrrh, the frankincense
He saw, and took them all.

Now filled with wonder were the three,
When they this thing had seen,
In awe they gazed upon the Babe,
And thought what it might mean

In awe they left His presence then;
Nor could they understand,
And so they turned their camels' heads
Toward their native land.

But in the tiny oasis,
An angel came to them:
"Peace, Peace," he cried, "I read ye now
The sign of Bethlehem."

"That wondrous Babe at once shall be
Great King and Lord Divine,
And Healer of man's sins and ills;
His kingdom shall outshine
In glory, all the realms of earth,
Or wealth of sea and mine."

"He'll rule the hearts, accept the praise
And save the souls of men;
And thus the wand'ring sons of God,
Shall be brought back again."

says; and why? Because it is a Gospel of life, of growth, and of glory. God means man to attain fulness of life. Christ comes that man may have life, and have it ever more and more abundantly. He looks for no meagre abnegations that lead to nothing. He has nothing to do with flight, or refusal, or retreat, or abandonment of the world in despair, or of death into nothingness. In Christ, on the contrary, the personal individual man is to put out all his powers he is to arrive at his full manhood. Consciousness is to become more and more tingling with life, more and more keen on victorious adventures. Therefore the Gospel of

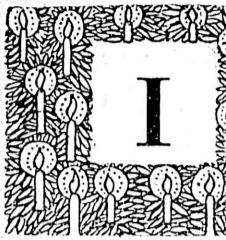
but to victory. By humility man goes up higher. That is our Gospel.

How is this? Because, according to the law of grace, all the emptying of self is an admittance of God into action within the self. Christ takes up the room left vacant; Christ pours in His own life abundantly; Christ makes all His own. As the man dies to himself, he becomes alive in Christ; he expands, he is transfigured, he is glorified. And the greater the glory, the less is it his own. The more glory there is in him, the more he recognizes its true source outside himself. His own transfiguration then intensifies his humility;

is not I that live, but Christ that liveth in me.

The humility that wins the answer in reward does not cease to be what it was; rather it finds in the reward a reason for a yet deeper humility. How can it bear to seem to be the organ of such excellent achievement? It is humbled to the dust by recognizing what God does in and through it. It cries aloud with Isaiah, "Woe is me! I am a man of unclean lips and mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." It is on its knees with Simon Peter, overwhelmed by the great draught of fishes, and by the sudden recognition of his privileged neighbourhood to Jesus—"Depart

Anne O'Hagan's Story—Christmas Roses



IN the train from New York to Kenousa, the station in the Bearport Mountains to which the New Jersey and Ontario Railroad consigned passengers for Mrs. Derwent Cobb's house, Hillcrest, Gloriana had not been surprised to find herself the only person likely to be bound for that centre of Christmas hilarity. The others, she told herself, would be in the parlor coaches. Such an opulent going, however, was not for her, a teacher in a Bridgeport public school.

She was wildly, unbelievably blessed to be going to Cousin Fanny's in any fashion. Not Gloriana's to complain of the choking sensation produced by velvet when hot air and cold drafts alternated to steep and blow out of the dust of generations; nor hers to bemoan cramped knees. She was going to a house-party. Four rapturous days were to be hers; she counted them on her fingers to make sure that not one had escaped her—Thursday the twenty-fourth, Friday the twenty-fifth, Saturday the twenty-sixth, and Sunday the twenty-seventh. In her small trunk was the low-cut red crepe frock she and the seamstress had made last week. She hadn't worn a low-necked dress in seven years. Complain of discomforts, indeed!

When, however, she descended from the train into the thick blur of the December twilight and desultorily falling snow, she had a moment's misgiving to discover that she was still the only passenger who could, by any possibility, be bound for Hillcrest. Gloriana had had no actual experience in house-parties, but she was a diligent and wistful peruser of the illustrated society news. She knew, therefore, that the good, stout woman in the plush cape, who had boarded the train at Paterson and who spilled Christmas bundles at every step, was not of the house-party type. Neither was the man agriculturally made up with chin whiskers, a red muffler, and a cloth cap. Again, neither was the sallow, clerkish man whose rusty overcoat-collar was napeless, and whose misspent pockets sagged with suggestive emptiness.

She hurried through the station to find the vehicle which Cousin Fanny would have sent down for her. But the road back of the little, box-like structure was empty, save for a ramshackle affair on runners, whose driver addressed the shopper from Paterson as "mar," and 'told her reassuringly that he was there.

Gloriana considered with a troubled mind. There could be no mistake about the hour of her arrival. She had studied the time-table in Cousin Fanny's note of invitation the very instant of its receipt. She had accurately adjusted its possibilities to those of the Bridgeport-New York trains, and within an hour a reply had been speeding to Cousin Fanny, informing her that Gloriana Cobb, by the grace of God and the foresight of grandparents, second cousin to Derwent Cobb, would arrive at Kenousa by the train leaving New York on the afternoon of December 23 at five-forty.

Nonplussed by her cousin's failure to have her met, Gloriana enviously watched the stout woman stow her bundles in the body of the sleigh and climb to the seat beside the driver. She watched the clerkish person strike off down the road toward a hollow where lights twinkled through the snowy blur. She watched the owner of the red muffler make swiftly for a rectangular frame building across the road, which, by means of sporadic letters on a red gas-globe over the door, informed those interested that it was the "Ontario Ho-el." Still the carriage from Hillcrest did not come.

The ticket-agent, nervously consulted, was full of seasonable optimism, but had no knowledge of Hillcrest, its owners, its men servants or maid-servants, or the strangers within its gates. In fact—he would not deceive her—he "didn't know nothin' about Kenousa more than what any one could see"—that it was a "one-horse hamlet, all right." He had been sent up from Paterson only that afternoon "to take the place of the reg'lar agent, who was down with pneumonia." He would advise the young lady to "hire a rig at the hotel stable opposite an' go right on out" to her friends. It would be "warmer than waitin' around the station; an' as far as that went, anyway, he was goin' to close up for the night now;" no more trains either way on the Forest Lake division. If she met the Hillcrest equipage coming, as she probably would, she "needn't pay for no more of the ride out than she'd took; he wouldn't if it was him." And—"Thank you, miss, the same to you an' many of them!"

Gloriana was driving, at an expense somewhat sobering to a young woman whose yearly income was well below the four-figure limit, up the steep, snowy, five-mile road before it occurred to her that she might have telephoned from the station. She sighed a little over her recklessness. Then she banished regrets and nervous anticipations by thinking of her red crepe. It looked quite as well, she was sure, as if it had cost one dollar and ninety-eight cents a yard instead of ninety-eight cents. And accordion-pleating was certainly a boon to a woman who couldn't afford those fabulously dear, perfect skirt-makers. Cousin Fanny was a lovely woman to have given a poor grub of a second cousin-in-law such a

joyful opportunity. Twenty people—twenty young people!

In Bridgeport everyone considered her rather elderly because she taught school. Well, she was twenty-eight—but perhaps the effect of putting away youthful joys at twenty was to preserve a perpetual appetite for them—and that attribute of youth, at least, Gloriana knew she could boast.

"How glad, how very glad, she was that Derwent's business had brought him from Denver to New York two years ago, and that it had prospered to such an extent that Cousin Fanny had acquired a country house and a circle to entertain there! Gloriana began to hum the air of a waltz she often played in the school gymnasium for the girls to dance by at rainy recesses.

"Gittin' there," observed the driver, making a broad turn from the highway to a carriage road that cut a bare hedge.

Before them a large, old-fashioned house gleamed dark and forbidding through the mist of snow. As the sleigh drew nearer, the eaves, the pillared piazzas, and the swelling curves of bay-windows thrown out at the ends of the building, detached themselves from mere architectural bulk. But from not one of the multitudinous windows did a mellow light of admittance, even, shine.

"Why—but—" cried Gloriana, turning eyes of piteous appeal upon the driver.

In reply he passed the reins into her hands and stumped his way across the piazza to the obviously inhospitable front door. No answer rewarded his vigorous pounding.

"I'll goin' stir up Jed Blake 'n his wife," he remarked, disappearing at the side of the house. The chilled and dismayed Gloriana wondered whether the moisture on her cheeks was due to tears or melting snow. Her Christmas party—her Christmas party!—and oh, her red dress!

Jed Blake, followed by the ample, voluble, shawled Mrs. Blake, reappeared in the wake of the driver, after what seemed an interminable wait. Ejaculations of surprise and unease battled with the flakes for right of way in the evening air.

"To think you'd never heard!" cried Mrs. Jed. "But there now! I never had no opinion of telegraphin'."

"Is this Mrs. Cobb's house?" Gloriana thrust her inquiry determinedly into the clamor. She would learn something definite!

"Surely, miss, it is. We're the farmer an'

his wife livin' in the cottage the other side of the barns," Mrs. Blake told her. "But there ain't to be no Christmas party. Mrs. Cobb telegraphed to us yesterday afternoon that the twins was down with diphtheria. Yes, miss, diphtheria. She said she had telegraphed all the telegrams. An' you never got yourn. My, my, my!"

To follow the redundancies and the exclamations of the excellent lady's speech would be to make the simple tale of Gloriana's Christmas a three-volume novel. When the confusion had somewhat subsided, the young woman found herself inside the house, and in possession of the information that the furnace fire had been started before the diphtheritic communication had been received, that the Hillcrest pantries and refrigerators held provision "to feed an army," and that she was welcome to stay "as long as she liked," and Mrs. Blake would do her best to make her comfortable, "though not claimin' to be a French cook or a starched, pert chambermaid."

"I'll have to stay until tomorrow morning," said Gloriana gloomily. "There do not seem to be frequent trains on this road."

"The way the Ontario treats the Forest Lake branch is something shameful," agreed Mrs. Blake, recalling the critical commuter's manner of some of the autumn guests. "Well, I'll get you somethin' hot to eat, an' I suppose you'd like it, honey"—Gloriana was the sort of woman to call out the unconscious endearment—"if me an' Jed was to come up an' sleep here. Not that there's a mite of danger; but I've seen enough city young ladies to know how emotional they are. Well, I'll sleep in the dressin'-room off the room I'm goin' to put you in—an' it's the best in the house, which you certainly do deserve for your disappointment. I wonder who got your telegram?"

That was a question which Gloriana also pondered as she made herself comfortable in the best of the guest-rooms. What a pretty place it was, by the way, with the old-fashioned, rose-wreathed paper, the rose-powdered chintz on lounge and chair, the mahogany, the delicate muslins, the shining silver. She was a sybaritic little kitten at heart, despite the Bridgeport school, and she almost purred her satisfaction as she warmed her hands before the fire on her hearth. She would have her luncheon up here, she decided, not in the cavernous gloom and loneliness of the dining-room.

Removing her traveling-frock and braiding her long hair, she arrayed herself in comfort in the negligee which she had fondly hoped would meet Cousin Fanny's casual approval. It had seemed to her a triumphant combination of honest warmth with filminess—a truly feminine union of worth and lure. It was pink, so that the figure reflected in the long glass into which she stared with open pleasure did not clash with the rosy background. The quilted slippers into which her feet were thrust were pink, too—it had been really quite ador-

able as well as surprisingly perspicuous in Miss Green, the spectacled principal of girls' grammar school number six, to give her these for Christmas instead of John Fiske's "Essays, Literary and Historical," or "The Simple Life!"

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II.

"A. W. Miss-ss Co-bb—"

The shrill sound penetrated the closed door and broke upon Miss Cobb's vain and pleasurable musings. With it came the tardy realization that there had been a silver jangle of bells outside. She went hastily to the landing and leaned over the stair-rail, startled inquiry in her gaze. At the foot of the stairs stood Mrs. Blake and a tall, snow-powdered, masculine figure, staring upward.

"Here's another of you," announced Mrs. Blake, tersely.

"What! Did you not get your telegram, either?" Gloriana was unaffectedly elated. The failure to receive her own seemed less like sheer stupidity if there were other failures, too.

The young man responded with the information that he also had failed to receive notification that the festivities were postponed. He was Crofton Bell, he added, a Denver friend of Derwent's. Gloriana replied with the information that she was Gloriana Cobb, Derwent's cousin; Mr. Bell's eyes seemed to commend Derwent's taste in cousins. She retreated a step or two, blushing, whereupon Mr. Bell launched into prolonged autobiography, to which she was obliged, in courtesy, to listen.

"When Derwent and the missis found that I was to be East this Christmas, they asked me to make one of the party here," he explained. "But I left Denver a week ago, and have been all over the lot since. The last place was Chicago, and that was an afterthought, so there might be considerable delay in forwarding telegrams there. And, come to think of it, I left in such a hurry I didn't give any forwarding address to the hotel office. It looks as though it were my own fault. I didn't get my despatch." He paused, but as Gloriana, with an unintelligible murmur of interest or sympathy, was withdrawing toward her room, he plunged into monologue again.

"This is a sweet spot to reach on the night of a blizzard, isn't it?" he demanded. "I left the main line at Boonton in the middle of the afternoon, and have been doing cross-country stunts on stray trains and trolleys ever since. The last ten miles I came in a sleigh." "To think of that, now!" observed Mrs. Blake from her stand of chorus and chaperon at his elbow. "I reckon you're feelin' peckish—"

"Peckish!" cried Mr. Bell, looking at Gloriana. "I could eat a buffalo."

"I suppose you'll come down an' eat with him?" Mrs. Blake's remark was scarcely an inquiry.

"I—I—" began Gloriana.

"Please!" begged Mr. Bell.

"Well," Gloriana conceded.

Whereupon Mrs. Blake led the new-comer to his room. By the time they reached the top of the stairs the pink vision had discreetly disappeared.

Mrs. Jed Blake had spoken only the truth when she had announced herself "no French cook." Nevertheless the ham and eggs, the fried potatoes, the hot biscuit and coffee which she served to the two Christmas derelicts on a small table drawn up before the dining-room fire seemed rather ambrosial food and drink to them. Hunger, a sense of mild and cheerful adventure, and a keen pleasure in each other's company spiced the plain viands to a flavor which Mrs. Derwent Cobb's admirable chef could not have improved.

"If you expect me to talk about the opera and bridge debts, you're going to be rarely disappointed, Miss Cobb," announced Crofton Bell after they had exhausted the conversational possibilities of their immediate plight. "But out in God's country we don't get much opera, and when we gamble we're still playing poker and faro."

Miss Cobb, conventionally clad and coiffed again, smiled demurely.

"In the Bridgeport grammar school," she replied, "we aren't strong on the topic you mention."

"The Bridgeport grammar-school?"

"Yes, I teach there."

Mr. Bell stared at her for a second.

"I hate to think of a girl's working," he told her, old-fashionededly. "And you—you don't look strong enough."

"It isn't hauling bricks, you know," laughed Gloriana.

"No-o," admitted Mr. Bell unwillingly. Then he brightened. "I'm glad to hear it for one reason, though. They've been saying out our way that Derwent and the missis had gone a little daffy on the social game, and, upon my word, I've been dreading this affair. But if you're just plain folks, we'll have a good time together. Won't we?" he added with sudden pleading.

"The first train tomorrow morning leaves at seven-something," replied Gloriana coolly.

"Oh, hang the first train," said Mr. Crofton Bell. "May I smoke?"

"I wonder," thought Gloriana that night as she softly closed the dressing-room door upon

Mrs. Blake's deep breathings, "if any of the others would have been so nice, so comfortable, so—so homely?"

She sighed a little as she knelt to her prayers. Rising, she listened to the gathering of winds in the hills. Their sweep seemed to shut her in to comfort, security, and the pleasure of the chance companionship. She sighed again, more deeply.

"Of course, one couldn't stay any longer than one had to," she told her pillow later. "And, of course, he wouldn't want to. He probably knows piles of people in the city—it's only a sort of gay politeness." Then, with a blush the pillow hid and a laugh it smothered, she said: "Oh, hang the first train!"

III.

MR. BELL was already downstairs when she made her appearance the next morning. He was staring joyously out upon a world of blinding whiteness.

"See that!" he cried happily. "It's a blizzard—a blessed blizzard! Talk of trains—"

The slow, half-decided flakes of the evening before had evidently become a genuine, working snowstorm later in the night. Gloriana, peering out through the thick, steady down-sifting of white powder, measured the night's work by the hedges and the bushes on the lawn. It seemed almost impossible that a few hours could have made such drifts and barriers. Her heart and her eyes danced at the sight. Somehow, the thought of that day's return to Bridgeport had been very dreary.

While they breakfasted to the time of Mrs. Blake's reminiscences on former blizzards, the telephone-bell rang sharply. Miss Gloriana Cobb was desired at the instrument. Was that Miss Cobb? Yes? Well, the telegraph-operator at Kenousa wished to transmit a telegram repeated from Bridgeport.

"Yes," breathed Gloriana.

"New York, December 23. Miss Gloriana Cobb, 3578 Dwight Avenue, Bridgeport. Horrified to discover today that I sent telegram yesterday to Bridgeport, New York, instead Connecticut. But was distracted. Twins have diphtheria. Light attack so far. Doctor hopeful. Antitoxin used. Hillcrest party off. Heartbroken. Letter following. If only this reaches you in time. (Signed) Frances Cobb."

"Yes, I have it," said Gloriana. "But wait. What time was it sent from New York to Bridgeport? Two-thirteen? What time was it repeated from Bridgeport? Oh! You close at eight—yes, I see. Goo—"

"Hold the line a minute, please," interrupted Mr. Bell. "I'll wire Chicago to forward telegrams to me."

"You'd better ask about trains, too," suggested Gloriana, handing him the receiver. "I suppose we could get down to Kenousa in a sleigh if we took plenty of time."

"If you're so awfully anxious to get away," remarked Mr. Bell in an aggrieved manner, but after hearing the operator he brightened. "No train has gone through on the Forest Lake branch yet," he announced victoriously. "And nothing is possible until the snow-plough gets to work. But the snow-plough is only one—and it's busy on the main line. Hurrah! I shall offer prayer and sacrifice, Miss Cobb, to the gods of snow and wind to keep this up. Why, you can have any engagement any more than I have. Why should you be so keen on leaving this place?"

Gloriana glanced sharply at him to discover marks of satire on his face, but it was fortunately guiltless of any expression beyond boyish joy.

The gods of snow and wind were kind to their supplicant from the West. The storm continued steadily all of Christmas Eve. The two young persons made such strides toward intimacy as would have amazed them had they been willing to devote five minutes of their time to sober contemplation of their situation. But that they disdained.

They made a mad, arctic journey down to the Blakes' cottage, the barns, and the henries, a quarter of a mile behind the house. They took an hour's windy constitutional on the piazza in the afternoon. They became intoxicated, boisterous, with air and cold and snow. They laughed a great deal, though no judicious listener could have detected any unusual wit in the remarks that provoked their mirth. They ate dinner with extravagant appetite that night. They caused Mrs. Blake, whose demands in humor were not the most exacting, "nearly to bust her sides with laughin'." In great merriment they hung their stockings from the sitting-room mantel-shelf and insisted that the Blakes produce blue-yarn hose to keep theirs company. (Gloriana thanked her destiny particularly because she had a new pair of silk ones, extravagantly purchased to dance holes through at Cousin Fanny's Christmas ball!)

When a quiet mood had come with the late evening, Gloriana, "by general request," sat at the piano and touched the keys with soft fingers, and sang with true, gentle voice an old carol and a new hymn, all about the quiet stars of Bethlehem and the large-eyed cattle and marvelling shepherds. Then it was that Crofton Bell looked at her with the adoring reverence which man, the sentimental, bestows upon woman singing sacred songs, and the Blakes, playing propriety stiffly upon a brocaded davenport, whispered to each other that she was certainly a nice, unaffected little thing, mighty different from some of last summer's guests.

"What must she think of me?" he demanded of the snow-man. "Up here with not a soul—and so generous and gay—She'll never forgive me—never."

"It serves me quite right," said Gloriana, in her own room. "Why should he show any deference, any civility, to a girl who had revealed so shamelessly, so indecently, that she was glad—glad—to be snow-bound alone with him. Ah, there he comes into the house now!" She heard the door close upon his entrance. Her chilled fingers bungled with her wraps, but finally she emerged from them. She went to the water-basin and washed her face with brutal thoroughness. But hard as she rubbed her cheek, it tingled still with his kiss. And her foolish pulses throbbed and would not

Christmas, and the gods were still good! The snow ceased to fall before morning, and the day came up, a great, shining, white jewel set in splendid blue and gold. But the wind still blew, and the obliging station-agent could only "hope" that the two-eighteen might go down some time in the afternoon.

"We'd be unqualified fools to go down there on any such slim chance as that," observed Mr. Bell with deep satisfaction, putting up the receiver. "It would probably mean dinner and lodgings in the Ont-rio Ho-el."

"I really think that it might," Gloriana earnestly persuaded herself. She was wearing the gold-and-tortoise-shell comb she had found in her stocking.

"It was meant for Mrs. Derwent," the doctor declared. "I can give

obey her indignant command to be quiet, self-respecting pulses again.

Down-stairs he walked and walked about. He might walk forever! She would not reappear until she could go to the train. He called once—"Miss Cobb!" but she made no answer, though all the blood in her body raced madly to her heart and then madly away again. Then the hall-door closed upon his exit. Through her windows she watched him stalking, with absurd high steps, over the drifts toward the Blakes' cottage. She felt very forlorn and injured as he strode away with no backward look.

The telephone rang sharply. She went to the door. No—he had not come back; Mrs. Blake was down at the cottage. She must answer the call. She went heavily down the stairs.

"Yes, this was Hillcrest. Yes, Mr. Bell was staying there. No, he was not in the house at present. A telegram for him repeated from Chicago?" Very well, she would take it down." She drew the pad forward on the table and prepared to write.

"Denver, December 25, 19—: C. E. Bell, Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Ill. Dearest—Christmas—greetings—May—we—not—have to—spend—another—apart—thanks—for—my—exquisite—pendant—your—devoted (signed) Emma."

Yes, Miss Cobb assured the operator, she

had the message correctly. What? Oh, would she please read it to him? Very well.

She read it woodenly. Then she improved her handwriting a little so that every letter stood out clearly. Then she walked into the dining-room, laid the scrap of paper at Crofton Bell's place and returned to her room. She locked the door carefully after her. Her pulse had ceased to throb at last, her cheek to feel the warmth of his kiss. A great, dull, miserable shame engulfed her. By the dreary misery of her present condition she knew how hopeful, how almost happy, that previous mood of anger, expectation, excitement, had been. Ah, it was horrible! His kiss had not only been an insult to her, but disloyalty to another woman as well.

When she threw herself upon the couch at the foot of her bed and contemplated the ceiling with dry, burning eyes, she thought of the indignity, the debasement, of her position. But when she turned her face into the pillow and began to weep, it was because the man had been guilty, not merely of lightness, of flippancy, in his behavior, but of dishonor as well.

An hour later an imperative knocking aroused her. She started up and listened. It was repeated, more imperatively.

"Who is it?" she demanded icily but shakingly.

"It is I, Crofton. Open the door, please. I want to speak to you."

"I do not wish to hear anything you have to say." Her voice was steady enough now.

"You'll have to hear it whether you want to or not," declared the gentleman firmly. "Oh, Gloriana, don't play the haughty Lady Inogene now! Open the door, please."

"Don't call me Gloriana," flamed the young woman. And then, "You will find a message for you on the dining-room table."

"I have found it," said Mr. Bell with considerable vindictiveness of tone. "Please open the door, Gloriana."

"I have told you not to call me by my first name." Gloriana pulled the door wide open to make this indignant protest. She showed a tear-stained face, heavy eyes, and tremulous lips.

"Thank Heaven, you've been crying!" he said inhumanly. "You would only have been enraged if—if you had not cared a little! Now, will you please read these?" He thrust a bundle of letters toward her. "They are, as you will observe, from my brother Charles Edward. There is a great deal in them which you will not understand"—magnificently he swept aside the possible reaches of the feminine intellect—"about the traction company business. But you will be able to make out that he has been traveling in the Northwest while I have been traveling in the Southwest on the business, and that he fears he will have to spend Christmas in Chicago, which he re-

grets, like a thoroughly good and domesticated husband, on account of Emma and the baby. Your own intelligence will probably supply you with the rest of the situation."

"Oh!" said Gloriana. Then she recovered herself and waved the letters aside.

"I have no interest in your business, or in your home affairs," she remarked.

"Oh, haven't you? Well, I was determined you should know that though I may be a miserable cad, I'm not a damned villain. I had hoped you'd care to know even that. Moreover, you owe me more of an apology for thinking I could have married a woman capable of a rotten telegram like that than I owe you for—for kissing you. For I kissed you, Gloriana, because—because—I couldn't help it," he ended somewhat lamely.

Gloriana tried to be indifferent and disdainful for a second or two longer. But her face was not made for the expression of these emotions. She was very happy—she was relieved—she wondered did he care—could he—it was so short a time—but, anyway—the hateful telegram—. Her lip began to titter.

"Dear heart," cried Mr. Crofton Bell, abandoning his pose of indignant honor and finding the language of consolation with instinctive ease, "don't—don't—cry! I can't bear you to be unhappy. I couldn't bear it when you thought me—what you did. Oh, you know I kissed you because I had fallen heels over head in love with you—though if it hadn't been for

Emma's fool message I shouldn't have dared to tell you so for a week or two yet. Gloriana—please come outside—" for Gloriana had retreated from these incoherent remarks and the looks that accompanied them. "Please, please." But he heard the inexorable bolt slide.

When she came down to dinner, clad in the red crepe—"because it's Christmas," she said—he met her at the foot of the stairs.

"I want you to see if this is a sufficiently unsentimental message to send to Derwent and the missis," he said, handing her a slip of paper.

Merry Christmas! Hope twins are improving. Can never repay your hospitality at Hillcrest. Am madly in love with Gloriana, and intend to make her marry me whether she wants to or not.

CROFTON BELL

"Dignified, terse, and, above all, truthful," Mr. Bell commended his work. "Isn't it, Gloriana?"

"It is not dignified, it's not terse," said Gloriana judicially, "and as for the truth, you convey an utterly false impression. You convey the impression that you expect to have difficulty in persuading me to marry you, and you know—know perfectly well—"

She turned slowly toward him, smiling, radiant, but with the soft hint of tears back of her brightness.

The foolish slip of paper fluttered to the floor between them as he took her in his arms.

Edgar Benet's Interesting Story—"At The Sheepfold"

THE whitewashed door, gray in the snow, opened slowly, and Sally Alaby peered out over the threshold.

Under the frill of her close cap her eyes beamed from a wicker of wrinkles upon Jean, the French boy, known in Little England as Jack, who stood in the drift, holding his sister Jill by one hand and a long-tailed gray monkey, picked up in a Paris toy shop, under his arm.

"How do you, my dears?" called Sally. "I thought I'd have a look for the coach; it's most coach-time. There's no leaving the door ajar with comfort since Missus Haddenhausen's cow is got so neighborly as to step in—where I found her myself the last fine day. And so you've the beautiful monkey! Why, the little stockings in the chimney'll be running over by morning, I dare say."

Jill was about to explain shrilly it was shoes, not stockings, they placed by the chimney, when a shepherd shouted from the far side of the hedge, "Good-day, missus! Hey, my fine Frenchman, you'd best be off to France shouldering a musket! What a wind we had in the night, to be sure."

"How it did blow!" agreed Sally.

"'Pol,' says my wife to me solemn, in the night, 'Pol, did you hear the wind how it smote you corner?' It fell off when the snow come down."

He changed his tone to one of incredulous astonishment: "They do say there's gypsies in the backwoods!"

"Where?"

The two lengthened their vowels and broke their syllables in half.

"In the sheepfold; though I see naught when I went to look after the ewes."

"Nay, nay," objected Sally; "the gypsies left in fine weather. I see them with these eyes."

"How far did they go?"

"How should I know? A good bit over the hill."

"A good bit's not gone; and it's not such a very far off, neither. Last night there was tracks up through the woods that wasn't there the night before, though it may be my eyes haven't looked where they were sure of finding. Why, you'd not turn out of the fold an enemy's ewe at yearning time, would you?"

Sally shook the frill of her cap in indignant denial.

"As I was telling you of," she said; "one of the women was a decent body as stopped here for the last time to tell me a bit of a fortune. Said she: 'There's money coming to you; it's coming; but it's v—e—ry unlikely you'll ever get it. And there's something coming to you in a box; it's a ring; it's yours and it's coming, but it's v—e—ry unlikely you'll get that, neither.' I was completely done over as ever I was, for I knew naught of money or a ring."

"Then you're like doctor's boy, and your fortune's a change for the worse." Pol had waited for a chance to repeat a favorite tale. "Doctor's boy at Sleaford come to doctor, and says as how he's going to give notice and says he wants a change. Had no fault to find with his place, but must have a change. 'What am I giving you?' asked doctor. 'Four and sixpence, sir. Make it four shilling, then,' says doctor; 'and there's your change.' 'A change is what I'm after,' says boy, and off to work.

"Well, I'm off to the house to tell the master what he'll find out for himself if I don't. Good-night to you, missus."

He glanced down into the children's faces:

"Good-night, little uns, and a Merry Christmas to you all."

A fragment of the song which for the last two weeks had been heard in the village went after him, and Jack concluded that he sang from personal experience of those other shepherds who, seated on the ground, had watched by night.

"Run along home; do now," urged Sally Alaby, after a last look for the belated coach; "though it's too fine to shut the door, bless thee! Lord, lord! The world does seem that pure you might find a Bethlehem in any sheepfold!"

Before the door closed, Jack had one last,

fascinating glimpse of Sally Alaby's husband, as he sat with his handsome face bent over the bright fire. He had come from England in his age to be cared for; in youth he had been a famous poacher, and there was yet a look in his eyes as if he were setting snares and traps and going softly for fear of startling the game.

Jack had a sense of unusual liberty. He knew that his pale mother, with her large eyes bent upon her paper or, with a little scowl, turned to the ceiling in search of a fugitive word, had lighted the lamp and was intent on her interminable task of turning French books into English. The *bonne* had gone off on some household matter, and he had been sent out of doors charged with nothing but the care of Jill.

He looked toward the cloud that hung low over the earth, and then at the earth—still, wonderful sphere in which any marvelous dream might come true. He studied the white road which swept from between the culvert walls and, with Little England a small village on either side the curve, passed at los itself obscurely in the fields of the Eng'lanian, who had reproduced here this faint style of his mother country; had given to it a page its name, and brought from there thirty men and women, with a German family of two from the black ship that poured out its humanity upon the wharves of a nearby town, to till his land and tend his flocks after the careful English fashion.

The place exhaled an old-world atmosphere; an old-world accent clung to its tongues, and lured to it European exiles.

From one of the houses Emil, the French boy, moved like a living shadow down a flight of snowy steps.

Though Jack's sojourn among them had not been long, he had already imparted to Emil the discovery that God sometimes came to the Englishman's dense woods; and this Emil now hastened to confirm, with the scornful air of one who has had earlier information.

The argument speedily reached a point where, from poverty of English, Jack's contemplations, sufficiently clear and forcible in his own tongue to overwhelm his antagonist, were not forthcoming, and he contented himself with a long-drawn, indignant:

"H—-a—a"

Emil drew down the corners of his thin lips, nodding conclusively, and for a space the three turned to the fields, from which Emil's eyes came back as from a quarry. They were shrewd, slyly inventive eyes, while those of the small Frenchman showed an imagination which went past things of the senses to touch the soul of thought.

When the coach had rolled away into the soft obscurity which enveloped the road, Jack and Jill followed in the broken track.

The woods to which God had come when He brought the German baby drew Jack on, and they turned aside into the wide field. Imagination was setting faith afire and turning into reality misty dreams of things unseen and unheard. In the family wanderings from place to place, Jack had picked up stories of a star, of shepherds and a manger; he had seen, further, a "nativity" in Belgium, when awe and reverence had struggled in his soul against an unchildlike and premature doubt of its reality, with an unconscious protest that the forms he saw were neither divine nor human; but that somewhere, somehow, they might be both and that he might find them, lurked in the mind.

Through November a star had attracted him; it grew brighter as December came and the purple nights changed to a wintry blue. As soon as it rose over the Englishman's

"Hm—m. Yes; so," insisted Emil.

"Ha! You say what I tell," cried Jack, driven to a hurried choice of words.

Emil drew his shoulders to his ears, brought his doubled fists together and crouched in the snow; he spoke in a voice full of suggested mystery:

"Once, when it was dark already, God came down in the thick woods. He brought our baby mit." A big crow beating a silent way below the cloud prompted into speech a hitherto undefined belief: "He hid behind the big trees so the children by the smithey wouldn't see, and when it got dark, *dark*, God waked up a crow, and the crow fled over the field—over old Miss Alaby's house—and lit himself on our chimney. *Caw, c—a-w, caw!*"

Jack and Jill laughed approval of the crow.

"And my aunt went out the chimney under, quick, and held her apron—I saw her tight—so nothings falls out, and the crow he drop the baby down, c—a—sy. There was black on him from what you call soot."

"Em—il! Em—il!" called a woman in German from an opened window; come once."

"*Caw, c—a-w, caw!*" cried Emil. He kicked the snow backward from the wooden soles and heels of his shoes as he ran. "The old grossmutter, she pick her geese; we will have more feathers."

A coach drawn by four black horses and gay in red and gold and green came noiselessly over the culvert; it was crowded inside and out. The man on the box wore top-boots and had a long whip in his hand, and another man, the nearest to him, lifted a horn to his lips and blew away the stillness with a tremendous blast.

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"A bad lot," he said to the guest who rode beside him; "a sheep-stealing lot, a thievish lot! I've had experience with them at home, and I'll have none of them on my land."

He looked down at the children, drew rein, and as if on second thought touched his horse with his crop.

"We'll take them up as we go back."

Jack shook Jill's hand impatiently:

"There's more coming. Hurry!"

An indistinct line trailed over the broken track. He had not known there were so many Wise Men in all Little England.

The tail of the gray monkey left marks on the snow as the children hastened to the woods, which received them into a half-dark-

woods and called to him in lines of light, he pattered across the floor to the square of window, looked in its face, and listened with his soul. While he listened, the star lengthened its beams until they enfolded his world and the sky was all star.

Twice had he drawn sleepy Jill from her bed to look at the marvel, and Jill had whimpered with cold and seen nothing but a star. Now, if the cloud were not covering the clear skies, he had no doubt he could see it, standing still over some blessed spot, for such a star could not be meaningless.

Jack walked on, pulling Jill after him and keeping his eyes fixed on the woods. Suddenly a light floated in and out among the trees; for an instant stopped—then disappeared.

"The star! The star!"

"A lantern," murmured Jill; she moved her red mittens with an undulating motion—and it went as so."

"Never! It was the star."

"Oh, yes; a star," she agreed according to her custom.

"Hurry."

"My legs won't; they're tired."

"Stop. I will carry you."

They made less headway when he carried her, and he set her down and began again to pull her through the snow; but it was slow progress, and darkness would have fallen had the world not been so white.

A black mule moved by, and his rider, the miller, called:

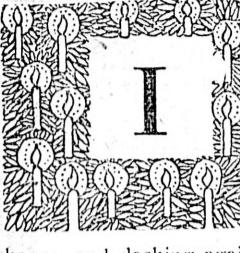
"Get you home to bed, little uns. Don't you know there's gypsies about, and the master's coming to fetch 'em out? 'Tis nearly candle-light and no way seemly for you to be abroad."

The Englishman passed on his tall chestnut horse. They could see the lines of his severe, straight-featured face, his ruddy cheek and the fringe of gray hair and whisker above the high collar of his coat.

"A bad lot," he said to the guest who rode beside him; "a sheep-ste

The Memorable Christmas of "Nigger Jim"

By N. de Bertrand Lugrin.



IT WAS Christmas Eve, "Nigger Jim" Armstrong stepped into his cabin, bolting the door behind him against the driving snow, that was filling the darkening twilight outside with twisting, writhing shapes, and dashing against the wall of the house fiercely piled itself in great drifts where ever the wind swept it. Armstrong lit a candle and set it in its bottle candlestick upon the table at the end nearest the stove, in which there were still a few smouldering coals. Taking off the cover, he filled the heater with maple sticks from a pile behind the door, then, divesting himself of his cap and parkie, he sat down on the bench beside the table, and drew a letter and a paper from his pocket. The former he opened with much eagerness, holding it close to the candle, and scanning it with anxious eyes. The letter was short but explicit.

"Dear Sir," it ran. "Patterson Bros. have agreed to purchase your claims at the price you ask. They will deposit the first payment of \$60,000 in the Yukon Bank at Dawson on the 20th of November. The balance to be paid as per agreement.—Yours truly, Stevens and Smith, Solicitors, 50 Front street, Dawson."

Armstrong heaved a deep breath, and laid the letter upon the table. Outside a dog began to whine dismally. The whining was followed by a scratching upon the door. Armstrong stood up.

"All right, Gyp," he said.

He let the dog in, and a blast of the screaming storm with it. The animal, a long-haired collie, jumped about Armstrong with whines of delight, while once again the man bolted the door, and, returning to the fire, sat down and took the dog's head between his hands.

"Gyp," he said, "Gyp, old girl. We're going away from here, you and I."

The dog barked understandingly and twisted her head around to lick her master's hands.

"Where shall we go, Gyp?" That's the question?" The man spoke half to himself, half to the dog. "It doesn't much matter after all, so long as we leave the Yukon. And we don't want to go, either. That's the fool part of it. We like the long nights and the death-still white stretches of snow, and the screaming wind. We like the hills, too. Gyp, in the summer time, when the lakes are open and the cataracts running, and every pop of the gun brings down a deer, or a rabbit, or a ptarmigan." He laughed softly as the dog barked in ecstasy. "No, Gyp, not tonight. There'll be no more shooting till the winter is gone, and when the winter is gone, we'll be gone too. Only she'll stay, Gyp, only she'll stay, and there'll be no sunshine anywhere else in the world except where she is, so we may as well learn to do without it. Heigho, Gyp." He dropped the dog's head, and, leaning back in his chair, took the paper from the table. He tore off the wrapper, opening the sheet, then, with a sudden exclamation, he stood up and spread the page upon the table. Kneeling upon the bench, he leaned over and began to read, his eyes feverishly bright and the color slowly mounting under his dark skin.

On the front page of the paper, under a very large heading, were two pictures, one of a smooth-faced lad of about seventeen, with an aggressive chin and poetic eyes, the other a somewhat blurred drawing of an old negro. The head lines of a short article read as follows:

OLD BEN GREY DIES AND CONFESSES TO THE MURDER OF CAPTAIN MCGRATH."

"Exoneration of Lawrence Ormsby, the Young Son of Col. Lawrence Ormsby, Who, Falsely Accused 20 Years Ago, Escaped From the Old Bell Town Prison, and As It Was Supposed, Drowned Himself In Blue Woods Lake."

"Nigger Jim's" eyes devoured the article which followed, his dark skin flushing and paling alternately, his lips apart, his breathing hoarse and labored. And when he had finished, his head slipped down until it rested between his hands upon the table. For a few seconds there was absolute silence in the cabin. Then a sudden hoarse sob shook the man's frame, another and another. The dog lifted her head, stood up and sniffed, pricking her ears in surprise, then with her tail hanging dejectedly, moved over to her master lifting her right paw and laying it on the bench beside his knees. Outside the storm wailed and moaned about the cabin, and the snow struck against the window with a rattling rasp. The dog whined softly, pushing her nose hard against her master's leg, and raising her other paw to the bench, but the man did not notice her. The tears he shed were the tears of a heart that had suffered tragedy more bitter than death, and had endured the suffering in silence and alone. He did not try to check his sobs, and the heaving of his shoulders and the proneness of his form upon the table told of an utter abandonment to an emotion that was remorseless in its strength. The fire died down in the heater, the room began to grow chilly. The dog, climbing to the bench, curled up close to her master. Suddenly from without the cabin came a sound that was not of the storm. It was a woman's cry, sharp and

imperative, coming at first half muffled, as though far away, then sounding close to the door. Armstrong lifted his head quickly. His lids were swollen, his cheeks lined, but his eyes held a light that told of a joy born of the depths of immeasurable grief. His breathing was broken and spasmodic, but he had mastered his emotion. The second cry found him at the door, hastily drawing the bolts. With a snarl and a scream the storm hissed in, and the sting of the icy snow was like hot needles upon his face. He stepped out and down to the step, and as he did so, a woman half ran, half fell, against him. He put out his hands and lifted her up, almost carrying her into the house, and sat her down upon the one chair, while he hastily made the door fast.

"And the fire almost out." He spoke quietly, in a matter-of-fact tone, while he replenished the stove. "Gently now, gently, Miss Ruth. Don't try to talk, until you can get your breath. This is Christmas weather with a vengeance, isn't it?"

The girl was gasping, while she vainly tried to speak. She pulled her mittens off and twisted her blue-cold hands together. Armstrong watched her steadily. There was anxiety in his face now, and a little bewilderment, and something that was wholly pitying and tender. He knelt down and began to unlace her moccasins. She submitted quietly, her breathing growing less gasping. Her head was resting against the back of the chair, and she closed her eyes with a grateful sense of relaxation. The man brought a chunk of wood from the pile, covered it with a blanket, and lifted her feet upon it, chafing first one and then the other between his palms. Presently the girl straightened herself. She pushed the hood of her parkie back, showing a white face, and a cloud of ruffled golden hair. Then she looked down upon Armstrong.

"Jim," she said, steadily now, and her eyes wide upon his. "Jim, Odell and Morris were at my cabin this morning, and I—I was alone."

"Alone!" Armstrong paled under his dark skin. "Where is your brother?"

"He went to the Forks last night. He insisted that we must have something for Christmas. I was in bed when Odell and Morris came. It was very early. They kept knocking and knocking. I dressed quickly, wondering why Hero did not bark. When I opened the door, I saw the dog lying on the step, dead. He had been strangled. I knew Morris by the scar on his cheek, and anybody could tell Odell from the description. They were very cold and hungry, and I gave them breakfast. They knew I recognized them. Morris had frozen his feet, and is in a bad way, but Odell looks strong and reckless. When the storm came they made up their minds to stay at the cabin until night. Odell went out for wood and Morris was asleep by the stove when I came away. It was very dark, and I knew they would think I had taken the overland trail, for the river is open at Elk's place. I ran, dear God, how I ran! It was pitch black on the river, and the storm was like a thousand devils. I stumbled into the water up to my knees once, where it had overflowed the ice, and it weighed me down so, that I thought I could get no further, for my clothes froze together solid. Then I reached Elk's, and I knew I had come half way and had only three more miles to do." She paused a moment, catching her breath.

"Did you take the land-trail then?" asked Armstrong.

"For a few yards. I had to. I climbed up, and just as I reached the road, a dog team raced by me, going up the creek. I heard voices. I think it was the police. But I could not be sure, and I was afraid to shout to them. I am afraid yet. Odell and Morris will not stay there when they find I have gone, and they dare not go to the hills in this storm. How cold is it?"

Armstrong consulted a thermometer near the door.

"It must be fifty below outside," he said. "No, they won't take to the hills tonight. It would only be a question of freezing to death. I hope the police may reach your cabin in time."

"Jim," the brown eyes of the woman grew suddenly dim. "Jim, I gave Morris oil and bandages for his foot, and—and I felt his tears on my hands."

"Good God," the man's back stiffened suddenly. "Morris shot a woman down at Stewart River and aided Odell in the triple murder coming up the Yukon. Are you trying to make me believe that a man like that has a spark of decent feeling?"

"He looked very ill," Ruth went on unheedingly. "Surely he can't be wholly bad."

"Perhaps not," Armstrong spoke grimly. Morris had committed crimes too revolting to speak of. Of the two murderers he was the most depraved. "After all, nothing matters so long as you are safe," he went on smiling faintly.

Ruth met his eyes, then looked quickly away. There was a new tone in his voice, a new light in his eyes that offended her in some subtle way. What right had he to speak as if there could be any common feeling between them? From the first she had befriended Armstrong out of pity. He had never presumed upon that friendship, accepting it humbly, gratefully, serving her and her brother in whatever manner he could, and there had been many instances when his services had proved indispensable. She had known he was college

bred and believed he felt the race barrier poignantly, the barrier that shut him out from any real communication with a congenial world. She had felt an intense pity for his loneliness and had admired him for his swervlessness of purpose in facing almost impossible issues with brave dignity. Every moment that he was not working at his claim, he spent in study. She had often felt, when with him, that his thoughts were on a higher plane than her own, and that mentally and even morally he was quite superior to the majority of mankind. Never before had he offended her by an insinuation that he had forgotten the impassable barrier that his color must forever raise between him and her. Now, for the first time, he had presumed upon her kindness. She stooped over, drawing upon her moccasins, then she stood up and moved from her chair unsteadily.

"I'm going inside to take off my parkie," she said. The cabin was divided into two rooms, by a partition, that ran three-quarters of the way across. When she came back she wore only her brilliant scarlet sweater and short skirt. She was very slender and straight limbed. Her cheeks were getting back a little of their natural color. Armstrong had made some tea and handed her a cup as she came up to the table.

"You are looking yourself again," he said. "You have had a trying experience, but it hasn't hurt you any. I don't suppose one woman in a thousand could have stood such a test and come through as you have done."

His voice thrilled a little, and the new tone was more evident. Ruth raised her eyebrows. She was sipping her tea slowly, while she sat upon the bench with her back to the table.

"I was terribly afraid," she said, "and I have not been in the least brave. I simply ran away. It was what any coward would have done."

Armstrong laughed softly. He picked up the letter from Smith and Stevens and handed it to the girl. She read it swiftly. When she glanced up her eyes were bright. She was surprised, pleased and vaguely disappointed all at once.

"Why did you sell out?" she spoke hurriedly. "Wouldn't it have paid better to have worked the claims yourself? I thought you were never going "Outside" again. You have said so over and over. Why did you change your mind?"

"I sold out—because—" he hesitated a long minute, half turning away, then he faced her again. He was very grave, but there was the curious light in his face still. "Because," he went on quietly, "I felt I had no right to stay here, as things were. Every day, every hour it was growing harder for me to restrain myself, and I knew that if I once forgot and spoke—"

"You need not go on," the girl interrupted. The look in his eyes, the tone of his voice made his meaning quite unmistakable. She had been afraid before of Odell and Morris. She was more afraid now. Perhaps Armstrong was a little crazy. So many men went mad in the north during the cold, white stillness of the winter-time. She raised her head looking at him steadily, then something in the expression of his thin face made her drop her eyes swiftly and the hot blood flooded her cheeks. A sudden fierce anger possessed her, anger against him, anger against herself for the intimacy blush, and some shrinking timidity that made her afraid to meet his eyes. "You forget yourself, I think," she said, standing up and lifting her head high. "You surely hope to hell she's in the river."

"Shut up," Odell said savagely. "You're a fool. Put on your cap." Morris' hair was pushed off his forehead, and the well-known scar showed red and ugly, a grim witness of his personality.

Armstrong slipped his hand in his pocket, but before he could take it out again, Odell had leveled his revolver at his head.

"Just take your hand out of there empty, will you, partner?" the murderer asked quietly enough. "I've lived too long in the north for those tricks."

Armstrong shrugged his shoulders with assumed indifference. Odell moved from the stove and walked straight towards him, holding his revolver steadily aimed. He approached the other man until his weapon touched Armstrong's breast. The latter took his hand from his pocket with a careless laugh. Odell laughed too and freed his gun.

"That's better," he said.

But in a flash Armstrong's arms were flung about the other man, and Odell, taken aback for an instant, stood nerveless. Then the two clinched and Morris turning sleepily, saw his partner and "Nigger Jim" locked in a mighty embrace and swaying, swaying while their muscles creaked and their breath came hot and panting. Gyp, frantic with fear and anxiety, circled round and round the two, barking spasmodically. With a drowsy chuckle Morris rose and pulled out his own revolver. Odell saw him and spoke between hoarse gasps.

"Come close up before you shoot. Come close up, for God's sake. One shot might do for both of us."

Morris, interested, stood by and waited, holding his revolver in readiness. Suddenly, clearly, Ruth's voice rang out from the opening between the two rooms.

"Drop your revolver, Morris. or I'll kill you."

Startled, the man addressed looked away from his partner and Armstrong, to see a girl standing within five yards of him, a rifle against her shoulder. But almost instantly upon her words came the sharp barking of dogs from outside the cabin, and then a loud

her, between her and the other room. He was very grave now. "I have heard you out and now I must tell you all. After that you can judge me as you will."

The girl hesitated, lifted her eyes to his, and opened her lips to speak. But the dog's sudden barking checked her words. There was a loud crash against the cabin, and some one shouted outside.

"For God's sake open the door."

"Who's there?" Armstrong crossed the room quickly.

"The Police," again the same voice.

"It isn't," Ruth ran to Armstrong whispering anxiously. "It isn't the police. It's Odell, I know his voice."

"What the foul fiend are you waiting for?" the man outside spoke close to the woodwork of the door. "It's a hell of a night, and I've got a sick man here."

"Just a minute," Armstrong answered, but the girl was clinging to his arm.

"If they find me here they will kill me," Ruth whispered. "And they will kill you for sheltering me."

"If you don't let us in, I'll shoot through the door," the voice outside was shrill with fear and fury.

"Go into the next room," Armstrong said, close to the girl's ear. "Crawl into the bunk and keep perfectly still."

As she disappeared, he picked up a revolver from a shelf and dropped it into his pocket. Then he went to the door and threw it open.

Two men staggered into the room. The foremost was Odell, tall, broad and angular, and his companion, who shuffled after him, was shorter and very round shouldered. They made straight for the fire, Odell glancing shrewdly at Armstrong and taking a swift survey of the room with his small, brilliant eyes. Morris sank down upon the chair, and pushed his cap off his head. He groaned audibly, stretching his right leg out stiffly.

"You're Nigger Jim, ain't you?" Odell began, looking up from the stove, with what was supposed to be a smile on his twisted visage. "You've got a cozy cabin here. I was up to the Gulch a year ago in May, working on Paties' claim. I remember seeing you pass often."

"Oh, yes," Armstrong nodded. "I've been here for a couple of years, going out soon, however. What's your name? I don't remember you at all?"

"My name's French," Odell answered easily. "This here is my partner, Billings. He's froze his foot. Got any whisky?"

"Yes," Armstrong brought out a bottle, moving as if totally unaware of the fact that Odell's eyes followed his every movement, and that the latter carried a small revolver loosely and openly in his right hand.

"Is there a cabin between here and the woman's up at Hawk Eye?" asked Odell: "If there is, we've missed it, for we come from there."

"Yes, there's McFarlane's place," lied Armstrong glibly. "It's a couple of miles below Hawk Eye. You wouldn't notice it. It's a good piece off the road."

"That's where that damned woman got to," Morris spoke up drowsily. He had taken a long drink of whisky and the room was warm. She's either there or in the river. I hope to hell she's in the river."

"Shut up," Odell said savagely. "You're a fool. Put on your cap." Morris' hair was pushed off his forehead, and the well-known scar showed red and ugly, a grim witness of his personality.

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"Hello" from a hearty voice at the door.

"Open up, Armstrong. It's Mulcahey."

"The police," Morris muttered. With a foul oath and keeping his body behind the two struggling men, he tried to take aim at the girl. "I'll do for you now," he said hoarsely. "This is some of your damned business."

"Break the door down, Sergeant," screamed Ruth. "Break the door down."

Armstrong, who had got the advantage of Odell, now flung the murderer from him with all his strength. The latter fell heavily to the floor and lay quite still. Armstrong sprang towards the other room and stood in front of the girl. "The rifle's not loaded," he whispered. "Go back."

wanted to tell you," he began. "I wanted to tell you. I am not what you have thought me, dear," his voice trailed off. Ruth, white-faced and silent, was bathing his arm now, her lips apart, her breath coming chokingly. "It is there in the paper," he began. "For twenty years they have believed me a murderer. For twenty years I have passed for what you have thought. It is different now. I am not black, not even black with sin. I am white, white and clean and whole, praise God." He rolled his head a little on the pillow. The barking of the dogs outside seemed to distress him. The distant voices were growing nearer. He started up suddenly, his eyes wide and bright. "No," he cried loudly, "No, Uncle Ben, I must kill him. I have given granddad my word." Then he laid down again. "Hush," he said. "Hush." I will leave my clothes by Blue Woods Lake. I'm all ready, Harry. What, will you shake hands with a nigger? All right, old chap." He was whispering now. Ruth's eyes, distended with fear for him and dread for what the returning voices might mean, were fixed upon his face.

"Hush," she said, leaning to him, her lips against his ear. "Hush, you are here, Jim, here with Ruth."

"Dear little Ruth," he tossed his head from side to side. "We must leave her, Gyp, we must leave all we love—"

The voices were at the door now. Ruth stood up, covered Armstrong's naked chest, and turning faced the door; her arms stretched out protecting the man behind her. She heard someone come in, opening the door carefully, then one of the policemen hurried through the partition alone. From without came the sharp barking of the dogs as they ran past the cabin and down the trail, and the sound of Mulcahey's voice shouting at the animals.

"What is it?" asked Ruth hoarsely.

"We've got 'em," the policeman said grimly, blinking his eyes in the light. "They're taking them down to the Forks. They'll not bother this world much longer. What's up?" he came forward quickly. Armstrong hurt? This is what the sergeant was afraid of."

"Yes," Ruth returned. "He is delirious."

"Let me see. I've dressed wounds scores of times." The policeman examined Armstrong's arm capably, then lifted the cloth from his chest. He glanced quickly at Ruth without a particle of expression in his keen eyes. He'll be all right in a couple of weeks," he said, taking a roll of lint from his coat. "He's got a magnificent physique and the frame of a giant. I saw him when he was wrestling with Odell. I climbed on the sergeant's shoulders and looked in through the windows. I've got the very thing here for him." He took a small vial from his pocket and poured a few drops between Armstrong's lips. The latter gradually grew quiet, and when the dressing was done, the sergeant covered him carefully and turned to Ruth.

"You'd better lie down yourself," he said. "You look ready to drop."

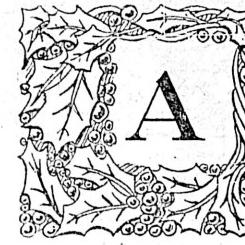
"I will presently," the girl returned. She went into the other room and lit another candle. While the policeman was quietly patching up the door, she found the paper Armstrong had shown her.

She opened it hurriedly and the poetic eyes of the lad in the picture smiled back at her. She held the paper closer. "Why, it is he it is Jim," she whispered breathlessly. And then she read, read swiftly and feverishly the pathetic tragedy of a boy made to suffer for a sin he had never committed, and she understood, with the quick intuition of a woman who loves, the pitiful tragedy of the man who had lived for years as one of a despised race.

It was a long story and it had its beginning more than sixty years before, when the Ormsbys and the McGrahams had first come to Tennessee. There had been murder done then, and from that time on a feud waged between the two families. Every generation saw an evidence of the terrible vendetta. Forty years after the beginning old Colonel Ormsby and his grandson Lawrence were the only living members of their family; and of the McGrahams, Herold, a dissolute fellow who spent most of his time away from the south was the sole representative. It was common talk that Colonel Ormsby had sworn to kill Herold McGrath, who had made a similar vow regarding the Colonel. But fate had proved an ally of McGrath's. The old soldier was suddenly stricken with paralysis and death came when he had been ill but a few hours. He had sent for his grandson Lawrence and extracted from him a promise to kill his hereditary enemy. Old Ben Nevis, a negro retainer of the family who had just cause for hating McGrath for personal reasons, implored his young master Lawrence to let him take his place as executioner of their common enemy. He had pleaded that he had only a few more years to live at most, while Lawrence was but a lad with all his life before him. The article waxed eloquent in its account of the old negro's pleadings. But the young master was obdurate, he had made his vow and he must perform it. He had no desire to shed blood, he had not inherited the grandfather's vengeful spirit, but he had given his word and an Ormsby never broke faith.

It was the night before Christmas, the warm, wet Christmas of the South. Lawrence Ormsby left the house and, his revolver in his pocket, walked along the high road to The Cedars, McGrath's place. McGrath was writing in the library and Lawrence entered through the open French window. He told the man that he had come to kill him but that he would give him a chance for his life. They faced each other, Lawrence with his back to the window, and fired simultaneously. McGrath missed by an inch and Lawrence's shot proved nothing but a flash in the pan, his revolver was filled with blank cartridges. Both men realized this at once and McGrath with a laugh raised his weapon to fire again. Suddenly there came a shot from a different quar-

An Old-Timer's Musings



BOUT the year 1850 or a little later, the following humorous historical poetry, written by an unknown officer of one of Her Majesty's ships, appeared in a London newspaper (possibly Punch). Although efforts have been made to discover the publication, success has not resulted. I send you all I remember, but the poem (?) itself was a long one, and had something ironical to say of everything and everybody, and amused the few, say less than 200, people at the time in Victoria:

The groves of Blarney, that were so charming
By reason of their swateness, have lost their day;
For the Isle of Vancouver bates Blarney all over;
Bedad, when you get there you can't get away!

There's the Governor's mansion in a state of expansion
With three windows and a door, all in the front;
And Chief Trader Finlayson, seeking change for a shilling,
And Port Admiral Nevins, in charge of a punt.

ter and with a terrible scream of rage and pain, McGrath fell dead. Lawrence swung around sharply to see a dark form gliding from the window.

Lawrence was arrested at once, and even though he would not deny his guilt, popular sympathy was so much in his favor that it is doubtful whether he would ever have been convicted. A night or two after his arrest, however, he had escaped from the gaol and his clothes had been found by Blue Woods Lake proof positive it seemed, that he had committed suicide. So the affair had been forgotten, until old Ben Nevis, dying, had confessed. "I'd a told in the fust place," said the old man. "I took out the cartridges and filled his gun with the blanks, an' I followed him an' did the killing, an' then when he drowned himself, I says, 'what's de use o' me swingin' when I only did what de Lord willed in riddin' de earth of a bad man like McGrath."

"And now," finished the article, "comes to the front Judge McFarlane of Twin Rivers, and he makes it known that Lawrence Ormsby is alive today, alive and well, living under an assumed name somewhere in the north of Canada. The Judge had connived at his escape from Bell Town prison, had vowed to keep his secret until Old Ben's death and has been in correspondence with him during the years of his exile."

The girl finished reading and turned her head towards the room where "Nigger Jim" lay sleeping. A great tenderness suffused her face. "So long," she whispered, "so long to suffer in silence, oh, brave, brave." She stood up and looked about her. "And this is another Christmas Eve," she said softly.

The Policeman came in with an armful of wood from the bunkroom.

"I'm afraid your fire is out," he said. "Don't you find it very cold?" He uncovered the heater. "It's on its last legs," he went on cheerily; "but I'll build it up. You'd better have a bed in here, Miss Stanhope, I can fix one for you; I'll sit up with Armstrong. He's sleeping splendidly, but he'll need something about midnight."

"I won't go to bed yet, thank you," said Ruth quietly, and she turned a pair of such gloriously shining eyes upon the policeman that he caught his breath instinctively. "Philip will be in on his way home, and I want to watch for him. If Mr. Armstrong is not well enough to travel as far as our cabin, Phillip and I will stay here and spend Christmas with him." She offered him the paper she had been reading. "This will interest you," she said. Jim is not what you have always thought him. All the world may know the truth now."

MARGINAL NOTES BY LORD MACAULAY

Marginal Notes by Lord Macaulay. Selected and Arranged by the Right Honorable Sir George Trevelyan, Bart. (Longmans, 2s. net.)

A PLEASANT essay might be made out of the reprehensible habits of eminent men. If distinguished precedents are a consolation, we may nearly all of us take comfort in our weaknesses. The poacher, if he be of a literary turn, may think of Shakespeare, the punster of Lamb, the preacher of Coleridge. And now comes Sir George Trevelyan to console the defacer of books, the scribbler of marginal notes, by reminding him that he may plead in his defence the great example of Macaulay. The "Life and Letters" had, indeed, already revealed Macaulay as addicted to this pernicious practice, and in its worst form. Virtuous persons of weak memories may soil the pure pages at the end of their books by notes of servanda and memorabilia; but Macaulay had too good a memory to need notes at all, and too few of the booklover's virtues to keep him from inflicting the last outrage on his treasures. The only saving clauses are that they were his own, and that he was himself, and consequently that their present owner has neither the right nor the desire to complain. Let the public enemy at the British Museum or the London Library recall these restraining considerations, if the thought of Macaulay seems to come with a message of weakness in his hours of temptation.

And there's lots of salmon, and pork and gammon, And the taters beat all the world for pale.

Oh, the groves of Blarney, that were so charming
By reason of their swateness, have lost their day;
For the Isle of Vancouver bates Blarney all over;
Bedad, when you get there you can't get away!

The last stanza applies to the time when the Hudson's Bay company's ship annually brought the insignificant mail, being a little more than five months making the trip, and, of course, nearly the like time going home. Steamers (save the Beaver) of any great size, did not exist on the almost unoccupied Pacific Ocean and its shores. An express, however, from York factory, on Hudson's Bay, came in once a year. Although this related chiefly to the Hudson Bay company's business, yet it afforded means of correspondence between the people at various distant posts in the country. The last express, I think, came to Victoria about 1852, in charge of Mr. Clouston, who took up some land about a mile from Victoria. On the coast, the chief traveling was done in canoes, of course. At this time everything in the ill-governed Isle of Vancouver was in a transition stage, but after two or three years, great

changes ensued, owing to the gold fever in California. So it happened soon that there was no difficulty in getting away. The American government soon established postal routes of which we had the advantage. There had been a stringency in the money market, in fact, coin had been very scarce, but money now came from California and Her Majesty's ships, and so barter gradually faded away. Thus Finlayson "seeking change for a shilling" receives an explanation. The officers and men of Her Majesty's ships, usually stationed at Esquimalt, before it became a real naval station, had a jolly good time. O tempora! O mores! Hunting, fishing, riding and other enjoyments became enamored with the ill-governed Isle of Vancouver, its grand and lovely scenery, health-giving genial climate, entirely free from malaria, and possessing, above all, liberty and freedom from the stiff conventional laws of the Old Country, led the poet to exclaim, "Bedad, when you get there you can't get away," meaning that he had so much grief at parting with the lovely island and friends, that he had to tear himself away.

—J. S. H.

All book-lovers, however, whether virtuous or vicious, will be grateful to Sir George Trevelyan for giving them this little book, an act of public service as well as of private piety. Every one who knows what it is to be happy in a library will enjoy this chance of spending an hour with Macaulay in his. The books he takes down are oddly assorted as they generally are when we are enjoying ourselves. They begin with poor Miss Anna Seward, and Macaulay's pencil deals with her in a manner which, as Sir George says, suggests "the breaking of a butterfly beneath the impact of a cheerful steam-hammer." She declared, for instance, on one occasion that "the chief amusement" she had got out of the "Inferno" consisted in "tracing the plagiarisms which have been made from it by more interesting and pleasing bards than Dante, since there is little for the heart, or even for the curiosity as to story, in this poem." So far we hear of no comment. Macaulay seems to have left the "more interesting and pleasing bards" in undisputed possession of their superiority. But when the lady proceeded to affirm that the plan was "most clumsily arranged—Virgil and the three talking quadrupeds as guides—the cheerful steam-hammer makes itself heard in the margin. "What can she mean?" She must allude to the panther, the lion, and the she-wolf in the First Canto. But they are not guides, and they do not talk." So when she called her sonnets "centennial," because there were a hundred of them, the margin asks in the voice known to every reader of the Essays, "Was ever such pedantry found in company with such ignorance?"

Little did Macaulay dream that these very insults were to bring Miss Seward the greatest compliment her name will ever receive. She fills the first pages of this book, and nearly all the rest are occupied by Shakespeare, Cicero, and Plato! There, of course, we get to the immortal Macaulay, the man who divided his life—that part of it, at any rate, which was not given to family affection—between high studies and great affairs. "Dulcissima, hercule, eademque nobilissima vita," one is not surprised to find him noting by the side of Plato's rather grudging description of the man who divides his time between philosophy and politics; for that was the life he had lived himself, and his note is a song of thanksgiving for his own happiness. Not that he was ever a philosopher, no one less; but the essence of Plato's remark lies in the division between public affairs and the things of the mind, and Macaulay knew all about that. To every one who has ever been fired with the wish to know "the best that has been thought and said" it is stimulating to follow Macaulay's eager ascent of the mountain peaks of literature. He turns aside from the drudgery of the division lobby or the laborers of the Council table to seek relief not in cards, or newspapers, or novels, but in Shakespeare, in Cicero, in Plato. And what unflagging energy he brings to it! Those who try to follow him may well say with Frederic Myers—"He seems habitually to have read as I read only during the very first half-hour with a great author." Yet, if they have any fragment of the right stuff in them, they will have to follow all the same. For his enthusiasm is contagious, and his easy mastery of big books makes the rest of us also fancy there is nothing very difficult about them. It is safe to prophesy that a good many Ciceros and Platos will come down from the shelves during the next six months which but for Macaulay and Sir George would have slumbered undisturbed in their dust. After all, can a lover of books wish for a dearer posthumous power than that of compelling people to read his favorites? Macaulay has had that happiness once through his nephew's biography, and now he has it again in a smaller way through the publication of these notes. Short as the book is, there is variety enough in it. Horace and Pope, Bentley, Swift, Warburton, Ben Jonson, Theocritus, Milton, Gibbon, all tumble up against one another in it; though, as we said, the bulk of the space is given to Plato, Cicero, and Shakespeare. The notes show the old self-confident decision, seeing what it wishes to see and not always much else. We, for instance, do not find much of the "tyranny and audacity in every line of the face" which he discovers in the portrait of Bentley prefix-

ed to Monk's Life. But the greater qualities are there also; the fine linguistic precision as of a lawyer, the common sense of a man of affairs, the shrewdness of a man of the world, the tenderness of a large-hearted human being, the instinct for great actions and great situations of a man who had lived all his life with greatness in the past or in the present. Of course the critic has his limitations. He is wanting in Sainte-Beuve's delicate instinct for personality, in Matthew Arnold's ethical quality, in the artistic sympathy and half mystic sense of the secret of things which made Walter Pater at his best such a fine critic. But there is not much criticism of Shakespeare which is better than some of these notes; in particular, perhaps, the fine page about Romeo and Juliet, "the turning point in the history of that most wonderful genius." How admirable is the contrast—Juliet receiving the news of Romeo's death and Romeo receiving the report of hers.

I well remember how my uncle, in one of his very few conversations which I can clearly recall, had me observe the contrast between Juliet's reception of what she supposes to be Romeo's death, and Romeo's reception of the report of the death of Juliet. He quoted to me, in something of a disapproving and ironical tone, the lines:

"Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but T'
And that bare vowel T shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of bockatrice.
I am not I, if there be such an I:
Or these eyes shut, that make thee answer T."

Opposite these five lines I now find written: "If this had been in Cibber, Cibber would never have heard the last of it." And then he recited, with energy and solemn feeling, the First Scene of the Fifth Act. I can still hear his voice as he pronounced the words:

"Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night."

I leave my warm heart with you, though my back
So adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne!

On leaving school Allingham entered, in 1837, the service of the Provincial Bank at Ballyshannon, and subsequently he was engaged in the offices of the bank at Armagh, Strabane, and Enniskillen. Bank-clerk was not, however, to his liking, and the opportunity having offered in 1846 of entering the customs he availed himself of it. This led to his coming to Belfast, and I transcribe the passage which relates to his stay in the city:

"In the spring or summer of 1846 I gladly took leave for ever of discount ledgers and current accounts, and went to Belfast for two months' instruction in the duties of principal coast officer of customs, a tolerably well-sounding title, but which carried with it a salary of but £80 a year. I put up at a temperance hotel in Waring street, slept soundly (O youth!) in a small front room in that narrow noisy thoroughfare, trudged daily about the docks and timber yards, learning to measure logs, piles of planks, and, more troublesome, ships for tonnage; indoors part of time, practised customs bookkeeping and talked to the clerks about literature and poetry in a way that excited some astonishment, but on the whole, as I found at parting, a certain degree of curiosity and respect. I preached Tennyson to them, hitherto an unknown name, and recited bits from "Locksley Hall," meeting at first a cold reception, but afterwards better acknowledgment. One of the head clerks came up to me one morning with the greeting "Well, I've read 'Locksley Hall,' and it's a very fine poem." I don't recollect being at a theatre in Belfast. I went a few times to a music hall, but my spare time was mostly spent in reading and haunting booksellers' shops, where, I venture to say, I laid out a good deal more than most people in proportion to my income, and managed to catch glimpses of many books which I could not afford or did not care to buy."

He left Belfast to take up the duties of principal customs officer in the town of Donegal. A good many years later he for a short time held this office at Coleraine. There is record of his again being in Belfast in 1857 on a visit to Mr. McCracken, well-known as one of the first patrons of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood.

Mr. W. B. Yeats holds that Allingham's best work in poetry was done during the Irish period of his life. No doubt that is so, but there were many years during which he lived in England, that brought him into relation with the literary celebrities of his time, and from the literary point of view the English portion of his Diary is by far the most interesting. He was the intimate friend of Carlyle, Tennyson, Thackeray, Rossetti, Browning; in fact, he

putting his Diary into shape. I entirely disagree with this. There is nothing to be said against the chapters of formal autobiography. Allingham had command of excellent prose, and the writing in these chapters is of real distinction, but in vividness and vigor they are not to be compared with the entries that were set down from day to day in his Diary, recording in the words that came to him, without any attempt at art or artifice, his impressions and recollections while yet the events to which they related were more of the present than of the past. There have been diaries before now—written as it were upon one side of the paper—that is to say, with a view to the pages being sent as "copy" to the printers. But that Allingham's was not so designed is obvious. If it had been, much that is here set down would have been omitted—for although there is nothing in the Diary that can fairly be called indiscreet, there are trivial things, like "August 31st—Back to Lynington; I love Devon"—which so competent a literary craftsman as Allingham would not have penned if the composer had been in his mind. There are other things like—

"Old Irish airs on the violin. I love Ireland. Were she only not Catholic! But would she be Ireland otherwise?"

which one has little doubt he would have exercised if he had ever gone through the MS. with a view to publication. One is very glad, however, that the editors of the Diary have refrained from tampering with passages which editors less intelligent would have felt called upon to eliminate. Even in the rare instances in which the entries are uncontestedly trivial they shed light upon the character of the writer, and they afford evidence of the sincerity and spontaneity of the Diary.

The autobiographical chapters are, however, of special interest to Irish readers. The opening paragraph is a fine description of Ballyshannon:

"The little town where I was born has a Voice of its own—low, sombre, persistent, humming through the air day and night, summer and winter. Whenever I think of that town I seem to hear the Voice. The river which makes it rolls over rocky ledges into the tide. Before spreads a great ocean in sunshine or storm; behind stretches a many-islanded lake. On the south runs a wavy line of blue mountains, and on the north, over green or rocky hills, rise peaks of a more distant range. The trees hide in glens or cluster near the river; grey rocks and boulders lie scattered about the windy pastures. The sky arches wide over all, giving room to multitudes of stars by night and long processions of clouds blown from the sea but also, in the childish memory where these pictures live, to depths of celestial blue in the endless days of summer."

It is interesting to compare this prose description with Allingham's tribute to Ballyshannon in his well-known poem—

Adieu to Ballyshannon! where I was bred and born;
Go where I may, I'll think of you as sure as night
and morn.
The kindly spot, the friendly town, where everyone
is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my
own.
There's not a house or window, there's not a field or
hill,
But east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them
still.
I leave my warm heart with you, though my back
So adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of
Erne!

On leaving school Allingham entered, in 1837, the service of the Provincial Bank at Ballyshannon, and subsequently he was engaged in the offices of the bank at Armagh, Strabane, and Enniskillen. Bank-clerk was not, however, to his liking, and the opportunity having offered in 1846 of entering the customs

knew almost everybody that mattered in Victorian literature. So rich is his Diary in reminiscence that it is only possible to pick out a few passages here and there to indicate how well worth reading the book is. On the first occasion upon which he met Tennyson—

He took up my volume of poems, saying "You can see it is a great deal dirtier than most of the books." . . . He specially admired Night, with her cold fingers.

Sprinkles moonbeams on the dim sea waste. I said "That was Donegal Bay." Tennyson replied "I knew you took it direct from nature." The places never seemed to me so good before or since.

When in 1864 Allingham published "Laurence Bloomfield" it was praised by Tennyson, and Gladstone, speaking in the House of Commons on some proposed alteration of the spirit duties, quoted from it the lines—

*Poor Paddy, of all Christian men, I think,
On basest food pours down the vilest drink.*

To Allingham Tennyson related the following experience which he had at a hotel in Covent Garden, where he was staying:—

"I went out one morning for a walk in the Piazza. A man met me, tolerably well-dressed, but battered-looking. I never saw him before that I know of. He pulled off his hat and said 'Beg pardon, Mr. Tennyson, might I say a word to you?' I stopped. 'I've been drunk for three days, and I want to make a solemn promise to you, Mr. Tennyson, that I won't do so any more.' I said that was a good resolve, and I hoped he would keep it. He said 'I promise you I will, Mr. Tennyson' and added 'Might I shake you by the hand?' I shook hands with him, and he thanked me and went on his way."

Carlyle, however, is the hero par excellence of this Diary, and I am only sorry that considerations of space will not allow me to quote at length from the Carlyle passages. Carlyle could denounce Ireland very severely, as Tennyson could, and did. Nevertheless, two of Carlyle's greatest friends were Irishmen, both of whom have left permanent records of their intercourse with him. The one was Charles Gavyn Duffy and the other William Allingham. Carlyle told Allingham that in his early days "he read everything he could put his hands on—Roderick Random with immense delight, a bundle of old numbers of the 'Lady's Magazine,' another of the 'Belfast and County Almanack,' sewn together." Our local antiquaries perhaps can tell us what kind of literary sustenance Carlyle found in the "Belfast and County Almanack." Whistler's portrait of Carlyle was painted in 1873.

"Carlyle tells me," says Allingham, "he is sitting to Whistler. If C. makes signs of changing his position W. screams out in an agonized tone 'For God's sake, don't move.' C. afterwards said that all W.'s anxiety seemed to be to get the coat painted to ideal perfection. The face went for little."

Those who have seen Whistler's portrait of Carlyle know how wide of the mark this criticism is, but one is not surprised to learn that Carlyle used to describe Whistler as the most absurd creature on the face of the earth. One day Lecky and Allingham drove out with Carlyle, when the talk was of Cromwell and Ireland. "Lecky and I," says Allingham, "disagreeing with almost everything he (Carlyle) said, but chiefly in silence. What use in speaking on Irish affairs? He finds nobody but Froude to agree with him."

On the morning on which Carlyle died Allingham called at the house, Cheyne Row.

"I looked upon the honored face, thin, with hoary hair and beard—the face of a weary pilgrim at the end of a long journey, arrived and at rest. The large, beautiful eyelids were closed on a pair of eyes that, whether for carrying messages inwards or outwards, had scarce met their equals on earth or left such behind."

Eight years later Allingham himself was dead. On the morning on which he died he said "I am seeing things that you know nothing of." His body was cremated at Woking. Mr. F. G. Stephens, the oldest of his friends there gathered, read aloud Allingham's own "Poet's Epitaph"—

*Body of purifying flame,
Soul to the great deep, whence it came;
Leaving a song on earth below,
An urn of ashes white as snow.*

The urn was buried in the churchyard at Ballyshannon—Delfast Whig.

A MOTHER-SONG

(Devonshire Dial. etc.)

Time wuz I 'ad a nest o' little chilfern:

They chatter'd an' they chatter'd a' tha day;

An' what with a' tha feedin' an' tha mendin'

"Twuz li'l enough o' leisure come my way—

Sure 'nuifi,

"Twuz li'l but toil an' moilin' come my way.

At marnin' 'twuz that washin' chubby vaces;

At night 'twuz teachin' little 'earts to pray;

'Twuz fillin' 'ungry mouths wi' fitty vittels,

An' scoldin' em an' blessin' em a' day—

My word!

"Twuz frettin' with an' bessin' em a' day.

"Twuz combin' em an' tidyin' an' brushin'.

An' sendin' em to school 'ouse ivry morn;

An' settin' up o' nights when they wuz sleepin'—

A-patchin' an' a-mendin' what wuz torn—

My fey!

Tha tiny tummiled clothes that 'ad been torn.

But now tha chilfern's left me, an' I wants 'em;

'Tis lonesome an' so quiet, dawntoo zee;

My man is settin' smokin' or a-noddin',

But 'e can't fill tha chilfern's place for me—

No fey!

'E'll niver fill tha chilfern's place for me.

They a' be gone away, grown men an' women—

They'm gone into tha town to make their bread;

The only one that bides a cheel for iver

Be you poor little maiden that be dead—

Aw fey!

The awly one that's wi' me is that dead,

—Arthur L. Salmon, in "Lyrics and Verses."

The Will of Frederica

G. M. S., in the Westminster Gazette



N the morning of her natal day, Frederica came down to breakfast with a pucker'd brow. Neither the dewy white roses, meet offering for a three months' bride, nor the golden September sunshine, nor the congratulations of her husband and sister, dispersed the gloom which caused the pucker. She played with toast and bacon with a far-away look in her blue eyes; and sat absently twirling her wedding-ring as her husband kissed her good-by before rushing off to his office. "I feel rather a beast," she remarked, as she watched Oliver down the street. "He will think all day that I have quarrelled with him, and it isn't that a bit. It's my will. You see, Barbara" Barbara looked puzzled. Was Frederica at last waking up to the fact that her will-power had never been her strong point?

"You could strengthen your will if you tried," remarked the elder sister, bracing herself to give the sound ethical advice to which Frederica, as a rule, never listened.

"Don't be a fool, Barbara. It isn't that sort of will I am thinking of. No married woman wants to strengthen her will."

Barbara had never heard so much of the views of married women, as she had from Frederica during the last few weeks.

"But a married woman must always make a will, even if she has made one before . . . What does revoke mean?" continued Frederica.

Barbara suggested it might mean calling back or repealing.

"Well, then, darling, I shall have to call back and repeal the will I made, leaving everything to you," said Frederica, with her mouth full of toast and marmalade.

"It says on the form we bought, 'A will is revoked by the marriage of the person making it.'"

She fumbled in her pocket and produced a blue envelope. How well Barbara remembered the day when that blue envelope was sealed! Frederica scouted the notion of matrimony then.

"I am not that sort of woman," she had remarked loftily, as she dropped the hot wax on the envelope. But now?

"Listen, Barbara," said Frederica impressively, as she unfolded the document, "and you will see that I cannot help it: 'A will is revoked by the marriage of the person making it.'

Barbara did listen. "Well, that's all right," she said, cheering up.

"All right!" echoed Frederica in dismay. "How can it be? If I died, it would mean that Oliver had every single thing belonging to me, even the pearls you gave me."

"Well, isn't that what you want?" smiled Barbara.

"You are not generally so dense. You might help me. A will made by a married woman is no mere child's play, I assure you," she added loftily.

Barbara did help her, for whenever there was a sound of tears in Frederica's voice every one came to her assistance.

"You mean we must go to a lawyer together and produce legal documents," she suggested. Frederica's eyes danced. "Yes, you dear old thing, and won't it be a lovely way of keeping my birthday? Such a surprise for Oliver, too," she continued, as she capered round the room. "He thinks I can do nothing without him," she chuckled.

"I think we had better find a very old and wise lawyer," pondered Barbara, as she watched her.

They consulted the charwoman, who seemed to be a sort of walking encyclopaedia of information.

"We want to see a lawyer about a delicate matter," began Barbara.

"I should go to a doctor, Miss, if I were you, if I felt bad," was the unexpected answer.

Frederica went off into uncontrollable fits of mirth.

"Oh, it isn't that sort of delicacy," gasped Barbara. "It's something quite different: something to do with the law."

"Then you can't do no better than to go to old Huggins down street. He knows law right enough; when my husband took and broke his leg in the path of duty he made his master pay up, he did. You go to Huggins."

The only drawback to Barbara was that she was not certain she was treading the path of duty in escorting Frederica to make her will with her husband out of the way. This thought affected her to nervousness as they rang the bell outside Mr. Huggins' office half an hour later. Frederica was in a very confused mood. She had seemed to be deep in thought as they walked down the street, and had then suddenly squeezed Frederica's arm and exclaimed, "Darling, I do want to leave in the middle of the day. Perhaps it was a good thing that she had to spend the afternoon returning calls in a village close by. If not, the lawyer would certainly have seen her about a dozen times, for at intervals she thought of her dead soldier-father back to his friends. As a consequence—

"Let me see: Pegges, the white cat, is to go to me. . . ."

Barbara smiled as she made a note of this.

Frederica suddenly burst into tears.

"You seem amused at the idea of my death," she sobbed. "You can't care much."

"My dear Frederica!" That was all poor Barbara could gasp.

"And I do want to leave you somethin'."

Frederica then became pensive. "And there's Dick too. Dear old Dick. He might be hurt if I left him nothing."

The latter part of this interesting conversation took place in front of the office-boy,

who ended it by politely inquiring the ladies' business.

"Mr. Huggins? Yes, mum. Please step upstairs."

Barbara hesitated. "He is old, isn't he?" she inquired.

"Folks do say he has been here nigh on forty years."

The office-boy was so young and diminutive that he said this with bated breath. Then they were ushered into the presence of the great man. He certainly seemed to have caught some of the dignity and antiquity of the great cathedral opposite his office. The way he shook hands was absolutely magnificent.

Frederica plunged in medias res. She had taken her glove off, showing her wedding-ring.

"I want to make my will," she began.

Mr. Huggins glanced at the little white hand and bowed low, as he murmured that was very usual with a bride.

Frederica blushed becomingly.

"Quite an easy matter," pursued the lawyer.

"I wish to leave everything to my husband," remarked Frederica loftily, "except one hundred pounds."

"Quite so, quite so, very proper and befitting."

"Do you think," proceeded Frederica rather nervously, "that my husband will miss just a hundred pounds? Is it usual for a married woman to leave even a hundred pounds away from her husband?"

Mr. Huggins said that depended on the bulk of the estate.

Frederica turned to Barbara. "Do tell him what I have to leave. I don't know."

Barbara explained as far as she could, while Frederica remained wrapped in thought.

"I do know," she said suddenly in triumph, "that I have the leaving of something I don't possess. Do explain that, Barbara!"

Barbara remarked that was a reversion.

It was comforting to find that the words "All the property which I die possessed, and which will revert to me as heir-at-law," covered the whole situation.

"How about the hundred pounds you wished to leave in legacies?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, I must do that," said Frederica, in sudden desperation. "I cannot give up everything just because I am married. I don't mind about my father and mother, because I haven't got any, but I won't give up Barbara and Dick. Please leave them fifty pounds each."

The scratching of a quill pen intimated that was done.

"I shall require you ladies to attend tomorrow to sign the document," said the lawyer, "and may we hope—and here he again softly rubbed his hands—"may we hope that it will be very long before this will takes effect!"

"Yes; I do think I don't like the words 'Last will and testament'" said the little bride, as they returned down the quiet sunny street. "Anyhow, it can't make me die to make my will," she continued.

By this time they had come to the ancient stone bridge spanning the river. Barbara leaned over to watch the fishes. Her cheeks were flushed from the effects of talking law. Suddenly Frederica gave a scream. "I forgot all about Bob!" she gasped. "What are we to do? It wouldn't matter if there were crowds of us, but there are only Bob and Dick and me and you, and Bob might feel so hurt. We must go back at once, and add a codicil before it is too late. Frederica started at a brisk trot to retrace her steps. Suddenly she stood still. "But if I leave Bob fifty pounds, too, what a lot it will take from Oliver. Oh, dear, what is to be done? I must be fair and yet . . .

Barbara suggested dividing one hundred pounds between Bob, Dick and herself. But Frederica was inconsolable. By that time they were back at Mr. Huggins' door. The boy remarked: "E's gone to his dinner." Frederica wondered why lawyers always had dinner in the middle of the day. Perhaps it was a good thing that she had to spend the afternoon returning calls in a village close by. If not, the lawyer would certainly have seen her about a dozen times, for at intervals she thought of her dead soldier-father back to his friends. As a consequence—

"The men in the two regiments stationed at the post created a couple of new ranks, hitherto unknown to the army regulations, and conferred them upon Cathy with ceremonies suitable to a duke. So now she is Corporal General of the Seventh Cavalry and Flag Lieutenant of the Ninth Dragoons, with the privilege (decreed by the men) of writing U.S.A. after her name! Also, they presented her with a pair of shoulder straps—both dark blue, the one with F.L. on it, the other with C.G. Also a sword. She wears them. Finally, they granted her the salute. I am witness that the ceremony is faithfully observed by both parties, and most gravely and decorously too. I have never (adds the General, in a letter) seen a soldier smile yet while delivering it, nor Cathy in returning it."

At first her friends are afraid jealousy might arise among the other children of the post, but they soon find these little ones are devoted to Cathy for she turns their dull frontier life into a sort of continuous festival.

"Also, they know her for a staunch and steady friend, a friend who can always be depended upon, and who does not change with the weather."

"You seem amused at the idea of my death," she sobbed. "You can't care much."

"My dear Frederica!" That was all poor Barbara could gasp.

"Death seemed far enough away that mellow September afternoon when the glory of color in sky and hedgerow and garden seemed to suggest life in manifold form and wonderful intensity. Maybe his shadow does fall unexpectedly over such vivid life."

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Christmas for Three—A Pretty Little Story

By Winifred Graham



SMALL child sat curled up on a white rug enjoying the warm glow of the big log fire. Such a luxurious little soul she looked in her velvet frock with its quaint lace collar, her feet tucked away under her supple body, her hair hanging round her face like a mane of ruddy gold.

The childish eyes, wide and wistful, doubtless saw in the bright flames pictures of wonder and delight, for was not the spirit of Christmas in the air with all its fantasy—the spirit of Christmas which bespoke mystery and charm?

So still she sat that two women conversing in low tones as the twilight gathered forgot the presence of Viva and talked unreservedly. "Of course he will come back for Christmas," murmured Viva's aunt, a very girlish-looking young matron who had motored over to spend the day with Mrs. Arundel.

Her sister sighed, shaking her fair head, which in the firelight appeared the exact shade of Viva's; and the sigh made the child look up from her reverie to listen attentively.

"I am afraid not. He is engrossed heart and soul in this one absorbing passion—science!"

Mrs. Arundel spoke with a bitterness she usually controlled in Viva's hearing, and continued with the sound of tears in her voice, while a suspicious moisture made her eyes unnaturally bright.

"Be thankful, Carina, your husband finds no joy in the solitude of a laboratory—consider yourself lucky you have not married a man with Dudley's tastes. Only think of it: Viva and I are eclipsed by the study of chemistry, put on one side, ignored—that the world may be the wiser through a few experiments! As if the world were not quite wise enough already!"

"Why should he not work at home?" asked Carina.

"He declares we should distract him; so he built himself a bungalow at Moreton, where he buries himself month after month, and though it is only eight miles away, as far as we are concerned he might as well be at the North Pole! I sent him just one line yesterday (he hates letters): 'Expect you home tomorrow—nothing more. I am too proud to tell him how my heart yearns for the love and companionship of old days.'

"I pass through Moreton, tonight," said Carina. "I shall call on him. He ought to be told. It isn't treating you fairly."

Carina folded her arms; there was a bright flush in her cheeks kindled by resentment. Tall, athletic, singularly determined, she looked as if she might carry out her threat.

"Please do nothing of the kind. Dudley would be furious. Ah!"

The exclamation broke from Mrs. Arundel's lips with unmistakable delight as a telegram was handed to her—a yellow envelope, which doubtless bore some kindly message of reassurance.

"He will come back for Christmas; he must come back for Christmas!" she inwardly told herself, though outwardly she confessed, "I am afraid not!"

The child on the hearthrug noticed her mother's fingers tremble as she read the writing. The flames leapt up with strange, almost fiendish, glee, illuminating Mrs. Arundel's haggard face. Viva fancied they laughed and crackled purposely—to accentuate the pain, the disappointment. "Not coming!"

Only two words, but Christmas brightness and Christmas cheer dwindled and vanished; only two words spoken with assumed callousness, yet they affected the whole outlook of the glad tomorrow. Viva rose and, drawing nearer, nestled closer to her mother's side. She felt at a loss for words. Aunt Carrie's remark kept ringing in her ears—"He ought to be told."

"We wanted him, didn't we, ever so much?" whispered the little voice. "I think perhaps we had better not light up the Christmas tree now; he will like to see it so much when he does come. Do you think if he knew we had fastened his present right at the top he would change his mind?"

Mrs. Arundel did not reply, but Carina suggested that Viva might go and play upstairs, evidently discerning that the child's innocent remarks were calculated to harrow rather than console her mother.

Viva slipped away gladly, for the atmosphere of the room seemed suddenly fraught with depression, and the child was keenly sensitive to influences.

It quite staggered her—the mere idea that Christmas might after all not be a time of rejoicing; and that even the merry bells which would peal from the church tower could sound a mournful note to the ears of the disappointed and lonely. The thought came as a revelation, a shock—she stretched out her baby arms and breathed hard. The realities of life pressed upon her with a weight of responsibility, the big things made themselves felt.

A woman's happiness—that was the matter at stake. She did not think of her own disappointment; all unconsciously her generous little mind dwelt only upon Mrs. Arundel's heartache and suffering.

What was this bogey her mother called "Science," which had come into their lives and rendered their home a blank? The horrid spectre meant to spoil their Christmas now, as it had spoilt so many pleasant plans already since it builded itself a house and walled her-

father round within a tower of solitude. Viva stood quite still in the low-roofed hall, thinking. Across the ceiling long rafters of oak gave an old-fashioned air to the building. The firelight played on carved settees and quaint furniture, while the great chimney seemed inviting Viva to shelter and forget her woes in itsingle-nook.

Though a lover of warmth and comfort, just as dogs and kittens delight in the glow of a friendly hearth, Viva shook her head at the invitation, crossing to the rattling window, which a cold wind shook freezing—blizzard from the northeast. The garden below looked bare and cheerless, but the child's imagination travelled back to one day last summer, and, instead of the rough voice of Boreas, she heard again the hum of bees revelling in a perfect prairie of intoxicating mignonette, and losing themselves in the delight of gillyflowers.

She remembered watching her father and mother strolling up and down the narrow, winding path through an avenue of scented bloom, while she ran at their side catching snatches of the conversation.

"The bungalow will be finished next week," he had said, cheerfully; "then I can begin my experiments in real earnest."

Mrs. Arundel, joining in his enthusiasm, talked of the happy hours he would spend in his new haunt, adding that he hoped his studies might never keep him long away, but only make the lazy leisure of their country life the sweeter when he came home.

She stood as she spoke by a great feathered bush of larkspur. Viva saw it all again—the fair, tall woman crowned by a picture hat of crimson and pink roses.

"That is the prettiest hat I have ever seen," the scientist remarked, and the words which followed sank deeply into Viva's heart—"the very prettiest hat! If my Queen Esther ever wishes to ask me a favor, be sure no man could possibly resist the charms of that wonder in millinery."

From that day, as the summer advanced, Mrs. Arundel constantly wore the favored confection, till even the scarlet Paris roses so cunningly manufactured their bloom, faded in the sun, and finally expired in their bed of limp chiffon under the harmful influence of an August shower.

"The poor old hat is done for; I shall never get another like so well!" Esther Arundel had said to herself as she threw the disfigured thing of beauty upon an unbeautiful heap of rubbish.

No one saw Viva, a few minutes later, carefully lift the hat beloved of her father from its lowly position in the dust, consigning the crushed roses and limp straw decked in chiffon to her play-box, a large receptacle kept for her own special properties.

To the child's untrained eye the long rose-sprays were just as attractive as when Queen Esther walked among the mignonette in the lovely old herbaceous garden so full of fragrant odours, and rich with love unchilled by wintry blasts.

Now, as Viva's eyes rested on the frost-bitten grass and bare, gaunt trees, her father's words re-echoed through her brain, sounding the chords of memory, waking music in her heart.

Had he not declared emphatically no man could possibly resist the charms of that wonderful hat? Father always spoke the truth, she knew that for certain! Ever since his chance remark, the child, steeped in fairy lore, imbued the once dainty trifle with magic significance. It held, she believed, a secret power as many an old relic in the pages of juvenile fiction. She thought of Aladdin's lamp, of the red rose which brought fortune in war, and the love flower coveted by those whose natural charms were not sufficiently powerful to attract affection. With a leap she sprang from the window-seat upon which she was kneeling, hearing only the wild beating of her heart as she ran upstairs. Her large playroom was empty; the nursery governess being away for Christmas holidays, Viva felt delightfully free.

A great resolution took possession of her soul. She must prevent Christmas being a failure, for mother's sake! She struggled with a desire to laugh and cry at the same time, yet oddly enough she did neither. She just stood by her box of toys, very still and passive, though inwardly emotions keen, forcible, agonizing, rent her spirit.

Christmas meant so much, held such vast possibilities. Mother had told her it was a time of happy reunions, when father would be sure to come home. If the carollers sang under their windows it would only serve to remind them of his absence at this fatal time; even the thought of the big, round plum-pudding all ablaze, with the mysterious bright sixpence hidden in its luscious cavities, became a hollow mockery!

A deep, tremulous breath escaped Viva's lips as she bent down and opened her box of treasures. Two or three exceedingly stylish dolls dressed for walking, in poke bonnets and yachting caps, reposited limply upon the faded remains of Mrs. Arundel's rose-garlanded hat. With eager fingers Viva drew it to the light, and even in its decay traces of Parisian handiwork were visible. Under the lace scarf wound amongst the chiffon a handsome paste ornament in the form of a serpent glittered with emerald eyes. Possibly the hand of a wizard had placed it there, for the little green eyes seemed looking at Viva in a way that sent an uncanny shiver down her spine. The rose-stalks boasted large brown thorns which did

not prick—another evidence of magic, and the whole appeared so redolent of charm to the child's dazzled gaze that the soft, sweet influence of summer seemed creeping into the room. Viva placed the wonderful hat on her own small head, mounting a chair to examine the effect in a mirror over the chimneypiece. She mimicked her mother's attitude as she poised the dilapidated relic on her loose mass of wavy hair. Strangely grotesque it looked, this faded masterpiece of fashion framing the childish face; but Viva's anxious heart saw no humor in the quaint vision the mirror reflected.

She only knew that attired thus she must go forth to conquer, bearing her battered helmet of finery with the dignity of absolute conviction. No queen ever wore a crown with greater faith in its invincibility, but between Viva and the kingdom to be conquered lay a vast expanse of country—eight long miles of frozen road. Night was closing in, and the cold outer air held terrors for Viva. She loved warmth and light, yet this petted child never faltered in her resolve. She just covered her eyes for one moment to blot out the vision of the night and gather her courage together, when a way of escape flashed through her mind, setting her heart beating wildly with hope thrilling her pulses with expectation.

The roses nodded on their frayed stems, showing the fatal wires that added to the general shabbiness of their condition. But to Viva they smiled encouragement and breathed fragrance. They were beautiful emblems of a summer's day, when the bees were busy—when the birds sang.

Carina bade her sister good night, looking like a huge bear in her enormous motor-coat, which enveloped the slight figure from chin to toe.

"I can't bear to think of you driving back in the bitter cold!" said Mrs. Arundel, as Carina raised a thick veil for a last embrace. "But really your wraps defy the weather, and as you say the roads are in splendid condition you will be home in no time."

"I shall not forget," replied Carina, "to stop at the bungalow and drop your note in Dudley's letter-box. Just a seasonal greeting with no word of complaint! You are indeed a good wife; I should storm the citadel, and give him no peace till he came back to eat his mince pies in the bosom of his family."

Mrs. Arundel whispered a warm Christmas wish as she disengaged herself from Carina's furry arms. She did not call Viva, for the cold night winds were blowing in at the open door and she feared the draughts. The swift car, with its brilliant lights, looked weird enough as Carina sprang into a comfortable seat, keeping her hands in a monster muff while her chauffeur drove. She nurtured hard thoughts of Dudley Arundel, and there was little "good-will" in her as she contemplated his attitude towards her.

Meanwhile Mrs. Arundel went back to her lonely fire-side, and sat like one in a dream, staring into the flames with eyes that were quite tearless.

She would not allow herself to review the situation; she could not bear turning over in her mind the painful drifting of love to the great seas of disillusion. She remembered, of course, how in the past they had welcomed the cheerful Yuletide together, when the man of science had not been above playing his part of Santa Claus with smiling good-humor, enjoying the sight of his child's happiness. Oh, cruel, torturing memory, spinning out the weary moments with threads of vivid recollection!

Esther Arundel closed her eyes, the sleepy embers mesmerized her.

Outside Jack Frost strode across the earth with chilling fingers, painting the bare boughs white and edging the ivy leaves with silver.

During the night the world was to be transformed into a veritable Christmas card, clothed in spotless array like an infant child.

On, on, across the hard white roads, Carina's racing car made sport of those long eight miles. It seemed to a little figure hiding under the back seat that the swift carriage stopped in a marvellously short time.

"Put this note in Mr. Arundel's letter-box," said Carina's voice to the driver, and Viva, who had almost suppressed her breathing for fear of discovery, raised her head and looked quickly around.

Now was her chance! The chauffeur, whose vigilant eye she had carefully evaded in the stables at home, was now disappearing through the bungalow gate, and her aunt, muffled up to her forehead, was not likely to see or hear, since eyes and ears were alike buried in the recesses of a storm-collar.

Viva slipped noiselessly to the ground, vaulting over the little door at the back of the car, and quickly concealed herself under the shadow of the wall. She felt desperately frightened of the surrounding loneliness, of the darkness and space! It was with difficulty she prevented herself crying out to Aunt Carina as once more the car agitated itself into motion. But love gave her courage, and love made her forget the sharp bite of Jack Frost's icy kisses. In the small body there burned a fire which defied cold and dispelled bogies, which drove away the fancied horrors, bracing Viva to daring deeds.

She looked up at a window from which a light glowed brightly, catching the reflection of her father's figure as he moved to and fro in the room. A rush of joy at the sight sent the blood to her head. Impetuously she filled both her hands with gravel, and flung a tingling shower of stones full at the glass panes.

Her signal had the desired effect, for a hand quickly unbolted the window, while a familiar voice called out: "Who's there?"

The tone in which the question was put startled the child. Her father appeared evidently annoyed, and repeated his remark in less restrained language.

"It's me," she replied; "it's Viva!"

The juvenile accents, sounding so very small and thin as they reached him faintly, came as a shock to Dudley Arundel. He had been working for days and nights till his brain reeled; toiling, with little sleep, no exercise, and scant food, to assist the human frame. Now, he told himself, the result of his folly was at hand, his senses were giving way, he saw visions and dreamed dreams!

Viva's voice! Impossible! His ears played him false, and his strained eyes must be conjuring up the little, shadowy form gazing towards his window.

"I want to come in—please," continued the childish treble, and it was evident her teeth were beginning to chatter with cold.

A moment later the door of the bungalow opened wide, and Viva stood facing her father with lips that trembled. He stared and stared, wonderingly, at the odd little figure-of-fun she made. To keep herself warm she had dropped round her shoulders the small eiderdown quilt off her own bed, since she found her arms were not long enough to detach her outdoor coat from the peg upon which it hung. Crownings the quilt of varied hues she proudly wore her famous talisman, the crushed rose hat of last July, fashioned to rest on a coiffured head, to live for a few bright summer days under the kindly shade of a parasol. Poised on Viva's hanging hair and resting above the face of a child, Mrs. Arundel's discarded hat looked pitiful indeed. The very roses hung their faded heads in shame, as if regretting this cruel resurrection.

"How on earth are you here?" gasped her father, bewildered, "and why have you dressed yourself up in this extraordinary way?"

Viva dropped the quilt with a reassuring smile, and shook out the folds of her short velvet frock, sadly crumpled from the cramped position she had maintained in the car.

"The quilt isn't very pretty, I know," she said, apologetically, "but Aunt Carina told mother it did not matter how fat a person looked on a motor-car; and then, you see, I am wearing this beautiful hat because I remembered you liked it so much. Mother threw it away ages ago, only I saved it to please you. Don't you know you said if she ever wanted to ask a favor she must wear this hat, and I have come to tell you about Christmas, and the tree with the presents on it, which is waiting at home. I just want to beg you to come back."

Viva came close to his side and touched his arm. He was very cold, she noticed, as her fingers strayed down to the clenched hand hanging at his side. The fire was almost out, and the house gave Viva a chill sensation of discomfort—of dread.

"Christmas!" he murmured, looking very hard at her; "you don't mean to say we are getting near Christmas yet?" His voice had a note in it which Viva did not understand. She only saw his astonished expression, she could not read his heart. Impossible for one so young to discern the sudden revulsion of feeling working within the breast of the man, who had trained himself through study to be a mere machine. The tender touch of humanity, awakening him to the realization of all he was foregoing, kindled within him a sudden glow. A thousand ghastly imaginings had for a moment crowded his brain when Viva entered his lonely haunt. She had come to bring bad news. Esther was ill—Esther needed him—Esther might possibly be dead! Oh! horrible vision of hours wasted, of days lost, of a past that might never be retrieved. The manhood in him sprang to life like a river swelling into flood, a longing forgotten rose upon the ashes of neglect, revived by the sight of a blue-eyed, white-souled child. She had come to tell him about Christmas, to set the deadened memories in motion, to draw him back with those tiny fingers, to make him alive again.

After his long retirement he came out into the light with quivering pulses and a strange, torn sensation at his heart-strings. He had, in his absorption, lost all count of time. His extraordinary ignorance amazed Viva.

"It's Christmas Eve night," she gasped, "tomorrow will be Christmas Day. That was why mother felt so very, very disappointed when your telegram came. You had never been away at Christmas before."

There was a world of reproach in the baby voice, and the pink roses wagged their heads mournfully. Dudley Arundel seemed stunned; the sight of the flower-decked hat brought Esther back in her summer glory to the fog-clouded brain—Esther in the old-world garden amongst the hollyhocks and carnations.

"Christmas Eve!" he repeated; "Christmas Eve!" He passed his hand over his forehead, and turning slowly closed and locked the door of his laboratory. Then he said again, "Christmas Eve!" He touched the crushed blossoms on Viva's head, and for a moment his fingers rested among the dishevelled chiffons with a lingering embrace.

Viva glanced up proudly conscious of his admiration. She was wearing the prettiest

hat, the very prettiest hat that had ever been seen, and the magic charm was working, for were there not tears in her father's eyes as he gazed at the enchanted chiffons? She heard him murmur once more, "Christmas Eve!" in a tone of wonder; and Viva smiled as he turned his back on that bogey "Science," leaving it safely locked away in the dreary, fireless room.

Mrs. Arundel woke with a start. She heard a carriage stop at the door, and, peering through the window, saw a four-wheeled cab from which two figures emerged. She had just been dreaming of Dudley, and the shock of returning consciousness brought a pang of redoubled pain. The room was nearly dark, and groping her way to the door she came out into the brightly-lighted hall feeling dizzled and slightly confused. The hall, checkered with boughs of holly, wore a festive air, while a great bunch of mistletoe hung from an oak rafter by a crimson cord. The old-fashioned chairs and settees, with piles of bright-colored cushions, gave a cosy, homely welcome; the fire blazed merrily, yellow tongues of flame leaping around the large logs of pine.

"It's Christmas—Christmas—Christmas!" sang Viva, delightedly. "Fancy, mother, daddy said we'll order 'Christmas for three,' and he has told Santa Claus to call as usual, and we'll light the tree and the pudding; and listen! listen! the carols have come, the carols—"

She could say no more. She just paused for breath, stifled by a great wave of boundless ecstasy.

From without voices chanted of goodwill, of peace on earth, of joy and love. Within, the "Christmas for three" had begun. As Esther learned the history of her discarded hat a tender smile parted her lips, while her eyes grew moist with unspeakable gratitude.

"I thought the old thing had been thrown away long ago," she said.

"The old thing," answered Dudley, softly, "was only hidden in a dark cupboard

Growth of English Industry and Commerce

THE first edition of Dr. Cunningham's monumental work on the "Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times" was published in 1882, so that the fourth edition, just issued by the Cambridge University Press, embodies the result of twenty-five years' work, says the London Standard. The first volume deals with every aspect of industry and commerce, from the accession of Elizabeth to the revolt of the American Colonies. This is the period of the mercantile system. The second volume brings the history to the year 1850, and treats of the rise and the beginning of the decline of the laissez faire system. The first epoch is broadly distinguished by the application of the Elizabethan policy of establishing and maintaining national power; the second, by the partial supersession of this principle by another—the policy of ensuring material welfare. But during the second period the Industrial Revolution created new problems of a nature so complex and terrible that no ingenuity of statesmanship availed to prevent immense poverty and suffering. Such was the fact. It may be that the evils were largely beyond political control; but it was, at least, unfortunate for England that at such a time her statesmen should have been paralyzed by the economic doctrines of laissez faire. Dr. Cunningham is willing to give the Whig Administration credit for honestly believing that political action would only make matters worse. It is generally safe to believe the best of people. But it is impossible to forget that the Whigs of that day contracted an "unholy alliance" with capital, and that they clung to an academic theory in defiance, not only of the whole witness of English history, but of the evidence of their own senses. The noble work of that great and good man, Robert Owen, for instance, proved by demonstration that an observance of the common dictates of humanity need not necessarily result in a monetary loss. Under the mercantile system, built up and established by Elizabeth and her great Ministers, and perpetrated by their successors, the predominance of England was assured. National power, the ability of the nation to defend itself against external aggression, both by force of arms and by the possession of internal self-sufficing food supplies, was recognized as the first essential of national welfare. It was believed that the business of the Government was to govern; to use every conceivable means of securing the prosperity of the community. It was not until later days that the Government have made a start of throwing their responsibility upon the people, and have regarded the bidding of the faction which keeps them in place as a complete justification for betraying the interests of the nation as a whole. Hence it was that political action and industrial commercial enterprise were indissolubly connected. From time to time the extension for the changing conditions of commerce and industry demanded new political action. Although there was often a delay on the part of the State, causing distress and loss, the balance was always sooner or later adjusted. "In the civic commerce of the Middle Ages," observes Dr. Cunningham, "and during the seventeenth century, merchants had looked to well-defined and restricted markets, in which they held exclusive rights. So long as this was the case attempts were made to carry on industrial production so as just to meet these limited requirements, and to secure favorable conditions for the artisan by guarding him from competition and authoritatively assessing his wages. As merchants and manufacturers realised that they could best gain, and keep, foreign markets, not by special privileges, but by supplying the required goods at low rates, they aimed at introducing the conditions of manufacture under which industrial expansion is possible. This opinion commendable itself more and more to men of business and legislators, but it penetrated slowly among the artisans, who preferred the stability of the life they enjoyed under a system of regulation and restriction."

One result of this conception of national policy was what Dr. Cunningham calls Parliamentary Colbertism. It is not at this point necessary to distinguish between Whig and Tory policy. The Whigs were identified with the money interest, with the encouragement of manufacturers, and with the improvement of commerce. The Tories stood for the land; upon whose proper use and development they based the i—as they believe now—the true national prosperity must depend. But as regards the methods of promoting the welfare of either commerce or agriculture, the two parties were, on the eve of the industrial revolution—say, in 1770—in substantial agreement. In Dr. Cunningham's view, it was the separation of the American colonies that precipitated the great change. "The declaration of Independence has had many results; for our purposes it is important to note that it occasioned a revolution in the economic policy of this country. Parliamentary Colbertism had aimed at controlling the development of all the territories under British rule in such a way as to react on the prosperity of British industry. When the thirteen colonies threw off the authority of the Mother Country, a most important member of the body economic was lopped away. It was no longer possible to control this great branch of commerce so as to render it subservient to the promotion of English manufactures. The system had fallen to pieces and was discredited, since it seemed

to have brought about a blow to British prestige." It was at this critical moment—in the very year in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, at the very moment when the old system was discredited, and new needs required new conditions—that Adam Smith published his "Wealth of Nations." "The argument of that epoch-making book," says Dr. Cunningham, "went to show that the principles on which all systems of national economy had rested were in themselves untenable." Until the time of Adam Smith, "the main object which publicists who dealt with economic topics had had before their minds was the power of the country; they set themselves to discuss the particular aspects of industry and commerce which would conduce to this end, according to the circumstances of different countries. The requirements of the

State had been the first consideration of seventeenth century writers, and they had worked back to the funds in the possession of the people from which these requirements could be supplied. Adam Smith approached the subject from the other end. The first object of political economy, as he understood it, was to provide a plentiful revenue or subsistence for the people; the second was to supply the State or commonwealth with a revenue sufficient for the public services. He simply discussed the subject of wealth; its bearing on the condition of the State appeared an afterthought. . . . His reasoning went to show, not only that Parliamentary Colbertism had been bad, but that no attempt to reconstruct some better scheme in its place could be advisable."

The new doctrine synchronised not only

with the decline of the old ideals and the need for an extended conception of national policy, but with the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. The industrial and social conditions of today—in both of which we discover cause for profound dissatisfaction—were brought into being by that violent change, whose every phase Dr. Cunningham carefully elucidates. Ethically regarded, the rise and progress of the workshop of the world were distinguished by an inhuman energy of money-making which is only comparable with the frenzied dollar-hunting of the United States of our own time. In the political aspect we behold the great Liberal party steadfastly allied with the monied interest, resolutely sacrificing every other consideration to material gain; the lives of women and children, the maintenance of national power, the Colonies, agriculture—all these

were as dross in the balance. At the same time, we perceive the Tory party clinging as best it might to the English "immortal tradition" of ensuring the welfare of the working population, of enforcing the duties of self-defence and self-sufficiency, of unification of the Empire, of the maintenance of the essential national industry. In the social aspect we observe the gradual, but certain, fall of England from her proud and unassailable independence, self-defended, self-contained, self-upholding, to a reliance upon the unstable equilibrium of trade, an abject dependence upon supplies brought over from foreign nations, and weighed down by the perpetual incubus of the "reserve army of labor"—the unemployed workers created by the new economy, and serving to keep down wages. Every effort to mitigate these conditions was (and is) opposed by the Liberal party. Even in the mid-nineteenth century, for instance, Wakefield, supported by Dr. Hinds, Dean of Carlisle, Charles Buller, and John Stuart Mill, urged the adoption of a comprehensive scheme of emigration to the Colonies—in vain. The same proposal has recently been declined by a Liberal Government. The point for our generation to appreciate is that the Liberal party, while disavowing the doctrine of laissez faire whenever it suits its purpose to attack the Church or the landed interests, or to attempt to alienate the self-governing States overseas, obstinately maintains it with regard to Free Trade, although that policy, as at present enforced, is totally inconsistent with its own principles, and even those of Cobden himself. But while these general conclusions are forced upon the disinterested student of economic history, there is another, less dispiriting. It seems reasonable to suppose that, upon the whole, the genius of the race has somehow ultimately made for good, in despite of faction and fanaticism, apathy and greed. Dr. Cunningham's masterly survey ends at the year 1850; but the following passage occurs in his "Postscript":—"Free play for the men of all races to attain to the best that is in them is the principle which British rule has sedulously endeavored to realize in all parts of the globe, by introducing institutions for the protection of life and property, and for giving all possible scope to varieties of tradition, sentiment and culture. There is little danger of underrating the greatness of the task that has thus come to our hands. But to men who are men these very difficulties sound a call of duty; and the best of the coming generation are showing a keen enthusiasm to have their personal part in the mission of England, and to serve their country in any part of the world."

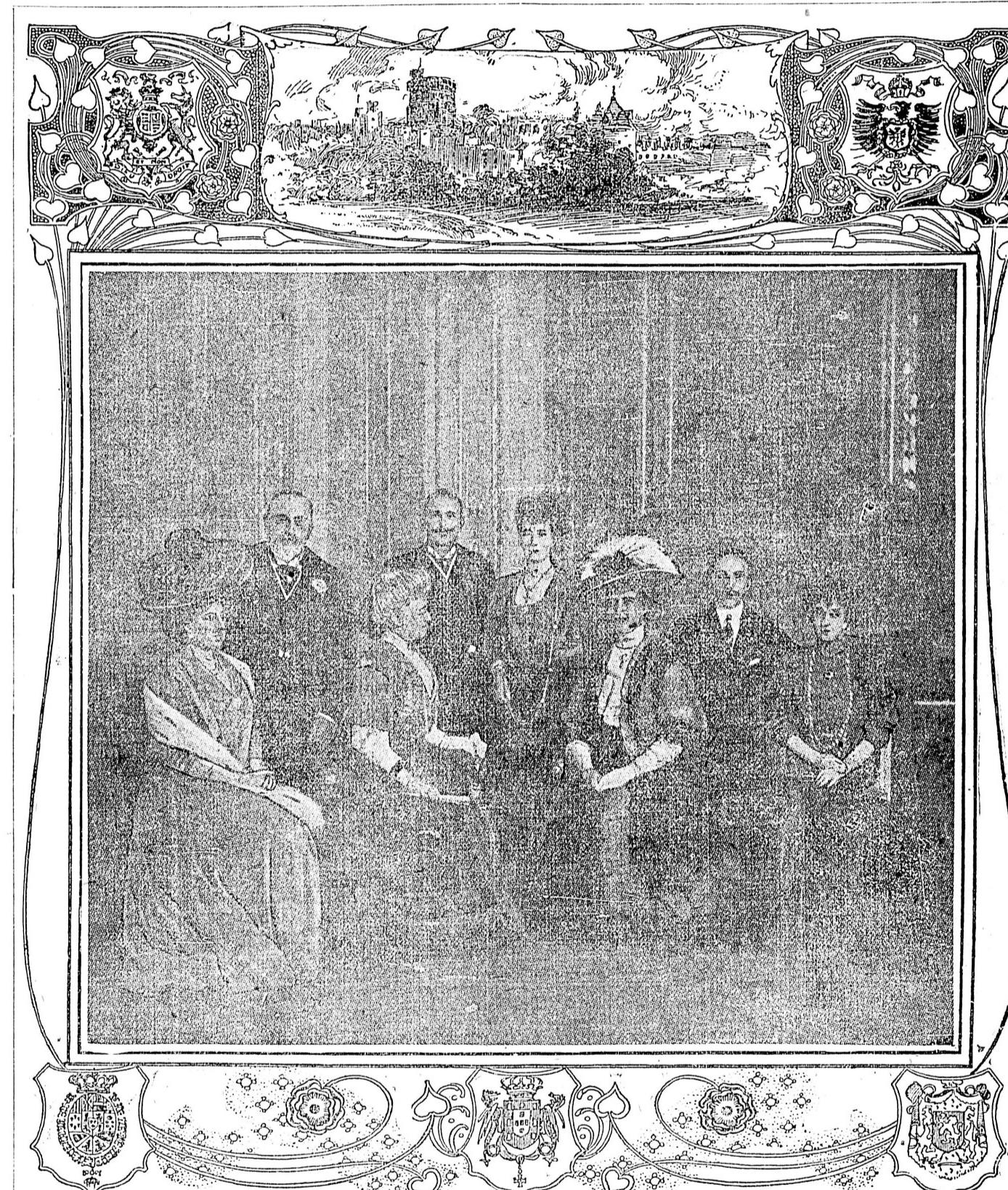
SOME ZOOLOGICAL FACTS.

At a meeting of the Zoological Society, to be held next Thursday, says the London Standard, the following resolution will be moved by Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P.:—"That the council be requested to give instructions that in future the snakes at the society's gardens shall not be fed on live animals on any consideration whatever."

Snakes in captivity have a great attraction for the general public, and probably there are more private persons who keep snakes as pets than is generally believed. As a rule, these animals are not very ready feeders, and various devices have been adopted from time to time to induce pet snakes to take nourishment. One enthusiastic amateur used a glass funnel to administer egg and scraped beef to a venomous snake that refused to take living or dead prey in the ordinary fashion. Cramming has also been resorted to by amateurs, and in some zoological gardens it is recognized part of the keeper's duty. A great deal has been made of it in New York, though it was certainly practised here in a private collection, close on two decades ago.

Seeing that boas have swallowed blankets and fastened on the dead prey partially engulfed in the jaws of a cage mate, there should be no difficulty in getting these reptiles to take dead prey. For some time the question of snake feeding at the Zoological Gardens has been under consideration, and during the past summer the secretary (Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S.) and the superintendent (Mr. R. I. Peacock) have tested the truth of the prevalent belief that venomous reptiles would not take dead prey. The weekly feeding has been supervised by one, sometimes by both, of these gentlemen, and their independent notes when published will form an important contribution to the literature of the subject. Stated generally, the results of the experiments show that the snakes—cobras and vipers, as well as boas and pythons—evinced no repugnance to warm, freshly killed food. The enormous python, one of the largest in captivity, took a goat, two rabbits, and five pigeons, killed for the occasion, at a single meal. Some time ago it was stated that, so far as possible, the snakes at the gardens were being fed on dead food. The fact that all of them have taken such food seems to establish the probability that in future all of them will be so fed.

Those experiments confirm the view generally held by directors of zoological gardens and amateurs who have kept snakes, that the living prey experiences no terror on being put into a den with a snake of any kind. This was only to be expected, and there are cases on record in which rats have shown fight to such good purpose that the snakes have been seriously injured.



THE MOST REMARKABLE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN: FIVE QUEENS AND THREE KINGS AT WINDSOR
After the King's luncheon party recently, all the Kings and Queens were photographed together. The group includes the King, the Kaiser, King Alfonzo, the Queen, the German Empress, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of Portugal and the Queen of Norway. Messrs. Downey used an electric arc-lamp of many thousand candle power.
Photograph by W. and D. Downey, 57 and 61 Ebury Street, Eaton Square, S. W.

AN OLD WORD DEFINED.

the dramatist Wycheley first shortened this word to "quack."

The full term, quack doctor, is found at least as early as 1710, when these words were used as a title to the Earl of Rochester's "mountebank speech" on Tower Hill. This witty and profligate nobleman (he is always called witty and profligate) took it into his head to disappear from his friends and appear to the mob on Tower Hill as a quack doctor. The speech he made on that occasion has been preserved, and it shows that quack oratory has gained nothing since.

It is not all printable in these polite pages, but the following passage will show its character:

"The cures I have done are as incredible as innumerable. I cured Prester John's grandmother of a stupendous dolor in her os sacrum, which had like to cost the good lady the perdition of her huckle bone. I cur'd the Empress of Boulia of a cramp she got in her tongue by eating pork and butter'd parsnips. I cur'd an alderman of Grand Cario of a scarlet, burning, raging fever, of which he dy'd. I cur'd him in forty-two minutes so that he dance'd the saraband, flip-flop, and Somerset to the admiration of his whole court. For my pains he presented me with 6,000 Hungarian ducats and a Turkish cymeter. Verbum sat sapienti. No cure, no money."

I doubt very much whether Sir Edward Clarke was right in saying that the word "quack" was revived by Carlyle after it had died out. So useful a word is not likely to have been dropped, though in Carlyle's vocabulary of denunciation it certainly took on a new importance.

AN INDIAN BRAVE

"Jack," said Graham one evening, when the traps had yielded over \$100 worth of fur, including a silver-grey fox, and we were highly elated over our luck, "I am going to tell you about an old Indian I saw in Montana when I was trapping there. I was camped in a snug out-of-the-way place, when along comes a Sioux family. The buck asked permission to camp alongside. Though not much liking it, I could not refuse. In the evening an old Indian, father-in-law to the buck, came into my cabin to beg tobacco. He wore twenty-seven feathers in his head-dress, and when I joked him in Sioux on the number, he got mad, peeled off his few garments and made me count a scar for each feather. A Sioux warrior is entitled to wear one feather in his head-dress for each wound received in battle. After smoking a bit, the old fellow told me his story.

"He was born a Pawnee, but when an infant, was captured and adopted by the Sioux. When he was a young brave, he went with the Sioux over two hundred miles into the Pawnee country to give them battle. The Sioux won the fight, but returned to their homes, leaving him for dead on the field. When he became conscious, he was full of arrows; as he expressed it, he looked like one porcupine. He broke some off, and drew others through, then patched himself up the best he could, and, savage-like, wandered over the battle ground to see if he could find any life left in a Pawnee. He found several; then the old fellow got excited, acted and showed me how he finished each Pawnee. When he could find no more alive, he started for his home. Think of it; twenty-seven wounds in his body, weak from loss of blood, no food, alone in an enemy's country and 200 miles to make. A white man would have gone under, but that young brave ate grasshoppers, ants, etc., made snares from his hair to catch prairie dogs and other small deer, and worked himself along as fast as his strength would allow, until about three months after the fight he walked into his own wigwam, the dead, alive again, and a big brave ever after."—Forest and Stream.

HIS RIVER

I believe that every out-of-doors man comes to have one stream that is more beloved than any of the others. There is something about it that makes the days spent on that particular stream just a little nicer than on any other, and which makes it linger in the memory until, sooner or later, one goes to all of the trouble of packing up and traveling over mountain roads to get back to it. It is the spirit of the water. When I say spirit, I mean the appeal of the intellectual pose of one entity to another. The Judge, who has lived on its bank all his life, is also possessed by it. This year he and his wife took a rather extensive water trip, embracing the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Atlantic and Chesapeake Bay. The Judge's wife told me that he would stand on the upper deck of one of the streams, look at the expanse of water, and exclaim, "Give me the Black." So, as I say, every man to his river, and here was mine.

Now, my companion had never run the rapids of a mountain stream nor cast a fly. He and the river were total strangers, but it was interesting to see their advances toward each other. First came the exhilaration of "running down hill" over the water, and the fascinating study of how to run such places without having the boat hit the inevitable obstruction at the outside of the curve, the stump, or the log, or the rock, or the driftwood with the current speeding beneath it. After a day or so he learned that he could not steer a boat in a rapid, but that he was to simply pick it up on his paddle and throw it; then he quit hitting the stump in the curve and I was able to fish without a paddle in one hand to fend the bow from The Place. His closer intimacy with the water began by going in swimming, but that does not count for much. The real advance was when he stepped over the side of the boat and waded in the shallows with his shoes on. Finally, after swimming a place where the river darted through a narrow place, he deliberately put on his clothes and plunged in head first.

"I wanted to see if I could swim straight across with my clothes on," he said.

Then I knew that the river had enticed him away from his lares and his penates; that he would journey thither with me again.—Forest and Stream.

When a glass cylinder of pond water with a wisp of pressed hay at the bottom is placed in sunshine for a few weeks, a reddish-violet deposit begins at the bottom and slowly extends upward. This deposit is made up of purple bacteria, which grow best when a film of oil on the water keeps out air, and are specially remarkable for requiring much light and little oxygen. In a recent study of both moving and inert organisms of this kind, Prof. H. Molisch has found that if a colony of an active species is placed on a microscope slide in strong light, the bacteria scatter in all directions when the observer places on the centre of the slide a single alga—about 1-5,000 of an inch in diameter—from the green deposit on trees. Brought into the shade the bacteria fill the centre of the slide within half a minute. The repulsion is due to exhalation of an infinitesimal amount of oxygen by the alga in sunlight, and serves as an extremely delicate test for traces of oxygen far too minute for chemical detection. The sensitiveness to light as well as oxygen is marvelous. Corkscrew-shaped bacteria brought under a magnifying power of 300 diameters are seen to rotate and dart to and fro in strong light, but cutting off the illumination for a fraction of a second causes a frantic and astonishing reversal of motion.

MODERN MEXICO

By Percy F. Martin, F. R. G. S.



ENTRIES before Cortes landed at Vera Cruz in 1519 Mexico had a remarkable history, separate and distinct. But from that date onwards for centuries more it fell under the heel of a proud conqueror—Spain, that is to say—until in 1821, when its independence

was definitely established after the tremendous struggle initiated in 1810. Enormously rich in all kinds of resources as were the American territories over which Spain exercised its iniquitous rule, Mexico for centuries remained by far its richest province. It was, in short, regarded merely as a mine to be worked by the labor of its unhappy inhabitants for the sole benefit of the conqueror, without the slightest consideration either for their just claims or inscrutable miseries. All that has been changed, and under modern conditions modern Mexico has continued to be one of the richest expanses on the surface of the earth, though it must be candidly conceded it has hardly risen to the height of its opportunities as yet, any more than it has been lucky enough to win that general confidence among outsiders which is one-half the battle in economic and to some extent also in social development. As the prefatory note to this comprehensive study has good ground for inquiring—five-and-twenty years ago, who on all the earth would have invested his money in a Mexican bank, have trusted his savings in a Mexican mine, or have considered it a safe and prudent adventure to go to Mexico at all? It is the main object of the study to dissipate the many misconceptions which prevail about the country, while at the same time giving chapter and verse, so to say, for the belief in the great future that lies near at hand. The author puts the point with characteristic emphasis in touching upon the matter in general terms:—

"A somewhat similar question was once asked by Sydney Smith of the United States of America; but today in both cases the same. Both have triumphed over time; both have made a name for themselves in the Old World that nothing can obliterate; and both have before them a future as brilliant as it is certain and as solid as it is well earned. . . . I much fear that Mexico has hitherto been among the little-known countries of the earth, and even today the general knowledge concerning it, if one may judge from the astounding misstatements which one continually comes across, is decidedly elementary. It is commonly described as a "South American Republic," when its position is in North America; as a "dangerous country" in which to travel, whereas it is as safe as either America or Great Britain, so far as immunity from personal assaults and robberies is concerned; as a "risky place for investments," while statistics prove there is greater solidarity among the banks and similar institutions, and far more honesty among the people themselves, than can be found in any country of the Old World. Another common superstition is that, with the disappearance of General Porfirio Diaz, either by reason of his voluntary retirement or other cause, the present condition of peace and prosperity must come to an end. . . . There has seldom been perpetrated a more complete and foundationless error . . . the fabric stands today self-supporting and indestructible, a living and a lasting monument to the man who built it—to his strength, his devotion, and his intelligence. Mexico is no longer in any need of a defender, nor is it now dependent upon its architect. He has built too soundly and permanently for that. Diaz may pass away; but, while his name will never perish from record or from recollection, his guiding hand can be dispensed with, and that without fear of untoward consequences."

So far so good. In area Mexico is about ten times larger than Great Britain, or, putting it in another and more striking way still, it almost equals Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary together. And, selecting some of the figures from the volume itself, it has a coast-line of over 6,000 miles, 10 volcanoes, 59 lakes and lagoons, and a total area of about 750,000 square miles, while the largest State in the Republic has an area nearly amounting to the prodigious extent of 90,000 square miles. Again, there are upwards of forty different tribes of Indians living in the country, who speak as many different languages. In an entirely different count the evidence of the advancement of the country is well brought out by the fact that European banking interests evinced a considerable degree of anxiety to secure the placing of the last loan for the sum of £8,000,000 in November, 1904. Mexico has now currency system on a gold basis, and the volume gives many indications that a remarkable change has steadily come about during the past decade in the commendable preference for a system of sound finance. Mr. Martin indeed goes so far as to assert that it is not a transient but a permanent change. Not only is foreign capital abundant, but native capital can be raised nowadays with very little difficulty for innumerable varieties of investment. It may be pointed out for the benefit of those who are concerned with financial questions that the chapters dealing with this aspect of the country—national finance, monetary reform, banking laws, and the various classes of notable banks, including the working of agricultural banks—are replete with much detailed information,

"He is moderately tall—I may say exceptionally tall for a Mexican—extremely dignified in his carriage and all his movements, and, in spite of his seventy-seven years, he still shows as much energy and enthusiasm as a man half his age. His hair is quite white and worn

handled with knowledge and ability. Mr. Martin summarizes his impressions of modern Mexico in this fashion:—

"Let us glance at the Republic of Mexico today, and see what are its claims to be considered a factor in the world's affairs—a public Exchequer in the full tide of prosperity and a substantial surplus; its bonds held in every country of the world and quoted upon every stock exchange; a solid, well-drilled, and devoted army of 26,000 men on a peace footing, increased at twenty-four hours' notice to 60,000 men upon a war footing; 20,000 miles of telegraph lines; 17,000 miles of railways; public credit upon a level never previously attained; an entire absence of jealousy or contention among the Government officials; from the highest to the lowest: a lack of polemics which can be matched in but few countries of the world; and a general peacefulness among all classes as it is noted. As a Mexican once expressed himself, "Progress and peace are nailed to our soil with the rails of our iron roads, and no criminal hand shall be strong enough to tear them asunder." What the country has lacked hitherto has been an intelligent middle class, and gradually that great "desideratum" to the permanent welfare of any nation is growing into existence. The picture of Mexico today is more composite than settled, for on the one hand are to be found the latest ideas in municipal government and social life, and on the other feudalism of the most pronounced if picturesque type. The old usurers have given way to modern banks, but the tenacity with which some State Governments cling to tradition, and the little desire displayed by the people to escape from it, strike the stranger as remarkable indeed. . . . The ready welcome which Mexicans are extending to American capital, the unrestricted commingling of Mexicans and Americans upon the same boards of directors, joined to the same management, and side by side in many social and charitable enterprises form one of the most convincing signs of future prosperity. . . . The type of American coming into Mexico, also shows marked evidence of improvement, the States now sending their best instead of their worst specimens, as formerly was frequently the case. I speak of the "real" American—the lineal descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, and not of the cosmopolitan breed which passes as an "American," the man with a German nose, a Russian name, and the manners of a brute."

Almost, needless to say, independently of the foregoing points, there are many others not a whit behind them either in their interest in throwing a useful light upon the country as a whole. Handled in the light allusive manner of the thoroughly well-informed writer as they are, they will enable the reader to form as accurate and detailed a conception as it is possible to imagine. No doubt they differ in interest according to the point of view, but obviously enough are not the less valuable for all that. The commercial and mining outlook has a far-reaching importance, fundamentally speaking, of course, but closely impinging upon these phases are others—social and political activities in particular. The servant question, for instance, is a cardinal difficulty almost everywhere. And it is, it appears, no less real or serious in Mexico. The best servants to be found in the country are the Chinese. The common prejudice regarding them is not absent, but Mr. Martin personally does not share it. On the contrary, he considers it would be a sad day for Mexico if the Chinaman should ever be banished from the home of the private individual or from the ranks of the railway contractor. Still more to the point, they are actually welcomed in the Republic as useful and peaceful citizens, even if they are not altogether cherished as "Christian brothers." There, as elsewhere, servants are growing more independent. Even the factories and shops as well as commercial offices are bidding for female labor, and naturally enough domestic service suffers accordingly. The cost of living exhibits noticeable differences. Homes in the city of Mexico Mr. Martin describes as undoubtedly dear, ranging from £15 to £50 a month. Boarding is moderate, costing about £5 a month for first-class accommodation, while many of the restaurants will arrange board at a rate of from £6 to £8 a month. Most English clothing appears to be about one and a half times as expensive as at home. In fact, the volume makes it manifest that the real expensiveness of living really arises when it comes to family clothing generally and the provision of all the necessary household supplies. Among the Mexicans education is highly valued. Very interesting to note, it is their foremost interest, and is regarded as the foundation of their present prosperity and the basis of their existence. In consequence everything is being done that is practicable to strengthen its activity and increase its power, as is well evidenced from an interview with President Diaz, recounted pretty much in these words. The volume is singularly full of important details, and there is much concerning the President, his policy and the results of his policy, while that section of it is one of its most striking merits. Here is an admirable sketch of him as he appears physically:—

As an illustration of how chemistry is aiding plant improvement, Prof. H. A. Webber cites the production of beet sugar, which has grown from a hopeless beginning into one of the world's chief industries. For one ton of sugar, 18 tons of beets were required in 1886, but roots have been so developed by selection and analysis that only 7-12 tons were necessary in 1894, and even less will suffice now. Of the 13,000,000 tons of sugar produced in the world in 1905, beets supplied 7,000,000 tons.

Steel shot so hard as to take the place of diamonds for some kinds of drilling are made by spraying molten steel into cold water, chilling it instantly.

FLORECE NIGHTINGALE

In making the announcement of the King's bestowal of the Order of Merit upon Miss Florence Nightingale, the London Standard says:—

Florence Nightingale is the first woman to receive this eminent order, an order which includes only those who, by signal achievement, have raised themselves to the very head of the class to which they belong; no one will say that she has not merited the distinction. Of her long life—she was born in 1820, and is thus close upon her 90th year—much might be said, but at the present moment the mind turns naturally to the great achievement of her career, the work which enshrined her for ever in the hearts of her countrymen. Wealthy and highly educated, she had at an early age devoted herself to the study of the relief of suffering, and had undergone an arduous training for that purpose. Her remarkable power of organization was shown in the manner in which she had re-established a leading institution for the sick in London, and when, in 1854, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the famous War Secretary, determined to send out a band of female nurses to the soldiers' hospitals in the Crimea, he wrote to Miss Nightingale to ask her to take charge of this new departure. She agreed and landed at Scutari in November, 1854, when matters were getting to their worst.

The men were being sent down from the front to Balaklava, and thence to the fixed hospital at Scutari, and in both places they were dying like flies. Filth and disorder indescribable reigned everywhere in the so-called hospitals, and the hands of all the officials were tied by red tape. The simplest order could not be given without being signed and countersigned ad infinitum. Of Balaklava, Dr. W. H. Russell wrote: "The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness, the stench is appalling; the foetid air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs; for all I can observe, the men die without the least effort being made to save them." He was corroborated by Dr. Charles Shrimpton, a French army surgeon, who described how terribly neglected the English sick were as compared with the French. In the great barrack hospital at Scutari things were as bad, if not worse; and at this time the men were being invalidated at the rate of over 100 a day. In a period of seven weeks 8,000 were carried from the camp before Sevastopol, and the overcrowding in hospital became frightful. It is no wonder that during the first seven months of the campaign over 60 per cent. of our forces died of illness.

Into this welter of death and confusion Miss Nightingale arrived with her small band of nurses. It was a most difficult position. She had the Government at her back, but no official standing, and she had to meet the prejudice and suspicion of the medical staff. Any one less perfectly qualified must have failed. Miss Nightingale rose triumphantly to the occasion, and overcame all difficulties by a rare combination of tact, patience, firmness, and personal influence, but, most of all, by her profound knowledge of what was needed. She had not studied the hospital problem for nothing all those years. Nursing meant to her far more than mere attendance on the sick; it meant the whole care of their well-being, cleanliness, order, pure air, water, and good foods. Instead of precipitating herself and her staff into the wards, therefore, she began by starting a kitchen, which was followed by a laundry. She fed the patients and kept them clean, and these were, in truth, the two prime necessities of the occasion. The men were dying of starvation and filth. There ought to have been plenty of stores, but they had gone wrong—to Balaklava or elsewhere—and proper food was not procurable. Miss Nightingale's kitchen, which was afterwards superintended by no less a person than the famous chef, Alexis Soyer, was soon appreciated, and by degrees she won the confidence of everybody. The nursing staff was increased to 85, and more came out in the following January, when some were sent forward to look after the Balaklava hospitals. Eventually Miss Nightingale had the charge of eight hospitals, containing 5,000 men. Gradually the prevailing disorder was reduced; sanitary measures were taken in hand, whitewashing carried out, the sewers and the water supply were looked to, additional wards were built, and the overcrowding stopped. The effect of all these reforms—more important, though less popularly attractive, than the actual nursing in the wards—was almost striking. Dr. Shrimpton tells us that the British Army passed suddenly to a condition of health. The mortality, which had been 60 per cent. in the first seven months of the campaign, fell to 1.15 in the last five.

All Europe rang with Miss Nightingale's praise, and all England was keenly excited to give her a triumphant reception on her return. With characteristic modesty, she evaded all demonstrations (though she could not but obey the summons to Windsor when the late Queen Victoria gave her the Cross of St. George), and so long as health remained, she continued to devote herself to her self-imposed task of succuring the sick.

The total number of patents taken out in the world since the beginning of patent laws is found by A. Fitch, from French statistics, to reach 2,500,000, of which 2,200,000 have been granted in the last fifty years. The government fees have amounted to \$146,000,000, of which the United States has received \$56,000,000; but publication, legal study, etc., bring the cost up to at least \$1,000,000,000. Unsuccessful inventions have probably brought a loss of \$2,500,000,000. Losses from infringement suits, promoters, etc., are estimated to have reached \$15,000,000,000 in sixty years, and 90 per cent. of patents have reaped little profit.

THREE NEW BOOKS OF POEMS



HE London Times thus reviews three new books and poems, the authors being, respectively, Stephen Phillips, Herbert Trench, and Margaret L. Woods:

Each of these three volumes contains a good deal of unrhymed verse. English poetry possesses, of course, in its "blank verse" a vehicle for narration, for emotional philosophy, for anything that requires sustained effects, which has never been surpassed. Mr. Stephen Phillips is perfectly right to tell his stories of "Endymion" and "The Quest of Edith," and his little tragedy of Iole in blank verse. And, setting blank verse aside, the irregular, rhymeless form adopted by Mrs. Woods for her "Nocturne in Westminster Abbey" called "The Builders" does undoubtedly help to convey the effect she desires—a sense of spacious mystery, a sense not so much of vagueness as of things rather imagined than seen in a darkness where natural and supernatural may meet. Under the "grey ascending arches":—

Far in their hollow night the glimmer of London Is woven with texture of dreams, phantoms are there, Vaguely drifting, as pale-winged wandering moths Drift on the summer dark out of the abyss.

Who has beheld them, the feeling tenuous hands, About the stone clinging, the carven crumpling Work that they wrought ere they lay in forgotten graveyards?

Poor blind hands! As wan sea-birds cling on untrodden ledges And pinnacles of a lone precipitous isle; Or giant cliff, where under them all is mist And the sullen booming of an unpeopled sea, So do the phantoms cling on the wind-worn ledges And aery heights, thou grey isle of God.

Wall no more, blind ghosts, be comforted, Ye who performed your work and silent withdrew To your grand oblivion; ye who greatly builded, Beyond the hand's achievement, the soul's presage.

There is justification for the form in the impression it conveys. In "The Passing Bell," again, the same mystery is gained by the same means; and the regularly recurring phrase from the psalm which denotes the beat of the bell strikes with all the more force for its surroundings. But we should be sorry to see a fashion for the unrhymed lyric (a fashion due, possibly, to Matthew Arnold, but owing more, we cannot help suspecting, to Walt Whitman) growing into general use. Rhyme, it need hardly be said, is more than an ornament. It is no precious stone mounted in the gold, but a part of the very shape and identity of the jewel. The unrhymed lyric is like a piece of soft metal; it becomes a jewel only when it has been worked upon, and the finishing touch, the final expression of its individuality, is rhyme. Except, in fact, in a very few definite instances, like the two poems by Mrs. Woods, an unrhymed lyric is an unfinished lyric. In excepting "The Builders" and "The Passing Bell," we ought, perhaps, to except Mr. Phillips's "Midnight—31st of December, 1900," though here the poet has no actual dark place, like the inside of the Abbey, of which he wishes to convey the effect. But why should "William Ewart Gladstone" be unrhymed? and why "A Gleam"? and why "Thoughts in a Meadow"? The last two are lyrics, cries from the heart; and, good as they are, they lose much by being, in this manner, unfinished. When Mr. Trench gives us a set of six-line "Stanzas on Poetry" of which the first three lines rhyme together, and the last three rhyme with nothing, we cannot accuse him of want of finish. He has tried an experiment, and it has proved not only unsuccessful but tiresome.

Sing Valour, from the cradle to the pyre! Sing thine own country's glories, grief and ire; Hear thou the voice of every greenling briar; And in thy song let all her woods be temples, Her rude heights and calm headlands clothed in foam Nerve thee, and be within thee fortitudes! Sing Love, and all that counteth not the cost; And many a beautiful and unborn ghost (Even as the ever-widening starry host Steals from the luminous blue gulf of evening) Softly shall join your ring of auditors Outside the sitters round the Tavern-fire!

Does not the ear crave for rhyme? And, cheated of it, does it not resent such experiments? If—we scarcely venture the suggestion seriously—Mr. Trench intended by this means to symbolize what his muse tells him later in the poem—

They song shall be imperfect, never fear,

Seeing but the half, the half of it is here—

the reply must be that it is not the poet's vision, but his attention that is to blame.

Of the three Mr. Phillips is, perhaps, the one who gains the least from unrhymed poetry, because Mr. Phillips is the most certain and most accomplished poetic artist of the three—and not the most courageous thinker. The general level of both Mr. Phillips and Mr. Trench is high on the slopes; neither of them rises to the summit where it can be said that execution and intention are inseparable; and it is possible to draw a distinction between their methods of approach. The best of Mr. Phillips is not his thought nor his emotion, nor the interaction of both; it is his expression. He is content, as a rule, to take a good story or a respectable idea, and tell it with all the resources at his command. Those resources are an honest interest, clear, if limited, vision, a choice, though not very wide, vocabulary, and a mastery over his words and the sounds of his words which is remarkable, and only fails him when he tries to be absolutely simple. Giotto could draw a perfect circle without mechanical aid. When Mr. Phillips tries to do likewise he produces such lines as:

At times indeed it seems to me that :
or:

And add me, when I cease to soar, to stand;
or:

And I shall strive for thy white purity
For fear of everlasting losing thee;

lines which their context does nothing to enoble. On the other hand, when his Iole is to die, like Iphigenia, for the host, he can put into her mouth a master line like—

Now suddenly to leave the purple light
And go a ghost unto a birdless grove.

And when Launcelot and Guinevere part he can dare an image like this—a challenge to the sense of incongruity which shrinks abashed before the challenge—

swooned in his burning armour to her face
And both cried out as the touch of spears:
And as two trees at midnight, when the breeze
Comes over them, now to each other bend,
And now withdraw; so mournfully these two
Still drooped together and still drew apart.

That Mr. Phillips can tell a story well no one needs to be reminded. The new book, as a whole, gives the impression that the poet has come to a pause in his development. The old

qualities are here, with a finer feeling than before for the point where enough has been said. He has mastered his materials; he can do almost what he pleases with words (for at the opposite extreme from the unrhymed lyric we find the old rhymed couplet used with not a trace of the prim finality which used to attend it); he is waiting now for some intellectual and emotional development that will complete his mastery over his materials and set him to work to adapt them to new purposes.

In Mr. Trench's new book (for it must be admitted that the evidence of "Deirdre Wedded" was all the other way) we seem to see that such a development has taken place. Mr. Trench is struggling to make his materials do more than he has been used to attempt with them, because his preoccupation is with more ardent and daring thought than before.

Apollo through the woods came down
Furred like a merchant fine,
And sate with a Sailor at an Inn
Sharing a jug of wine.

* * * * *

But he would not stay nor tarry there
On the blithe edge of the down,
To the sea-coast his errand was
And the smoke-hanging town.

Far off he saw its harbours shine
And black sea-bastions thronged
With masts of the sea-trailers
For whom his spirit longed.

Far off he heard the windlass heaved
And the creaking of the cranes,
Gay barges hauled and poled along,
And the rattling fall of chains.

Till by the windows of that Inn
He sate and took his ease
Where the bowsprits of the swarthy ships
Came thrusting to the quays.

Mr. Trench can do that, so to speak, with his left hand. A page or two further on we are deep in theology, philosophy, the life-force, and what not; and the materials are the same. We are still reading a ballad about a ship that went down, or, rather, ship of which Apollo had

smote the great hull to a ghost
And the mighty masts to air;

and at the same time we are learning that personal immortality is an exploded idea, that Heaven and Hell (the masts and the hold of the ship) are abolished and that man has new sailing orders, new duty, new futurity. "The Ancient Mariner" and Coleridge's "fun" blended? To a certain extent. And the struggle to make means meet ends is not wholly successful; how should it be? The allegory,

like most allegories, is harassed by the rival claims of the symbol and the thing symbolized. Yet, when Mr. Trench has been the round of the old and the new eschatology and has brought us back to a purely earthly and human little scene at the close, we feel that it has been a noble struggle, and so nearly successful that we may look with confidence for much greater work from the author in the future. He has a high courage; courage to think, and courage (though sometimes, indeed, it becomes the vis consili expers, which suffers its proverbial fate) to stretch his materials to breaking point in the effort to express himself. Let us take a passage from his "Ode to Beauty." Through a half-open door the poet has caught sight of a beautiful arm, with the hand holding a light.

Some eddy of the Infinite
Force on its way
Had caught that arm and moulded it
In mood of play;
That curve was of the primal Will
Whose gesture high
Waved forth the choir of planets, still
In ecstasy;
And the rhythm of its dreamed lines
Shall still flood on
Through souls beyond today's confine
When we are gone,
Shall bear to the unborn without name
The inured light
Secret as life, signal as flame,
And in that flight—
Vaster than Moon's o'er Apennine's
Sepulchral doors
When from the breathless gap of pines
Golden she soars—
To the tranced rock, dark-sunken, dumb,
Shall murmur, shall smile,
"Glorious the dance of passions! Come
To life awhile!"
I, Beauty, travelling heaven on the hoar
Faint-phosphor'd wave
Of Being, charge ye to explore
And dare the grave!"

That is "grandiose," as a painter would say, without being turgid; it certainly is not pedantic, yet it gives, in its place, a pretty exact idea of Mr. Trench's philosophy of beauty, which is his philosophy of life. Take him, on the other hand, in one of his "Stanzas to Tolstoi," and we find violent dissonance, unexpected and annoying assonance, turgidity, uncertainty, ruggedness, "jumpiness"—all the faults that arise when the struggle becomes too hard—

The Man upraised on the Judean crag
Captains for us the war with death no more,
His Kingdom hangs as hangs a knight of yore;
Over the tomb of a great knight of yore;
Nor shall one law to unity restore
Races or souls—no staff of thine can urge
Nor knotted club compel them to converge,
Nor any backward summit lead them up;
The world-spring wherein hides

Formless the God that forms us, bursts its cup—
Is seen a fountain—breaking like a flower
High into light—that at its height divides;
Chancery scattering forth—in blaze and
shower—
In drops of a trembling diaphaney—
Dreams the God-breathings moment by moment
To melt a myriad ways. Those dreams are we,
Chanted from some unfathomable joy.

From this it is a delight to turn to "Killary," or "In summer time when Mary bathes," or "Almond, wild Almond"—to any of the lyrics that betray Mr. Trench's country of origin and show him at peace with himself; interesting as they are, not solely for their own beauty, but for the width of range and of sympathy which the very contrast shows the poet to possess.

Mrs. Woods we find at her best when she is stirred deeply in mind, as in the two poems we have mentioned above. Her "April," pretty and gay as it is, cannot compare with Mr. Phillips's "After Rain." The mood is the same, neither poem aims at more than expressing the joy of the "spring-feeling"; but in such things Mr. Phillips's mastery gives him all the advantage. There is no single phrase, again, in Mrs. Woods's book that can compare with Mr. Phillips's "birdless grove"; nothing that can match his trees at midnight, or Mr. Trench's simile of a cathedral and a ship in "Apollo and the Seaman." But there are passages in "The Builders," unequal as it is, which strike home, and all of it is informed with a largeness of conception and a firm hope which give it greatness. "The May Morning and the Old Man" is a pure delight; "Rest" is exquisite. Yet, after all, we turn back inevitably to a poem which almost persuades us to renounce our plea for rhyme, so perfectly does its rhymelessness express the yearning that gave it birth, in spite of the vividness of the pictures it goes on to paint.

O that I were lying under the olives,
Lying alone among the anemones!
Shell-colored blossoms they bloom there and scarlet,
Far under stretches of silver woodland,
Frame in the delicate shade of the olives.

O that I were lying under the olives!
Grey grows the thyme on the shadowless headland,
The long low headland, where white in the sunshine
The rocks run seaward. It seems suspended
Lone in an infinite gulf of azure.

Though we end with these unpatriotic thoughts, it is worth noting, and noting with joy, that all three of our poets are poets not of regret, but of courage. They face the present with all its conditions of heritage, nationality, waste, and trouble; they face the future, and they hope for it. Mrs. Woods may long for the olives, Mr. Trench may fly to his "dreamy, gloomy, friendly trees," each seeking awhile a locus refrigerii, lucis et pacis. But there is no shrinking aside, no renunciation of endeavor. The appeal to beauty is the appeal for life at its highest and fullest, not for an "aesthetic" refuge from the shocks of life. So much the better for these poets, and their readers, and the poets and readers to come.

ceived his early training at Charlottetown, and completed his education at Halifax, although as a matter of fact he left school at an early age, and was largely self-educated. As a youth he was a close student, a wide reader, and soon attained to a large measure of educational attainments. He at first chose for his profession that of teaching, in which he continued until appointed to the position of Deputy Collector of Customs at Summerside, P. E. I., during the incumbency of which office he also acted as arbitrator in connection with the purchase of right of way for the Island Railway. His great interest in educational matters, which he retained throughout life, again called him to the teaching profession, and for the period of three or four years he was Principal of the Charlottetown normal school, but a change having taken place in the island government, and a new administration coming into power, which adopted the spoils system of office, Mr. Lawson was, with other officials, removed, after which he turned his attention to journalism. This became his life work, and he pursued it for over forty years. A man of sturdy views and wielding a strong and vigorous pen, he soon became recognized as a writer of conspicuous ability in his native province. He was offered and accepted, prior to Confederation, the position of editor to the Summerside Progress, and later became editor of the Charlottetown Patriot. For a number of years Mr. Lawson spent the sessions at Ottawa as a member of the Parliament press gallery, representing the Patriot, of which he became owner as well as editor. Finally, however, he sold the Patriot and moved westward, where the cities of the larger provinces opened up a broader sphere for his work. He became in turn a leader writer on the Toronto Globe, the Cornwall Freeholder, the Montreal Herald and Montreal Star. The various positions he occupied in the editorial field gave him a wide and varied experience in journalism, and brought him into contact with the leading men of Canada, thereby obtaining for him an insight into public affairs and large questions which well qualified him to occupy the editorial chair of The Colonist, a post he was offered and accepted in the fall of 1888.

His conduct of this newspaper and his editorial writings were ever characterized by sound judgment, a dispassionate treatment of public questions, and freedom from vituperation, recrimination and personalities. He was well and favorably known to a large number of Victoria's leading citizens, who felt deep regret at his death. As a man, although somewhat brusque in his manner, he was kind, warm-hearted, and generous. He was a man of strong domestic tastes. Mr. Lawson was married over fifty years ago to Flora McKenzie, of Prince Edward Island, and left, beside his widow, six daughters and three sons.

The Colonist, on the morning following Mr. Lawson's demise, had this editorial referring to that sad event:

The death of Mr. Henry Lawson, which is announced in another column, removes one of the veterans from the sphere of Canadian journalism. Forty years of continuous and active service in its ranks, always holding an important and influential editorial place, is a record rare in its annals, and represents a life of great labor and usefulness, one that has not failed in moulding public sentiment, and it is needless to say, always in a right direction. The sum of such a life cannot easily be estimated. Apart from his editorial management of the Colonist, which was conspicuous for its ability, good judgment, and educative value, he did valuable services for Maritime Province papers, the Toronto Globe, and the Montreal Herald and Star. In the province of Prince Edward Island in pre-Confederation days, when he occupied important editorial positions, he was active and prominent in the advocacy of reform in educational matters and in the settlement of the vexed land question.

Personally, Mr. Lawson was of a sturdy type of manhood, with strong convictions, and characterized by old-fashioned honesty of pur-

pose, qualities which not only earned for him the esteem and admiration of his friends, but entered into and dominated his professional duties. He was a man who possessed a wide range of exact information and wrote plainly and forcibly. His reasoning was clear and his conclusions sound. By long association with public men and experience in public affairs he had an intimate knowledge and a comprehensive grasp of Canadian politics in all its phases, and his judgment was rarely at fault in dealing with various and complex issues as they arose. In his relations with those in whose service he wrought he was characterized by strict fidelity and unfailing devotion to their interests, and much of the success of The Colonist during his connection with its editorial management is due to his efforts. He maintained a high standard of journalistic ethics, and never descended to personalities or aeronautics and recriminatory discussion. His death will be generally regretted, and where his personality was not known his loss will be felt as that of one whose services to journalism were valuable. His constituency of readers was a wide and appreciative one."

After the death of Mr. Lawson the present editor of The Colonist was in charge for several years, and upon his retirement, David B. Bogle, a man of British birth, occupied the editorial chair for some time. Mr. Bogle, upon his retirement from The Colonist, left the province, and he is now engaged in an editorial capacity on the Winnipeg Telegram, where his trenchant pen contributes much that is of value to the interests of Manitoba and Canada generally. Mr. Bogle was succeeded by R. E. Gosnell, a native of Ontario, who withdrew in the autumn of 1906. Mr. Gosnell was for several years in the employ of the government, and the British Columbia Year Book is a monument to his industry, his knowledge of the province and his mastery of details. It is generally understood that he had much to do with the preparation of the case for the province in regard to Better Terms. He is the author of an excellent history of British Columbia, and has contributed to other publications. Mr. Gosnell is at present a resident of Victoria, and his many friends look forward to further products of his pen.

THE SCARCITY OF BULL MOOSE

Of more than passing interest is the question raised by one of our contributors in relation to New Brunswick moose, and often brought up in years past about Wyoming elk. The laws of New Brunswick prohibit the killing of cow moose, and the effect of their close observance, our correspondent tells us, is an apparent scarcity of bulls and a corresponding increase in the number of cows.

The acquiring of reliable information on this subject should not be neglected by sportsmen and game protectors, for it is through them that the actual effect of protecting female deer, elk, caribou and moose must be ascertained. There is, however, no occasion for letting the matter go so far as to actually endanger the big game supply, and this does not seem likely to be brought about, for if in any season sportsmen fail to obtain antlered game, they will call loudly for permission to shoot females the following year.

This would not prove a satisfactory remedy. A far better one would be a closed season for a limited period, which would insure the safety of males, whereas an open season for both sexes would result in sweeping out of existence vast numbers of half-tame females and the further depletion of the supply of males.

In regions where deer are abundant it is not unusual to see very many more does than bucks in a day's hunt, and this leads the stranger to believe bucks scarcer than they really are. This is often apparent in states which permit the shooting of deer of both sexes, as well as in those that protect does, but in the latter the does are seen oftener, and are tamer than if hunted in the open season.

A Marriage of Convenience—A Short Story

By Mabel H. Robins, in M. A. P.

HT was purely a marriage of convenience. Lady Alys was beautiful and well-born, and Rupert Dering had the money. His grandfather had made his fortune out of jam, and he himself was a millionaire. There was not a suggestion of their caring for one another. It was the bride's mother, the old bankrupt Countess of Ware, who made the match. She, of course, had not a penny. She had gambled it all away. It was the bridegroom who paid for the wedding and the reception, and even for the trousseau.

It was a short honeymoon, neither of the two appeared desirous of prolonging the trip, and so they soon returned to England and took up their residence at Elton Abbey, a beautiful old place in Blankshire, which belonged to Dering.

One house-party was invited to come the day after the Derrings arrived. It was Lady Alys' doing. She did not intend to be bored, alone with her husband. Nearly all the guests were friends of hers, and one—Lord Shelland—had been her devoted admirer for a long time. He and she would probably have married, only he had no money, and Lady Ware would never have allowed such a thing, and Lady Alys was quite under her mother's thumb. She would not have dared to develop a will of her own.

It was the second evening of their return, and all the house-party was assembled at dinner. Lady Alys was looking very lovely. She was dressed in her wedding gown of satin and silver brocade, and diamonds sparkled in her hair. She was no longer the icy statue she had been all through her honeymoon. Lord Shelland sat on her right, and she talked and laughed with him, and kept all the end of her table merry with her sprightly wit.

Once Dering flashed a look at her, but it was only momentary, and she took no notice of him. It seemed as if she exerted herself only to be charming to Lord Shelland, who was gazing at her with his soul in his eyes.

And the same thing went on for the rest of the evening. Most of the other guests played bridge, but Lord Shelland sat in an alcove, and talked to Lady Alys. It was all, "Do you remember this?" or "Have you forgotten that?" one reminiscence after another of the time when they had met and loved—before their engagement had been forbidden.

As Lady Alys proceeded to follow the ladies up to bed, Lord Shelland, handing her her candle with one hand while he closely clasped her fingers with the other, her husband came up behind her. "I want to speak to you before you go upstairs," he said. "Do you mind coming into the library for a minute?"

Lady Alys was surprised, but she merely shrugged her shoulders and said, "As, you like"; and with a sweet good-night smile at Lord Shelland, she turned in the direction of the library.

Dering looked very grave as he followed

her in. He was quite a head taller than any other man in the house—surely, oh, surely, it was not possible that she could prefer that little, undersized Shelland to him?

His face was pale as he came forward after shutting the door. "Our marriage was supposed to be a marriage of convenience with advantages on both sides—nothing more," he said in a hard, cold voice. "But—you assured me at the time of our engagement that even if you had no love to give me you did not care for anybody else. From my observations this evening I should imagine you did not tell me the truth."

She colored fiercely, but threw her head up with a haughty gesture, as if she resented the fact of being taken to task.

"You bought me merely as an ornament," she said, contemptuously. "You only married me to sit at the head of your table—your only reason was to better your position, and get the entrance to society, which would never otherwise have admitted you. Have I failed in my duty? Don't you consider you have got your money's worth? That is the only matter on which you have any right to dictate to me."

His face was white with anger, and there was a strange stillness about his voice when he spoke.

"No," he said, "I shall not consider I have got my money's worth if you bring disgrace on me. Will you kindly remember that you bear my name, and respect it accordingly? I saw several people raising their eyebrows, and smiling at your behaviour tonight. If you make yourself so conspicuous with Shelland, I shall not appeal to you any more, but shall request him to leave the house."

Lady Alys turned on him quickly. "If you dare to insult my guests—" she began.

But he only shrugged his shoulders. "That," he said gravely, "depends on yourself," and he opened the door for her to pass out, as if to show that the interview was ended, and there was nothing for Lady Alys to do but to go upstairs.

The next day Lady Ryde arrived at the Abbey. She used to be a school friend of Lady Alys', and had married a celebrated ambassador, and was now a widow. She arrived late, and so, except for a hurried greeting from her hostess, saw no one until dinner.

Everybody had assembled when she entered the drawing-room, and her host came forward to greet her. "Why, Rupert," she cried, "I had no idea you were the Dering Alys had married! I have been abroad so long that I don't seem to know anything that has happened. But I am glad! I was wondering what had become of you. You are a lucky girl, Alys!"

Lady Alys looked amazed. To hear that Lady Ryde, the friend of royalty, was so intimate with her husband as to call him by his Christian name—him—whom she had taunted only the other day with wanting to improve his position by marrying her! She did not answer, for, indeed, she had nothing to say, and dinner being announced at that moment, they all went into the dining-room.

But though she had Lord Shelland on her right, she did not pay much attention to him. She seemed to be watching her husband all the time as he laughed and talked with Lady Ryde, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself—a very different man to the one she had always known.

She went up to her friend after dinner, when the ladies were alone. "How long have you known Rupert?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh, for many years. He was such a great friend of my husband's, and out at the Embassy at Berlin he was a universal favorite. I can't tell you how many women lost their hearts to him. He might have married anyone he liked, and to think that you won him, after all, you lucky girl!"

Lady Alys did not pursue the subject, but she remained very thoughtful all the evening, and scarcely took any notice of Lord Shelland, and as the days went on her manner quite altered, and occasionally she grew irritable, and snubbed the little man when he became sentimental. She discovered, too, that Nora Ryde was not nearly as nice as she used to be. Was it possible that she was growing jealous at the way her friend monopolized her husband? Her great, grey eyes would watch them wistfully, and it seemed an effort for her to talk to anyone else.

As things remained until one afternoon when some of the house-party went out for a walk. Dering and one or two others were in front, and Lady Alys and Lord Shelland behind, and they were just coming out of the wood upon the high road when suddenly there was a great shout of, "Mad dog! Mad dog!" and a few people who were strolling near rushed away and clambered over the hedge. And there, tearing along the road, and making straight for the Abbey party, was a bull-terrier with blood-shot eyes and foaming mouth.

Those in front had just time to follow the example of the others, and they rushed towards the hedge and began frantically to climb over without a thought of anything except their own safety. But Dering stood still in the path to waylay the dog. He knew his wife was just behind, and would have no means of escape. He stopped the animal's mad career by blocking its way, and as it was in the act of savagely turning on him, with wonderful dexterity he caught it by the scruff of its neck just in time to prevent its biting him. And there he held it down, in spite of its struggles, with almost superhuman strength, until the veins of his hands swelled, and it looked as if his knuckles must come through his skin.

And then Lady Alys hurried up. Lord Shelland had fled, and climbed up a tree a little distance off at the first cry of danger, and left her alone. She saw the struggles of the frantic beast, and feared her husband's strength would not be able to last long against its maddened struggles. She could do nothing to help him herself. So, without a word or any loss of time, she hurried away as fast as her feet could carry her to one of the gamekeepers' cottages in the wood about a quarter of a mile off.

"Mr. Dering is holding a mad dog," she cried breathlessly. "Come quickly—bring a gun—a stick—a club—anything to kill it, or it will escape and bite him, and it will be too late—to late!"

The gamekeeper was a young man, and quick to grasp the situation. He caught up a loaded stick at once, and hurried off in the direction where Lady Alys pointed, and by the time she had followed him and reached the spot where her husband was, the dog was on the ground, lying dead, and Dering was standing up, his face white and strained, and his hands hanging down red and swollen by his side.

But spent as he was, he was able to turn to his wife with a smile. "Thank you," he said simply. "Owing to your promptness you have saved me. I felt I was growing weaker and weaker, and the dog seemed to become stronger. I felt I was just giving way when Greening came up."

"But he did not bite you—he did not bite you?" she cried, her lovely eyes full of fear.

He shook his head, while a flash of pleasure crossed his face at her anxiety. "He did not touch me," he said.

She came up a little nearer. "But your hands?" she cried. "Surely they were hurt?" She took hold of one gently, and held it for a minute against her cool cheek, and then she kissed it softly, as if afraid of paining him by too hard a pressure.

Lord Shelland came up at this moment, looking fearfully round him. "Is all safe?" he said; "has the beast gone away?"

Lady Alys pointed to the dead dog on the ground. "There it is," she said, "and, thanks to my husband, it will never do any more harm. I don't think," contemptuously, "that you will have to hurry up any more trees!"

But Shelland still looked anxious. "I say," he said to his host, "did it bite you? You won't have hydrophobia, will you?"

Dering laughed joyfully—all his weariness seemed to have vanished suddenly. "No, old chap," he said. "It did not bite me. I am quite well—better, in fact, than I have been in all my life before."

But he said no more to Lady Alys, and, with merely one quick glance in her direction, he turned to talk to the rest of the party, who now came hurrying round, anxious to hear all particulars, and loud in praises of Dering's bravery.

"I had no idea you were going to try to stop the animal," cried one of the men, evidently feeling rather ashamed of himself, "or, of course, I would have stayed to help you. I never thought you would attempt such a mad thing."

"You see, my wife was behind," answered Dering simply. "But," as if tired of the subject, "suppose we go home now; I am sure you must all be longing for your tea," and then everybody turned in the direction of the Abbey.

Dinner was a very dull meal that evening. Lady Alys scarcely spoke to Lord Shelland,

who was, as usual, on her right, and gave most of her attention to a prosy old man on her left. The other end of the table was much livelier. Dering was in the highest spirits, and he and Lady Ryde seemed to be talking and laughing all the time.

It was Lady Ryde's suggestion that they should dance afterwards, and everyone went into the ballroom, and someone played a waltz, and they all paired off. Only Lady Alys stood aloof, and declined to dance with anybody. Lord Shelland grew very sulky, and at last went away.

Then, rather late, Dering came in—he had been detained by something or other, and Lady Ryde, tired of waiting, had gone off with another man. She now beckoned to him across the room, but he took no notice of her, and went straight up to his wife. "Will you dance this with me?" he asked quietly.

She went very white, and hesitated a moment, and then she put her hand on his arm, and he bore her into the middle of the room. Neither of them spoke a word until the dance was finished, and then she begged him, in a low voice, to come into the library—they would be alone there, she said. Her heart was beating very quickly, and there was a feverish look in her eyes.

She turned to him as he shut the door, and began speaking hurriedly, as if fearful that her courage should fail.

"I heard you say," she began, "that you stopped the mad dog on my account, and I want to thank you—I haven't thanked you yet." She stopped for a moment, as if to take breath. "And I want to tell you," she went on with some difficulty, "I want to say that our marriage has been a mistake, and if you want to get rid of me and—if you want to dissolve it—I will help you all I can—I will do anything if you think it possible."

His face darkened, and his voice shook when he spoke. "Are you so anxious for your freedom?" he cried harshly. "Is it on Shelland's account that you ask?"

"No, no, no!" she wailed. "It is only for your sake I suggest it. It is not fair to you to be tied to a woman you—you do not love. You might be so happy with Lady Ryde."

His face cleared, and he laughed aloud. "Alys," he said, slowly taking her hand in his, and holding it close, "there is only one woman I love—or have ever loved—and that is—my wife. Ah, dear, bear with me a little longer—you kissed my hand today—did you know it? Be my friend at least—I know I must not ask any more, but—at least, we might be friends?"

And Lady Alys uttered a little cry and suddenly hid her face on his shoulder, and his arms closed round her. "Oh, Rupért, Rupért!" she said, "I have been so miserable lately. I—I thought you hated me, and I have grown to love you so—. Is it really—really true that you love me—too?"

But he did not answer, and only clasped her closer, and kissed her tenderly. "My darling," he whispered, passionately, "my darling!"

—Mabel H. Robins.

Spenser's Personal Copy of "The Faerie Queene."

nected with the Isham family. But there were many ramifications and branches of the Borlace family, and at present it would be hazardous to make any conjecture.

In addition to these manuscript notes on the title page, towards the end of the volume, on the blank left-hand page facing Spenser's letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, are written the following lines:

A fa mistreffe.

Happy ye leaves when as those lilly Handas
That moulds my life in his deaddoing might
Shall handle you and hold in Loves tweate bandes
Like captives trembling at ye victors fight.

Happy ye lines when as with starry light
Those lamping eies shall delight on you to looke
And reade the forrowes of my dieng iwright
Written with tears in harts clofe bleeding book.

Happy ye rymes bathde in ye facred brook
Of Hellion whence thee derived is
When as you thall beholde yt angells looke
When foulcs longe lacked foode my heavens hilfe.

Leaves, lines & rymes feake her to pleafe alone
Whome if you pleafe I care for others none.

The lines undoubtedly represent the first form of Sonnet I. of Spenser's "Amoretti," and are of great value as throwing light on the history of the Sonnet sequence, addressed by Spenser to Elizabeth Boyle, to whom he became devoted about 1591-2, soon after the publication of the first three books of "The Faerie Queene" to the lady who at last was 1594. The "Amoretti," together with the "Epithalamion," licensed for publication in 1594, appeared in 1595. It would seem therefore that Spenser sent his own copy of "The Faerie Queene" to the lady who at last was to displace his earlier love for "the widow's daughter of the Glen," inscribing therein the Sonnet, which was subsequently to form the prelude to the whole sequence of the "Amoretti." The changes introduced in the printed form clearly indicate later revision. Thus now for the first time the real force and meaning of the first Sonnet are made clear—namely, that it refers to "leaves, lines, and rimes" of "The Faerie Queene," and was written to ask the lady's acceptance of the book, the progress of which, we learn from the "Amoretti," was somewhat impeded by the dis-

tractions of his wooing. So far no scription of poetry in Spenser's handwriting has been discovered, although there are official State documents and signatures of Spenser extant.

Dr. Gollancz put before the meeting the result of his investigations as to Spenser documents among the Irish State papers, placing photographs before the meeting. In addition to the one already accepted as being a holograph, dated 1589, and a deed in the British Museum, he would claim as a Spenser holograph an important indictment against his enemy Lord Roche, hitherto unrecognized as such, owing to interpolations between the clauses by another hand. The handwriting of the Sonnet "A Sa Mistresse" is written with greater care, and is more ornate than the writing of the documents; the heading is in the Italian hand with the long double s, re-

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Dear Father Christmas, once again
We swell the many-mouthed refrain!
The old year yields her garnered store
Of joys and sorrows that, before
The bells are silent, give to prayer,
And glorify a Saviour here.

Hark! children's carols sweetly rise
Far to the gates of Paradise;
Their tuneful tribute to proclaim
Jesus the Christ Child born again;
Than whom, none other claims the part,
That lisps the adolescent heart.

And what though years have wiled away
From the young heart its roundelay;
Still gladsome is the echo borne
Back on the wings of Christmas morn;
Blending with childhood's guileless glee,
The minor of mortality.

Ring Christmas bells! Each dulcet tone
Redeems sad memory to its own:
Like some reverberating song
Long since inspired, yet lingering on
In thine awakening monody,
Hallowed to Love's fidelity.

But O, we love the gladder note
That triumphs from thy vibrant throat
Ye bells, that usher out and in,
The old hopes where the new begin!
More faith, warm charity and then
"The Peace on Earth, Good Will towards Men."

Victoria, B. C. M. C. IRONSIDE.

minding one of Spenser's characteristic signature; whereas the Sonnet from the third to the fourteenth line is in the old English hand, the first two lines are in an artificial writing, italic for the most part, but with a picturesque Gothic a in the word deaddoing. No form of writing could more characteristically reflect the varying elements of Spenser's poetry. The other evidence in the volume already adduced and questions of date and style all tend to confirm the view propounded, that here we have Spenser's own copy of "The Faerie Queene," together with the lines addressed to Elizabeth Boyle. He seems to have kept true to the triumphant assertion in the closing lines of the Sonnet, for when in 1596 the second edition appeared of Books 1 to 3 of "The Faerie Queene," the Dedicatory Sonnets to Noble Lords and Ladies, included in the first edition, were omitted.

Another volume in Dr. Gollancz's possession was dealt with in the course of the paper, and was submitted to the meeting, throwing new light on Spenser's history at the time he was writing "The Shepherd's Calendar." The volume, a collection of books of travel bound together and annotated throughout, belonged to Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's great friend. One of the items in the collection is "The Traveller of Jerome Turler, imprinted at London, 1575," and the title page bears in Gabriel Harvey's handwriting the following statement:—"Ex domo Edmundij Spenserij, Episcopij Roffensis Secretarij, 1578." From this we now definitely learn that Spenser's September Aeglogue of "The Shepherd's Calendar," where he speaks of himself as "Roffey's Boy," has reference to Dr. Young, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, Spenser's own college, who was appointed Bishop of Rochester in 1578; Spenser evidently was at once appointed his secretary, an office no doubt gained for him at Gabriel Harvey's suggestion, in order to withdraw him from "the northern soil that bewitched him," as referred to in the June Aeglogue, and as E. K. Spenser's friend, states in his gloss to the passage. Gabriel Harvey's gift book from Spenser gives the necessary clue to many difficulties affecting date and interpretation of "The Shepherd's Calendar."

"And, after thee, glus Bartas lie to rayse,
His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore,
Live, happe spirits, th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never dying fame."

Other questions of biographical and bibliographical interest were discussed in the course of the paper.

Ho-se-flesh has been prized as food in China for six centuries, but in Europe was first eaten 100 years ago by the Danes. At Liege, Belgium, 2,000 horses were slaughtered in 1905, and the rapidly increasing demand promises to open a new market for American horses. Only young animals are sent to the slaughter houses.

What The Kaiser's Genius Has Created

By Fred. T. Jane, in London Standard



ELIEVING, as I do, that the human element is still the most important part of the naval machine—more important, perhaps, now, than in the past—I never, when aboard a foreigner, let slip a chance to concentrate my attention on the psychological side of my surroundings. Their guns, their armour, their engines—all these things are interesting, but you can get them out of any naval publication. But human nature is far more complex than the latest breech mechanism or the most improved torpedo. Of these things, also, you can never see any more than it is intended you should see; the charming host who trots you round the battery has no intention whatever of showing you anything which is not a matter of public knowledge, and which you could not find out if you wanted to without ever seeing his ship. All these things are merely the frame of the naval picture, the real picture you will see a great deal more of by having a whisky and soda in the ward room, or, if you can manage it, a yarn during a stand easy on the mess deck.

I am not new to the German navy. In one way and another I have struggled to see as much of it as possible, as all of us whose business lies in writing about naval matters necessarily must do. Germany is our most likely enemy; are not her naval ambitions to be "a sea Power equal to any other naval Power—even the strongest?" So of necessity one is

specially interested in the German fleet. And however much one may pick up, there is always a great deal more to learn.

The first impression created by the German officers at Portsmouth was what uncommonly nice fellows they were. There was a jovial "bonhomie" about them which was extremely captivating. Speaking after an experience of them extending back ten years or so, I notice a distinct change in German naval officers. Ten years ago they were decidedly "Continental." Today, you do not need to be very observant to note the English model. The German lieutenant who assured me that, "Of all the foreign naval officers we meet, we like and admire the English ones most," was stating a fact, not just making a pretty speech. I believe that it was the Kaiser himself who selected the model—anyway, it has been followed in many little ways. Ten years is a naval generation, and the new generation of German officers is wonderfully "English" in little technical details. You do not need to see his stripes to place any British officer—to know whether he is executive or engineer, doctor or paymaster. If executive, probably you know at a glance whether he is a specialist or salt-horse, and if a specialist, whether it is navigation, gunnery, or torpedo. The expression of the face tells it. It may seem fanciful, but let the sceptic study the matter, and he will be sceptic no more. In the present generation of German officers you can place them by their faces in just the same way. You could not do so ten years ago.

The face of nearly every German officer is

keen on his job—at any rate, that is so in the case of the men in the ships at Portsmouth. If ever we are at war with Germany, there will not be any lucky bungling of the enemy to reckon on—especially in the torpedo branch. They are wonderfully and terribly.

All this is, I believe, "Kaiser." The personal influence of Wilhelm II. is behind everything. Only ten years ago the quarter deck of a German warship suggested a scene out of the stage version of the "Prisoner of Zenda." Fritz, in that once popular piece, was wonderfully like a German naval officer; today there is no such resemblance. He is a sailor today, not a soldier embarked on the sea. There is nothing to make you think of Frederick the Great's pipe clay. Today it is men who have come into their own and know it. Less than ten years ago, in a thousand little ways, they let you know that they knew it; today all that affectation is gone. We have lately been favored, from the mouth of Sir John Fisher, with superlatives by the dozen, with the tale of how the British navy has improved. Thus spoke the "Great Silent Navy." But the German navy has improved likewise. None of its admirals have had time to tell the German public so; that, perhaps, is the mischief of it from our point of view. The German navy is the real "Silent Navy." In ten years it has lost the self-consciousness that it used to have—it has now just an easy habitude. It can do things well, and it has got quite used to doing them well.

The discipline of the German navy has always been good. It is more than good now.

The men obey with a cheerful alacrity that means much. There is nothing here in which we can flatter ourselves that we are ahead of the Kaiser is, I believe, at the bottom of this also. He managed to fire some strain of sentiment, some strain of the Japanese use in their navy. I do not quite know how to put it—but the average German bluejacket scrubbing decks seems to be doing it for the Fatherland." The German navy is full of "Fatherland" as the great underlying motive. "Fatherland" is not necessarily an asset in shooting, but it is an uncommonly powerful asset in the other business end of gunnery—being shot at. The first lucky shell among them will not send German bluejackets scuttling from their guns; they will stick at them for the Fatherland. Even the German Socialists have some saving grace of Fatherland. And so, if ever we have to fight them, we shall have our hands full, for all the statistics to show that the Wittelsbach is a rotten little tub beside the Dreadnought. What the Germans have they will use—and use well. As I said above, all this is Kaiser; the German navy is his creation, and he is a brilliant architect of men.

Too many details and fancies are apt to grow wearisome. So I will not; point by point, go over all the little things that go to show that we cannot in any way despise the German navy. We have more Dreadnoughts—that is all. When in a few years—as is being arranged for us—we have not an extra supply of Dreadnoughts, chances will be even enough.

Yet there is just one little thing that still marks a difference between the two navies. I have seen it during this visit, not once or

twice. Round the ward room table have been British officers and German. Together, they have lifted their glasses to "our next merry meeting," or what not—the health that is incumbent on every kind of entente cordiale. And, as the hands have gone up, there have been the German ones, white and ladylike, beautifully kept, and the British ones—tanned and wrinkled, coarse and rough by comparison. Scrub him never so diligently, the hand of the man does things, the man who can take an oar, splice a rope if need be, part a torpedo, fiddle with machinery, and what not—the hand of the man who can do things himself, bears the sign manual of his ability. The German officer's hand can direct, the British officer's hand can do, and often has done, the thing itself, as well as direct it to be done. The soft, white hands and the sun-tanned, hardened one—there was something left to thank God for in that picture. Platitudes about "efficiency and sufficiency" may do for the banquet hall, but in the hour of need it is the officer who can not only order but do himself all that his men can do who will be the nation's stand-by. It was no less a leader than old Sir Francis Drake who said, "I would have the gentlemen haul with the mariners." It was Post Captain Horatio Nelson who tarred his fingers and coarsened his hands leading his midshipmen in a daily morning race over the mainmast-head.

"I would have the gentlemen haul with the mariners." That legacy is still ours. That, and that alone, now remains the difference between the British and other navies. And so there is much to thank God for in that contrast of the white hand and the brown.

Animal Lore of a Nature Writer

HE forty-ninth annual dinner of the Province of Quebec Fish and Game Protection association, held at the Windsor hotel, was a great success, says the Montreal Witness. The large main dining-room was very nearly filled by the numerous guests, and the speeches were of a most appropriate and intensely interesting character. As befits such an occasion, the menu was composed almost entirely of fish and game, the chief dish being saddle of caribou.

The guest of the evening was that famous nature writer, the Rev. Dr. W. J. Long, whose controversy with President Roosevelt respecting the reasoning power of animals has attracted world-wide attention. The big gathering expected an entertaining address from him, and it was not disappointed.

As soon as he got upon his feet to speak upon the subject that had been announced, namely, "Wild Animals, their Life and Death," there were calls for him to come to the centre of the dining-room, so that all might hear him without difficulty, but "I'll make you hear," he said, and at once sprang upon the table. With his feet among the glasses, and very close to a black hare laid out in state—a rarity that had been brought especially for him—he began his address, and nobody had any difficulty in hearing him.

Dr. Long's address was more like the earnest chat of an enthusiastic friend than like a speech, and he soon had his audience into the mood that he wanted to get them in—the mood of comrades gathered round a camp fire for yarns. He opened by remarking that though this was his first visit to Montreal, it was by no means his first visit to Canada, for there was a part of this glorious big country where he was always sure of a welcome, and that was in the woods and the wilderness. Many a time, after more than his share of the year's work, after more than his share of toil and anxiety and sorrow, he had come up into the great open spaces of Canada, and had found calm and peace and strength within the sound perhaps of some salmon river sweeping away to the sea—a river singing the song of the young and strong—the song of Canada itself. That sound and that peace brought to life again the boy that was left in him—and he did not care whether it was a railway manager, a millionaire, or a poor man, the very best part of that man was the boy left in him.

Before proceeding with his subject he made a very sympathetic reference to the late Dr. Drummond, who was an old friend of his, as he was of theirs. They had honored him by asking him to take the place so long filled in that association by Dr. Drummond, but nobody could do that; his chair would always be empty. Yet he had a feeling that though Dr. Drummond was dead he was that evening nearer to them than perhaps they thought, and he asked them to drink a toast in silence to him. The company at once responded, and after a moment's silence all by a common impulse joined in the singing of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

Proceeding with his subject, Dr. Long spoke first of the value of such associations as that he was addressing, and the usefulness of getting together under a good dinner to talk over what might be needed to protect the wild animals of their country.

"This," he said, "cannot be brought about by complaining to the government. There is really no such thing as a government. There are politicians at Ottawa and Quebec, making laws and other things incidentally, and making

money in particular. (Laughter and applause.) But the government is a mere abstraction, and it is much better to get the politicians together and interest them in the matter, so that they will make it a personal matter to have proper laws made and enforced. For instance, the exposing for sale in every market of such things as deer, caribou and wild grouse should be stopped at once, because so long as this is permitted so long will there be professional hunters, or, rather, forest butchers, while stricter supervision should also be had over rifle practice of the lumber jacks.

"But, what I want to show you tonight," continued Dr. Long, "is that wild animals are much more interesting alive than dead, and once people learn that the game will be protected."

And in listening to what he had to say, he asked them not to allow themselves to be prejudiced by such a spirit as that displayed by the countryman when he saw a giraffe. He spent the whole evening at the circus in staring the giraffe up and down, and when the performance was over, he turned and went out saying, "Shucks! There ain't no such animal."

We had passed through three stages, he went on to say, in our knowledge of wild animal life. The first was the stage of the primitive man. The savages seemed to understand by instinct what animals did, and every solitary bit of their folk-lore as far as animals were concerned was founded on observation. The second stage was that of the scientist who classified animals in a learned way, but had lost the primitive knowledge of the animals themselves. The third stage was that of the nature lover, who sought to combine scientific knowledge with the keen insight and knowledge of the animal that the Indian possessed.

Going into the woods year after year for many years, and studying wild life keenly whenever an opportunity presented itself, he had seen many wonderful things. For instance, he had seen a group of little water spiders playing the old game that they had all played—the game of puss in the corner. He had noticed that when an otter and a beaver met they always fought. For a long time he could not make out why. He had found out that it was because of what happened under the ice in the winter. When an otter wanted to breathe under the ice he went to the top of the water, blew the breath out of his lungs, and waited a short time. The breath formed a big bubble. The water dissolved the carbonic acid gas, and the ice further purified the air in the bubble, so that after waiting a short time the otter was able to breathe the air back into his lungs again. But when he caught a fish he could not do that. So he went into the opening of the beaver's house, crawled up the passage, and ate the fish there, leaving the tail and the fins and slimy mess behind him. The beaver, who hated the smell of fish, had to clean this away when the otter was gone—and that was why they always fought when they met in the summer.

The doctor even had a good word to say for wolves. To think of them as the type and symbol of greed and ravenous cruelty was all wrong. He remembered one dark still night when he was up on the Barrens. He went out of the camp alone, and stood on a high bluff overlooking the waste of snow. Overhead the stars shone with the brilliance of the Arctic night. An intense silence was upon everything—a silence so intense that there was in his ears a sound as of a thousand tiny silver bells. All at once a great roaring cataract of sound went rolling through the night. It was

a voice that wailed out in long howls, "Woe! Woe! Woe!" That voice was expressing the sense of the great desolation. Soon after there came another voice, but the sound was different. It was a deep, staccato sound that resembled the words "Come! Come! Come!" By means of the tracks the next morning, he found what that second voice meant. A single wolf had stalked upon a sleeping caribou, and killed it as it lay, and before it ate a bit of the flesh, it sent out that great cry, "Come! Come! Come!" so that every wolf within hearing might know that he had found meat and come and share the feast. How would a business man have acted—the boasted higher human being? If that were the only meat he had, he would have cornered the supply and put up the price.

He had been accused, he further remarked, of giving human traits to animals—of trying to make out that they had human natures. But what was human nature? It was joy, fear, hate, pleasure, satisfaction, love—and love was the greatest thing in it. And did not animals have love? He had seen a mother animal die for her young. What was that but love? He had seen a dog lie down beside his sick master and try to comfort him, and he had known a dog lie down and die rather than leave the dead body of its master. What was that but love?

"The fact is the thing we call human nature is common nature, and some of the very best and highest traits that human beings possess are simply developments of the instincts of the common nature."

To show that animals were capable of thinking and reasoning, he related a number of stories of things he had seen animals do. Up in the Burnt Lands he once came on the tracks of a bear, and he got on the trail with the object of shooting it. He had outlived that early liking for killing animals, he explained, and now would far rather watch them than hunt them. He came upon this bear, but was so interested that he did not shoot at him. The bear was going from one log to another. He would give each log a thump with his big paw, and then turn his ear down to it and listen. Sometimes he passed on. Sometimes he ripped the log open and scooped out something and ate it. What was he doing? He was striking the logs to disturb the grubs or ants that were in it, and if he could hear none he knew it was no good to waste time ripping the log open. If he heard them, he knew that the log contained food.

Another time he wounded a bear and followed the trail. The wound bled freely, and on the trail he found places where the bear had scooped out moss. Always this moss was dropped a little further on soaked in blood. The bear had been holding the moss to the wound trying to staunch the blood. Then the trail came to a little shallow stream of ice-cold water. The bear had dragged a long across this rivulet, raked the mud and moss against the log, and thus made a dam. In this dam he laid down so that the ice-cold water would bathe the wound. It stopped the blood, for where the trail continued there was no blood, and soon he lost the trail altogether.

He and an Indian once set a fall-log trap for an old bear. Every time the bait was taken out from the back of the trap and the bear escaped. Then they set a steel trap in the ground, and put many small pieces of bait, covered with honey, around. The bear saw no fall-log, and he got caught. The trap was attached to a log about eight feet long, because if it had been attached to a tree the bear would have torn itself away. They followed the trail. At first it showed that where the log had got entangled, the bear had gone back and disengaged it. By and by they saw not the

O ONE, surely, ever had so sad a life [as Francis Thompson], so remote from all that makes the joy of life, lawful or unlawful—no one, at least, for whom the bells of fame have been asked to toll—not Keats, not Chatterton, not Poe! Yet toll they will for him, and with good cause, for a spirit of the very elect among us, a poet among our poets, has passed away." So writes Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in the "Academy," of Francis Thompson, whose death we recorded last week. No more tragic and pathetic story could be imagined of a man than that he tells of this doctor's son, a man of infinite vision, yet who spent nights under the arches of Covent Garden wrapped in the fumes of laudanum.

Here is Mr. Blunt's amazing story—"Of his life in the London streets, where for five years he starved, he did not like to talk. I gathered from him that at first his father gave him a small allowance of a few shillings a week, and put him in the way of getting business employment, but that, finding that he failed repeatedly to keep his situations, he finally withdrew all help, and left him to his fate. As it was, he drifted down the stream of life in London almost without an effort, and by the end of his second year there, in spite of what we know was in his brain of literary power for verse or prose, he had become a mere waif upon the streets, the most pitiful of the destitute poor—an educated man submerged.

"Work with his hands he could not do. For that, he told me, pathetically, pointing to his poor, weak arms, no stronger than a child's, 'I was physically unfit.' All he could do was to earn the few daily pence he needed by such half mendicancy as the English law allows, the sale of matches in the streets, attendance at theatre doors at night as a caller of cabs, and casual messenger. He needed about elevenpence a day to live, and when this was won his daily, or rather his nightly, work was over, and he retired to rest under the Covent Garden arches, or on the waste ground hard by, where the refuse of the great market is thrown. He had no other lodging.

And yet this was the man who wrote that stupendous poem, "The Hound of Heaven," which for movement and imagination is almost unsurpassed. It tells of a soul's flight from God, and how "that tremendous Lover" pursued—

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I fled from Him, and under running laughter,
Up visited hopeless I sped
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasm'd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unHurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

"I said to dawn: Be sudden—to eve: Be soon:
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague yell about me lest He see!"

Here is Mr. Blunt's account of his rescue from his dreadful London life, but for which he would never have written those majestic words—

"His rescue from this depth of misery was as dramatic as anything in the history of literature," says Mr. Blunt. "I do not owe my

knowledge of its details to himself, but to a source almost as direct. He had been five years thus in the streets when he made up his mind, like Chatterton, to die. From time to time through all that period he had tried to get an entrance into the literary heaven of print by addressing publishers and editors with specimens of his verse and prose, written for the most part on scraps of paper gathered from the gutters, and always in vain. No favorable answer had been returned to him. Among others, he had addressed the then editor of the Catholic magazine "Merry England" (Mr. Wilfrid Meynell), sending him, with some verses, an essay treating of the relations between Soul and Body. It had reached the editor wrapped in a dirty envelope, and the subject of it being unattractive it had been put aside in a pigeon-hole unread, nor was it till six months afterwards that, finding himself in want of material for his magazine, the editor took it down and examined it. He then found it to be full of originality, and with a wealth of illustration and quotation quite unusual in such contributions.

"The verses, too, were of such excellency that they betokened discovery—perhaps of a true poet. They were signed 'Francis Thompson, P. O. Charing Cross.' The essay and a poem were therefore published with his name, but when it came to forwarding payment for them the author proved undiscernable. He was no longer to be found at the address given. Meanwhile, Thompson had seen his verses printed and finding, as he thought, all reward denied him, finally yielded to despair, and having for some days saved up all the pence he could earn he devoted them to the purchase of a single dose of laudanum sufficient to end his troubles. With this he retired at night to his haunt, the rubbish plot in Covent Garden market, resolved on death. Then, by his own narrative, the following incident occurred. He had already taken half the fatal draught when he felt a hand on his arm, and looking up saw one whom he recognized as Chatterton forbidding him to drink the rest, and at the same instant, memory came to him of how, after that poet's suicide, a letter had been delivered at his lodgings which, if he had waited another day, would have brought him the relief needed. And so with Thompson it happened for after infinite pains the editor had that very morning traced him to the chemist's shop where the drug was sold, and relief for him was close at hand.

"This was the beginning for Thompson of the new and better life. Befriended by his good Samaritan, who clothed and fed and found him lodging, first in a hospital, for he needed bodily cure, and next, for his mind's health, at Storrington, he came into his intellectual inheritance and found it salvation. There at the foot of the Sussex Downs during the next two years Thompson wrote nearly all the great poetry the world knows as his, 'In Dian's Lap,' 'The Hound of Heaven,' 'Sister Songs,' and that splendid 'Ode to the Setting Sun' which is the finest of its kind since the odes of Shelley."

"But Thompson, alas!" adds Mr. Blunt, was essentially a town dweller, nursed in the grime and glare of gaslit streets, and his heart hungered for them still. The country was never his true home, nor did he ever learn to distinguish the oak from the elm, or to know the name of the commonest flowers of the field, or even of the garden. From his new paradise at Storrington he wandered back into the world of London, which was to be his doom.

(Continued On Page 64.)

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY

A unique monument to a French astronomer's daring ingenuity is that crowning the summit of Mont Blanc, at a height of 15,780 feet. The observatory of Prof. Janssen, finished in 1893, is a two-storey truncated pyramid, with a base measuring 11 by 5 1/2 yards and double walls of wood and canvas, and the structure—weighing 50 tons—has no foundation, except the permanent snowcap of the mountains, which is at least 13 yards thick. To guard against settling, a rigid sub-base was provided, with jackscrews for levelling. The last inspection has shown a slight movement of the building, with practically no settling, and the success of the remarkable experiment has put to shame the prophets of disaster. The observatory is visited only at intervals of many months. It has a fine telescope, with a two-foot mirror, for astronomical work; and a registering meteorograph automatically records the barometric pressure, temperature, humidity and velocity and direction of the wind for periods of eight or nine months at a time. A meterograph to give a continuous record for a much longer time is now being worked out.

The water in slaked or hydrated lime is given off on moderate heating, and by causing the vapor to expel the residual air in the receiver of an air-pump and then cooling the lime so that it reabsorbs the moisture, an excellent high vacuum—which may be greatly varied by gently heating the lime—may be cheaply and quickly obtained. Prof. A. Henry, the French physicist, believes that this simple process will prove valuable for industrial purposes as well as in the laboratory. In his experiments the receiver was connected on one side with a glass bulb containing about 30 grammes of slaked lime and on the other side it was connected by a water-absorbing tube with an ordinary air-pump, and after the air had been partially pumped out the temperature of the lime was raised to 150 degrees C. by an alcohol lamp. After about four minutes the receiver was sealed on the air-pump side. The lime soon absorbs the water vapor left in the receiver, and if the electrodes of an induction coil have been attached to the receiver the vacuum is found to be sufficiently high to produce cathode rays, while slightly heating the bulb to lesser tension will give various other phenomena, including those of Geissler tubes.

The electric current by which Prof. Leduc produces anaesthesia is unidirectional, not alternating. It is of low voltage, and he has had about 100 interruptions per second by a special commutator to be most effective, although an apparatus repeating his experiments at Columbia University gives 4,000 to 6,000 interruptions. The current from accumulators seems to be more suitable than that from street mains. With curved and padded electrodes, at the front and rear of the head, gradually turning on the current first causes excitement as with application of chloroform, and slow increase of current yields unconsciousness with no movement or sign of pain. Any operation can be performed. Awakening is instantaneous when the current is cut off, and vomiting and other unpleasant after effects of chloroform are entirely absent. In the one trial thus far made on a human subject—that on Prof. Leduc himself—the experiment was not carried to the stage of complete anaesthesia.

Experiments show that while the sedimentary rocks may absorb several per cent. of their volume of water—sandstones 15 per cent., limestone 5 per cent., and shales 4 per cent.—granites and other crystalline rocks seldom absorb more than one-half of one per cent. of their volume, and until within a few years it was thought to be absurd to sink a well in the harder rocks. Frederick G. Clapp, of the United States Geological Survey, has now reported that about 87 per cent. of the wells in granite in Southern Maine supply water enough for domestic use. Water percolates very slowly through the rock, but more seeps into the vertical joints, and a moderate quantity is stored in the horizontal joints and crevices down to a depth of 200 feet, the amount being so limited that only two out of 72 successful wells yielded more than 50 gallons per minute. The wells are drilled only in the surface rocks, two-thirds being not over 100 feet deep.

In the experience of Dr. Marage, as reported to the Paris Academy of Medicine, very few deaf-mutes have proven absolutely incurable, but of the others there are two classes—those who eventually understand and speak almost as well as anybody, and those who get no further than hearing and understanding music. A recent class of pupils from eleven to fourteen years of age had been given a six weeks' course of acoustic exercise with the siren. By this system the teacher avoids fatigue, and the children had not only acquired the ability to hear and understand French but their voices had lost the harshness characteristic of deaf-mutes.

The visible trails left by meteors as they shoot across the sky have been investigated by Prof. C. C. Trowbridge, who concludes that they are clouds of self-luminous gas combined with very minute particles of meteoric dust. As these trains are usually seen at heights of 50 or 60 miles—seldom or never above 65 or below 45 miles—it appears that their formation must depend upon encountering a certain degree of atmospheric density or pressure. The trains are often visible for ten to twenty minutes, and usually contain a volume of several cubic miles.

WIRELESS TELEPHONY



COMMON notion among the writers of scientific papers is that the publication of the results of a laborious research in the pages of the "proceedings" of some learned society is a publication to the world at large. Unfortunately, perhaps, it is not so, and the public in general remains in ignorance, probably for a decade or so if the research has been a really important one otherwise for longer. The announcement in these columns last week that the United States Government have placed an order for 28 sets of wireless telephone apparatus would appear to be something quite new, but it is merely a step forward to those who have followed the development of wireless telephony from the days of Graham Bell's photophone nearly 30 years ago to the production of the modern electrical open circuit telephone. It is, however, from all points of view an important step: it places the invention on a different plane by bringing it into an arena where its value will be determined by many things besides ingenuity and excellence of design, and where it may have to compete with established methods and overcome the inertia, perhaps active opposition, of vested interests.

The electric wireless telephone has become possible through the development of methods for the production of a continuous series of simple or complex electrical discharges following one another at the rate of 50,000 or more per second. This somewhat high frequency of alternation is advantageous for two reasons—first, because a low frequency would produce an audible note, and also would not be capable of rendering electrically the higher harmonics which give the sounds of speech their distinctive characters; secondly, because it is only by using a high frequency that it is possible to transmit a large amount of energy while using a comparatively small quantity of electricity.

There are several methods of producing a suitable series of discharges. It is not necessary that these should form a true alternating current, and so long as the frequency is sufficiently high any type of discharge from a rapid succession of oscillating sparks to the uniformly alternating current of an ordinary alternate current generator may be employed. These remarks apply equally to wireless telegraphy, though the latter is not limited by the condition that the spark rate must be high enough to be inaudible. The difference between telegraphy and telephony lies mainly in the manner in which the electric current is controlled. In the former the variations caused by pressing the Morse key are simple and definite, in the latter the motion of the microphone diaphragm caused by speech is almost infinitely complex, and the strength, or frequency, of the transmitting current must be made to vary in strict accordance. In the wire telephone the concentration of the current along one linear conductor from the speaker to the hearer makes it possible to work with low voltages and with an electric current which is, in all its variations, an exact replica of the sound waves. Quite a large percentage of the electrical energy sent out along the wire arrives at the receiver. This is not the case in wireless working where the transmission is over a plane and not confined to a line, and where, therefore, only a very small fraction of the energy sent out by the transmitter is picked up by the receiving station. It has thus been found necessary to use a current whose true frequency has no direct relation to that of the sound waves transmitted by it. Thus the sound of a man's voice, giving, say, 300 vibrations per second, is transmitted by an electric current making 100,000 vibrations in the same time. The ways in which this may be done are simple enough in theory. For instance, the strength or the amplitude of the current may be made to vary in accordance with the sound waves. The result is a current whose frequency remains 100,000, but which varies in strength from a maximum to a minimum and back again 300 times per second. There are thus beats of current, as it were, and these give to the ear at the receiver the desired impression of a sound having a frequency of 300 vibrations per second. Other factors instead of the strength of the current may be varied. Thus a change in the length of the waves emitted may serve the same purpose, and be transformed at the receiving end into a sound wave through the fact that the receiver is influenced more readily by waves of a certain given length than by those of any other length.

The last, and perhaps the most promising type of current generator is the high frequency alternate current dynamo. Quite a large number of inventors have tackled the problem of designing a machine whose output may be reckoned in kilowatts, at a frequency above 50,000 per second. Among others, the names of Tesla, E. Thomson, Steinmetz, Ewing, Ruhmer, Duddell, and Fessenden may be mentioned. The last-named has recently constructed an alternator giving more than 2 kilowatts at 100,000 per second, which seems a very suitable generator for the purposes of wireless telephony and telegraphy.

therefore, the number of electrical impulses radiated per second, not amounting to more than a few hundreds, merely produced a harsh deep note on which it was impossible to superpose the delicate variations which characterize the sounds of speech. By means of various devices, such as those of Majorana, Blondel, and Fessenden, the spark rate has been increased until it is now possible to obtain from 20,000 to 30,000 distinct discharges per second. Telephony, of a kind, is possible by this method, though slight irregularities of the sparking produce harsh noises and render the articulation very imperfect.

Next we have the methods of producing persistent high frequency currents developed by Elihu Thomson, Fessenden, Ruhmer, and Poulsen, in which an electric arc in parallel with a condenser circuit is placed in a strong magnetic field, or an atmosphere of hydrogen, and adjusted until it is no longer a continuous discharge, but becomes a series of intermittent electrical rushes following one another with great rapidity. The frequency of these discharges is controlled by the resistance and voltage in the supply circuit, by the magnetic field about the arc, and by the electrical dimensions of the condenser circuit, and amounts

turning now to the means by which the form of the sound waves is imposed upon the otherwise uniformly alternating electric current, we find that the methods employed are based on a control of either the strength of current or its frequency. In the latter case it is essential that the receiver should be "sharply" tuned, so that a slight variation in the frequency of the current waves arriving at it may cause a considerable change in the current which they excite in it. The practical execution of the former plan may be carried out in several ways. The simplest, in theory, is Fessenden's method of employing a microphone directly in the aerial wire in series with a high frequency alternator. The difficulty here is the construction of a microphone which will control a large output of energy, for a high voltage must be applied and a considerable current must pass through it and be controlled by its action. Another method, which in one of its various forms is suitable when an arc is adopted as generator, consists in controlling the arc current directly or indirectly by a microphone, or by the use of a subsidiary coil forming part of the transformer which couples the power circuit to the aerial.

Variation to the frequency of the current may be produced by the use of a condenser, one plate of which is mounted so that it vibrates when spoken to, thus altering the capacity of the system.

As receiver any type of continuously acting wireless telegraph detector may be used in connection with a Bell's telephone, possibly the best being some type of electrolytic baretter. It should be noticed that, since the actual electric transmission is done by high frequency current, it is possible to arrange, as in telegraphy, for a large number of non-interfering stations in the same neighborhood. Between pairs of these independent conversations may be carried out simultaneously.

It is difficult to determine the period at which wireless telephony first became possible. Dolbear, in 1882, claimed to have transmitted speech over about half a mile, and since then ever increasing distances have been attained. In 1900 Fessenden succeeded in transmitting speech a mile or more by a spark method. In 1906, using an arc, he maintained telephonic communication between Brant Rock and a schooner 20 miles off shore, and transmission at much greater distances is now being carried on. During the past year many other workers have advanced the development of the subject. Among other achievements may be mentioned the telephonic communication over 50 miles by the Poulsen system in Germany. The subject is being taken up by several of the wireless telegraph companies, and there are reports of wireless telephony being successfully carried out in many countries. Indeed, it seems to be more than probable that Transatlantic telephony may follow very closely on the heels of telegraphy, and that within a time which will seem short when it is past, the New World and the Old may be within speaking distance of one another.—J. Erskine Murray, in the London Times.



MR. EDWARD CODY JOHNSON

This is an excellent likeness of Mr. Edward Cody Johnson, one of Victoria's most highly-esteemed pioneer residents, and an "old-timer" whose reminiscences of life in the early days of Victoria, Vancouver Island and British Columbia would fill a bulky volume and make most fascinating reading.

One little incident, however, in Mr. Johnson's career, may be appropriately alluded to in the Colonist's Christmas edition, inasmuch as that gentleman recalls that he was not only the first to have his name enrolled as a subscriber to this paper, but actually received the first copy to come off the press. He has, needless to say, been a constant reader of the Colonist ever since.

Mr. Johnson arrived in Victoria in 1858, and shortly afterwards sailed on the Seabird for Hope, or to the mines. His experiences were full of the usual vicissitudes attendant upon the lot of the hardy adventurers of the early days, and though Dan'l Fortune's smiles were bestowed upon him to no greater extent than on the hundreds of others who joined in the search of gold, in one respect, Mr. Johnson won a great prize—and that was the esteem and affection of all with whom he came in contact.

For many years he has been a resident of Victoria, and since the erection of the Public Market building has been its efficient superintendent.

usually to several hundreds of thousands per second. In this case the vibrations are forced and do not depend directly on the natural vibration period of the last-named circuit. If the magnetic field be reduced and the remaining quantities varied so that in the altered conditions the condenser circuit directly determines the frequency of vibration, a purely alternating current is obtained, without any total extinction of the arc between discharges, the current in the arc merely increasing and decreasing periodically without ever becoming zero. It is not easy, however, by means of this method to obtain so energetic an action as when the arc is intermittent, the power radiating from the aerial conductor to it not being as great. This method is a development of the speaking arc, discovered by E. R. Cram, assistant to Hammond V. Hayes, of the American Telephone Company, while experimenting with Graham Bell's photophone in April of 1897 and embodied in an American patent of June of that year. It has been independently rediscovered in Germany by Simon (December, 1897), and Duddell in England (1900).

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Dr. Maurice de Fleury, a distinguished Frenchman, has just written a short scientific treatise in which he advances the interesting theory that every time we become angry, our vitality shrinks so much. In proportion to every outburst of anger and even the most artfully suppressed signs of bad temper our vitality becomes smaller and smaller until finally nothing is left. Then we die, paying the penalty which, Dr. Fleury declares, every bad-tempered person pays long before he otherwise would. The moral of this French doctor's treatise, of course, is that we should never become angry if we value our health and life. His theory is supported to a certain extent by the recent declaration of another scientist that the microbe of anger had been found, and that it was a very dangerous and poisonous little animal. The microbe was discovered during a microscopic examination of two drops of blood taken at separate times from the arm of a man; one while he was in a calm, normal condition, and the other after he had been goaded into a fit of ungovernable fury. The tiny microbe of anger was found to remain dormant under ordinary conditions and to attack the blood cells savagely under others.—Boston Journal.

The use of the microscope in the upright position causing much fatigue, A. A. C. E. Merlin, an English microscopist, has designed a new eyepiece which has a prism enabling the observer to look through the tube from the side instead of the top.

Pyoxyanase serum, the discovery of Prof. Emmerich, of Munich, is claimed to completely destroy diphtheria bacilli—even in the worst cases—when sprayed into the patient's throat.

ANIMAL LORE OF A NATURE WRITER

(Continued from page 63).

tracks of four legs, but of two. What did that mean? It meant that the bear, which had one of its fore-feet caught in the big steel trap, had picked up the log, tucked it under its sound fore-leg or arm, and was walking through the woods on its hind legs, carrying the log with it. And when they caught up with the bear that was actually what it was doing.

As an illustration of the knowledge Indians have of the ways of animals, he said his Indian once set a trap in the break of a beaver dam. They caught two beavers, but while he was dozing the third one tore his leg away and got free. The Indian said, "No good set trap any more. Him tell other beavers!" He did not believe him, so he set the trap again. But no more beavers were caught. "The Indian, you see, knew exactly what the animals would do."

He proceeded to speak of the intelligence of deer, and said, "If you want to know how to have the best hunt you ever had in your life, I'll tell you. When you see a buck, get to windward and let him see and smell you, and know just what you are. Then let him go and pick up the trail and follow. You give him a chance. Now put your wits to his—and you will have the best day's hunt you ever had."

Animals had individual characters, he argued, and were not governed wholly by habits and instincts. They were governed in part by habits, and so were men. What was the linen collar but a habit? What was the craze of each man grasping all he could for himself but a foolish habit? Competition like that was not natural. It was wholly artificial and human invention, never found among animals.

Instinct was not a purely animal characteristic, but a common characteristic, and here he digressed for a moment to speak of a certain telepathy noticeable in animals as well as in human beings. A fat terrier once came to his house to call on his big dog, who was his friend. The big dog was lying down, and merely wagged his tail as though to say, "All right, little dog—go on." But the little terrier persisted in disturbing him, and the big dog stood up. Then they stood with their noses together, never moving while he could count five. Immediately the two started off outdoors. He followed, and he found the terrier lead his friend to a crevice under a big stone where there was a woodchuck that he had been hunting, but was afraid of when it turned to bay. The big dog pulled out the woodchuck and killed it, and the little dog then "finished" it.

How did the little dog communicate the knowledge to the big one? Why was it that if half a dozen men concentrated their attention on one, that one would turn round? Why was it that often when one member of a school of whales, of a flock of birds, or of a herd of animals was alarmed, the alarm was immediately communicated to the whole of the rest of them, though they might be far beyond hearing or seeing or smelling the cause of alarm? He could only ascribe it to animals having a peculiar sixth sense—a sense that warned them of danger. Human beings often possessed this. A wonderful instance had come under his own observation. He and an Indian were sleeping alone in a camp in the woods. Suddenly the Indian woke up and grabbed him and said, "Come out. Come away from this!" "What for?" he asked.

"I don't know," said the Indian, "but you must come away!"

He moved out of the camp at once, and a few moments afterwards a huge branch fell without warning right across the place where they had been sleeping.

This anecdote brought him to speak of Indians. They used to say the only good Indian was a dead Indian. They knew better now. By studying Indians they had found much that was good and noble in them. They had found that Indians possessed a fund of poetry, and some tribes a wealth of music. To illustrate this, he sang an English translation of an Indian song to Indian music. It was a very beautiful, very tender little love song, in which was pictured an Indian maiden standing in the night on the edge of a lake, and an Indian lover coming over the water to her, singing a song with the refrain,

"In bark canoe,
I come to you."

It was a charming little song, and Dr. Long was heartily applauded for his sympathetic rendering.

"Now will you say," he asked, "that the only good Indian is a dead Indian?"

Concluding, he said, that in studying animals in the woods there were three things they must learn—first to be still, because animals hated noise; second, to be sympathetic; third, to be fearless, because his experience was that no animal on earth would harm a man who neither feared him nor troubled him.

He added:

"There is one thing I would like to say before I sit down. This meeting here seems to me very much like a camp fire in the woods, with its jolly good fellowship and the boy coming out in all, just as it does in the woods. You know when you once discover a good camp ground and a good camp fire you always want to go back there again. You always feel on leaving it that you have left something behind, and you have. You have left behind a bit of the boy that was in you, and you go back to find the boy you left at the old camp fire. Now, here is the whole point of the story: You have lit your camp fire here and have asked me to share your joys and companionship. When you light it again ask me to come once more, and I'll come. Thank you."

Special schools for backward pupils now exist in 116 German cities. Berlin has 31 of the 26 schools, and the total number of pupils enrolled is not less than 13,100.